

Quincy Monitor.

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QUINCY, MASS., JANUARY, 1893.

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SELECTIONS

TROUBLESOME GHOSTS.

Strange and Exasperating Performances of Cursed Beings in Paris.

The ghostly season has been opened this year in the Rue de la Sourdiere, either by the same company of spirits who gave a series of performances in a different locality last winter or by a fresh troop. The question remains unsettled, for even the spiritualists who are on speaking terms with the people who have no bodies have been unable to identify or come to an understanding with the ghosts that have been playing such curious high jinks in Paris during the last two or three years. Those now haunting the house in the Rue de la Sourdiere amuse themselves in exactly the same way as the others who upset the nerves of a quiet family last winter - with this difference, that the new set (assuming that they do not belong to one traveling company) appear to confine their antics principally to the kitchen. They have a peculiar liking or hatred for all cooking utensils, for any sauceman or frying pan that may be hanging against the wall is sure to be pulled off its nail and thrown on the ground. There is nothing for a cook to do in such a kitchen but to lament or exorcise. The waltzing of the saucemans, the frying pan and griddle at night has been something unspeakably infernal, for these things when they jump off their nails do not remain where they fall, but get up a dance and leave it going with a disregard of propriety quite uncharacteristic. At length the ghosts (the ghostly theory is admitted in default of a better one), finding their game with the cooking utensils rather slow - although this was not the impression of other people - turned their attention to glass and crockery, and either threw it at one another or smashed it from love of mischief and sheer devilry. The night on which this took place was too much for the nerves of the people who occupied the lodgings. They deserted their rooms and took refuge with a neighbor. The police have visited the premises prepared to draw up a process verbal against the ghosts if the phenomena were repeated in their presence, but while they were there the pots and pans and broken crockery remained quiet. This is what happened at the time of the previous outbreaks of the supernatural. Not a ghost can be found that will perform in the presence of a police officer. This is sufficient proof that the spirits who are causing so much trouble again are French; it is evident that the national respect for uniforms clings to them even when they have left the flesh. - Paris Cor. St. James Gazette.

Those Collar Buttons.
The most aggressive of all of life's minor evils is a man's collar button. It is the most obnoxious of things when sought for and the most obtrusive when in place. Every sort and style seems to have been invented to abate its trying qualities, but it still remains an obstinate fact, and especially obnoxious and uncomfortable when on the back of a man's neck, rubbing and irritating the sensitive flesh. And when that collar button serves double duty and holds down the collar, and by being an ungainly lozenge shaped thing also holds down the necktie, then indeed is its presence felt most unfortunately. Terrible boils have times unnumbered been occasioned by these ungainly metal things on a man's neck, and their toleration for so long a time is a matter of wonder, especially when the matter is so easily remedied. One needs to go only across the way to find the remedy, and it is this: On many of the newest collars there is the necessary central buttonhole in the back, which fastens over an ordinary pearl button which is sewed on the shirt. On either side the buttonhole two small flaps are stitched. The flap is stitched to the collar and is just its own width from the lower edge of the collar. These flaps are of three or four ply linen, and when laundered are as stiff as the collar itself. The necktie is slipped under them, as with the ordinary button, and no exercise, be it ever so violent, will loosen it from its confinement, and let it ride the collar, as it has always had a tendency heretofore to do. - New York Herald.

An Extravagant Pair.
It is not generally known that the German empress, in spite of her many excellent qualities, is very extravagant, and owes large sums of money to the Berlin tradesman, one firm alone having a bill of 800,000 marks, or \$160,000, against her majesty. The empress never wears either a dress, a mantle or a bonnet a second time in public, and everything that she buys is of the very best. It is all the more surprising when it is recollected how extremely simple her surroundings were before her marriage to Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, and even after her marriage, until her husband succeeded to the empire. The emperor is also very largely in debt in spite of the handsome present made to him last spring by the Empress Frederick who advanced him 1,500,000 marks. His majesty undertook the greater part of the expenses incurred at the Luther festival at Wittenberg. The emperor has, unfortunately, not the slightest idea of money, and scatters it right and left, to the great horror of many of his royal subjects. - Cincinnati Post.

New Systems Needed.

"The movement on the part of the house of representatives looking to the investigation of the business methods of the executive departments," said a government official the other evening, "is a myth in the right direction. If the commission proposed were wholly outside of the house of representatives it would be better, for two years is entirely too short a time, when the necessary legitimate duties of a member of congress are considered, to look into this matter thoroughly and in which to formulate a remedy. The business of the United States is perhaps the most clumsily and expensively managed of any other business in the world. This is mainly because it is a growth and because it is being shifted to new and irresponsible shoulders every now and then. Obsolete and complicated systems of bookkeeping that were perhaps all right fifty years ago are retained, though the country has doubled and the country's business tripled. It has invariably been the policy of government bureaus to magnify their own business and of every petty chief to increase his own duties. This tendency runs all through the departmental service and the result has been to make a Chinese puzzle of the entire service.

"The whole thing should be looked into in a thorough manner and a new system devised. It should be simplified, and the rules of modern business life applied to governmental affairs. Why don't you know nobody knows how the treasury department stands? No two financial experts can understand the treasury system of bookkeeping. The monthly statement defies even the professional statisticians, and as for the method of transacting any kind of government business, it is so ridiculously complicated that the only thing that can be said for it is that it furnishes proportionately desired results more places for salaried officials than any other system ever devised. The whole thing needs revision, but this is to be accomplished in two years?" - New York Herald.

A Fresh Social Idea.

A novel and felicitous plan for choosing partners was recently practiced at a Calais whist party. Finally albums had been ransacked and photographs of all the gentlemen, at ages ranging from six months to twenty years, in dresses, in kilts and in the "first pair," were gathered together in a hat from which the ladies drew. Some men had retained their baby looks long enough to be easily recognized, some were complete enigmas, while the others were more or less plain in spite of additional hair on lips and cheeks and "subtractional hair" on heads. The gentlemen were not in the secret originally, and their amazement when the pictures were let out of the bag was one of the funniest parts of the fun. - Lewiston Journal.

Advising a Wealthy Man.

George J. Gould, since the death of his father, is said to have received an average of four letters of advice daily. All of the cranks in the country, forgetful of the facts that young Mr. Gould was associated with his father in business for twelve years, and that he had almost entire control of affairs for the last two years, are eager to tell the young man how to manage the vast estate in his charge. A goodly proportion of these would be advisers are anxious to have a share of the Gould millions diverted into religious and charitable channels. One writer advises the Gould children to build the largest and finest church in the world as a memorial of their father. - New York Times.

A Gigantic Bouquet.

One Mlle. Polaire sang recently the composition of a well known sportsman in Paris, and when the song was finished a floral offering of unique design was presented to her by the composer, not in the form of a nosegay to carry in the hand or wear in her bosom, but a bouquet in the shape of a life sized horse, all of roses, which, propelled by a figure in side, walked out upon the stage and put its nose in her hand. This rather surprising Attila Clair's full sized rocking chair, which so disturbed the fair Lillian last winter in Boston. - Paris Letter.

Useful Articles at a Fair.

"Old men's comforts" is what packages on sale at some recent fairs were labeled. The packages include a pair of gloves of knitted wool, a large neckerchief of soft woolen cloth, a package of tobacco and a pipe.

The "comforts" sold quickly, as many visitors could readily pick out among their proteges at least one "old man" who would welcome the quartet of articles. - New York Letter.

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Effect of the Spectator.

The American sovereign is always boasting of his intelligence. He considers himself the smartest of God's two-legged creation, yet the fact remains that no campaigning is so effective in this country as the spectacular. Tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent during every presidential campaign for torchlights and parading paraphernalia, and I am inclined to believe that money so spent is far more effective than that put into campaign literature and stump orations. A gorgeous parade and a brass band will influence more votes than will the most logical partisan plea ever made from the hustings. It is an odd use of money, a curious form of political energy, but it is effective. Neither is it without its philosophical side. Men banded together are much more subject to a common impulse than individuals taken separately.

Letters for Europe.

The author of "European Reminiscences" says that he once mailed a letter for America in the post office at Naples, and found great difficulty in having it registered.

Finally, when that operation was completed, the official suddenly exclaimed:

"Where are the five seals?"

"What do you mean?" asked the traveler.

"Registered letters must have five seals in order to secure their safe transportation," was the reply. Then the Italian added with a sudden thought: "Senseless, signor! I see this goes to America. Letters to South America and Africa are allowed without sealing wax since the melting of the wax spoils other postal matter."

I thanked him, but said that this letter was not for South America, but for the United States.

"It's all the same thing," he responded. "It has to pass the equator anyway."

Moroseness Before Breakfast.

People as a rule are not ready for social intercourse till they have been up at least three hours. It is quite curious to see how disagreeable really good humored people often are before breakfast. They are often conscious of their moroseness and try to conceal it by utter silence or cynical smiles, but with all their endeavors it is apparent that it would be a service of danger to speak to them, and whether it be a valued friend or simply a highly agreeable intellectual acquaintance, one may hope that it may never be his fate to meet him again at breakfast. Surely it would be a great advantage to the world if such individuals breakfasted alone. Perhaps the most depressing thing to be met with is anything like hilarity or even great cheerfulness so early in the day. - Philadelphia Times.

Kangaroos for This Country.

Some far western and southwestern newspapers are seriously discussing the desirability and possibility of introducing the kangaroo into these regions. Much is urged as to its utility, because of its economic value in "flesh, fur and footware." And some little about the novel sport it would afford, taking in this particular the place of the defunct buffalo. It is said the kangaroo would do well in regions altogether unfit for other stock. Some say it would be more profitable to raise kangaroos than steers. Mr. Robert C. Auld appears to have been first to suggest the scheme. Ostriches, he says, are a big success in California, and he thinks kangaroos would be more widely profitable. - Exchange.

The Force of Habit.

A wealthy South African farmer, anxious from selfish motives about the physical well being of his hundred slaves, had been reading some where that the habit of carrying loads on the head was injurious to health. He therefore ordered a hundred wheelbarrows from the nearest town, and while they arrived by boat he sent his slaves to fetch them from the wharf. When they came back, each carrying a wheelbarrow on his head! - Sketch.

Jenny Knew What She Was Doing.

"Jenny" called out Mrs. Wilson to her beautiful daughter up stairs. "I've got the washing ready for you to hang out."

Then Miss Jenny put aside the novel she was reading, rolled up the sleeves from her lovely white arms, and going down stairs called her pretty mouth with clothes line and hung out the clothes just as young McGarrigan went by to his dinner. The engagement will be announced shortly. - Exchange.

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NEW YEAR.

While the snows yet cover the ground, and the icy air makes the blood of health tingle in the veins, the old year is taking its leave and the new one comes into its place. It is one of the turning points in life—this New Year. We have passed one of the weary mile roads of life, and naturally we stand still, for a moment, looking backward and forward as if calculating the progress of the past and estimating our chances for the future. What a sight that backward look brings before our eyes! You see vividly, for a moment, each important act performed, each great opportunity neglected. You place yourself an impartial judge, and your criticisms of your own acts are not always in your favor. How many a man can sit down contentedly on New Year's eve, before his great warm fire-place, with his family crowding and crowding about him, with wealth even and comfort unstinted, and say in his heart: "Well, I would not care to begin the past year over again. Everything in its course was smooth and satisfactory. I have made no mistakes. I see nothing to regret." We are compelled rather to look back upon our actions of the year, if we are honest, with a certain sense of disappointment, with a feeling that things have not all gone on as smoothly as we would wish. Here and there rises in our recollection, like a haunting specter, the memory of lost opportunity. Perhaps it was the opportunity that might have turned the whole current of our lives for prosperity and success. It presented itself only once, we reflected perhaps a little over its advantages, but as we saw it only through eyes blinded by mists of more glittering, though cheaper inducements, we accepted the joys of the moment, to the rejection of that which would be life-long, and whose loss would be years of regret. How many such opportunities occur in a year. How eagerly we would wish them back again that we might mould our conduct to their requirements. But the one echo that rings above the loudest bells of New Year's eve, is that which cries out the eternal requiem of lost moments, and all the good that lay minute compass.

How dismal life would be were it to end thus with the night before New Year's! But scarce have the bells tolled out the midnight hour than there beams in upon us a new light. We have ceased looking backwards—we now look before, and though the future presents but a dim, shadowy vista of possibilities, we are glad to seize even upon these. We love to fondle them, dream upon them and build upon them perhaps a palace of future contentment more glorious in its unreality than the most dazzling enchantments of Aladdin. These dreams are not altogether valueless. They are useful as indications of a line of conduct which though not leading to lofty ideals we have formed in our minds, yet keep us upon the highway of success, acting as beacon light to warn us from the shoals and rocks that endanger our onward progress. Let us have these ideals then, call them dreams if you like, or better still resolutions, remembering that it is better to have aimed high, though we fall a little, than never to have striven to rise above the level upon which any present moment may find us.

DEADLY GRADE CROSSING.

Very recently, as a car of the street railway was crossing the track of the Old Colony R.R. at Quincy Adams station, the power was lost and the car stood still upon the rails right across both tracks of the steam railway. Immediately the bells began to clang, announcing the coming of a train. The passengers instantly sprang from the car, which had scarcely been moved from the track when an express train thundered past. Had the cause of the loss of power been a break in the machinery of the electric car, it is difficult to imagine how a dreadful railroad accident could have been averted, because it would have been impossible to have got the electric car from the O. C. R. R. tracks and the express train might have been derailed with a shocking loss of life. We consider that our city officials in conjunction with the managers of the street railway ought to devise means to prevent the slaughter of human life which seems highly imminent at this point. The Missouri has already suggested a plan which would obviate all danger. This plan is to discontinue the street railway on Water street between Franklin and Quincy streets, by running the track straight up Franklin street and Independence avenue to the hill near the residence of J. Q. Field, then to turn abruptly to the right, where the street level is high above the O. C. R. R. tracks, build a bridge at this point, which the street cars could cross on to the new plains, which could be served by a track joining at or near the intersection of Quincy and Water streets. This plan would entirely do away with the danger which now exists at the grade crossing at Quincy Adams station. It would be a beginning of the extension of the street railway toward Braintree—it would be a great boon to the residents all along the line and would increase the value of the real estate in that section, thus affording additional income to the city from taxes. The only possible objection that could be raised would be the time occupied in running the cars over the additional distance. This amounts to nothing because the half hour service would be ample time to cover the distance. In addition, the city is growing so fast that the present supply of cars will soon be inadequate and more than two must necessarily be run. Should

it be decided that the grade crossing at Quincy Adams must be abolished, the car tracks must be taken up again anyway. We believe that our plan is the very best for both railway companies, and for the citizens.

THE EPIPHANY.

Five days after the festival of the Circumcision, the bells of old cathedrals and of humble village shrines again ring out the message of glad tidings. A new festival is come. For the third time within a fortnight the Church summons her children to the cradle of Bethlehem. How rapidly the mysteries of affection succeed each other in this retreat of the new-born God!

On this day we commemorate three manifestations of the Son of God. The first is that which took place at His baptism when the Holy Ghost descended visibly upon Him under the form of a dove and a voice was heard saying: "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The second is that which took place at the marriage feast of Cana, when the Saviour wrought His first miracle, by changing water into wine. The third and most celebrated is that by which He revealed Himself to the Gentiles and received the adoration of the Magi. The latter conception of these manifestations, however, so prevalent that it gave its name to the festival.

Tradition gives us some little details regarding the Magi and the star that guided them. It informs us that they were three in number, that they were kings, and that their names were Melchior, Gaspar and Balthazar. Melchior, it represents as a bald old man, with a large beard and long white hair. He wore, when prostrate before the infant, a robe of hyacinth or azure, a yellow cloak, shoes of blue and white and a royal mantle of various colors. He offered gold to the Child, in recognition of His sovereignty. The second, Gaspar, was young, beardless and ruddy, and wore an orange robe and red mantle. He offered frankincense to acknowledge the divinity of Mary's Son. The third, Balthazar, was brown in color, with a large black beard. His robe was red, with a variegated mantle and yellow shoes. He offered myrrh, to denote the Saviour's humanity and mortality. These representations are, however, merely conjectural and not to be held as matters of faith.

As to the occupations of the Magi, we have said that they were kings, and they made astronomy their particular study. Versed in old traditions they recognized in the miraculous star the one that had been announced fifteen centuries before by the prophet Balaam.

The proper significance of this feast is that it commemorates the reception of the Gentile into the fold of the Great Shepherd. The favors of Heaven had hitherto, as by a certain kind of evolution, reposed only with the Jews. Henceforth the pale of Divine Grace was to be as extensive as the world itself and to embrace with particular favor those who had hitherto walked under the ban of supernatural exclusion.

THE ORATORIO.

The production of the Dramatic Oratorio, on Sunday evening, Jan. 1st, must be pronounced a grand success. The voices of the soloists were in their best trim and were so skillfully managed that none of the musical beauty of the piece was lost. The jolly good humor of the King and ambitious character of Haman were brought out excellently by Mr. Phelan and Mr. Meade respectively. Miss Sullivan's Queen Esther was a study for the result of which she may well be gratified. Mordecai, with all the solemnity of the old Jew was brought successfully by Mr. Andrew Mischler. Special praise was by critics for the strength of Miss McNally's alto, and the charming sweetness of Miss Doran's soprano. On the whole, the piece was well studied and showed an appreciation on the part of soloists and children that must redound to the credit of their instructors.

The Sunday School will return their thanks to those who have helped the affair along, especially to the organizer of the church, to the young men for the use of their rooms, and to those committees of young ladies who offered their services in the making up of costumes.

INSULT TO THE WATER BOARD.

The Council of 1892 ended its long series of blunders by a most stupid refusal to appoint a salary for the members of the Water Commission. We do not intend to seek after the motives which actuated such a policy. They are not difficult to be imagined. It is quite a strain upon the patriotism and self sacrifice of any citizens to place upon them the burden of successful and conscientious management of property valued variously from \$100,000 to \$1,500,000. But when these men are practically insulted by the decision of the Council that their services are worth nothing, it seems high time to repeal the clause in the city charter which places such hurtful power in the control of a hostile clique in the council. The charter needs several amendments. Practical experience has shown its weakness in many respects, and the Council of 1893 can do no better work than to appoint a committee for the revision of many articles of the charter, and the legislature should be petitioned in time for these amendments to be put in force this year of 1893.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

The St. John's C. L. & A. A. received Holy Communion together as a society on Sunday January 8th. About 180 members approached the Altar and as usual the occasion was one of great edification. Saturday Jan. 14th is the ninth anniversary of the institution of the society which is to be highly praised for the noble religious spirit that has predominated in its history. The association has brought innumerable blessings to our citizens, benefits which can best be appreciated by contrast with the condition of young men in many other cities and towns where societies like ours do not exist, or

where the young men have failed to be loyal to the principles upon which every Catholic society must be based in order to produce beneficial results. If we would reap God's blessing, we must realize the words of the Gospel, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Kingdom."

FORCED SALE.

Miscellaneous causes a prominent Quincy firm to make desperate efforts to realize on their stock. Some two months ago The Quincy One Price Clothing Co. purchased two stocks of clothing, and finding themselves overloaded with goods have now decided to put prices on their stock which will surely sell it. They have reduced every article in their immense stock 50 per cent. and our readers will find this a rare chance to purchase clothing and furnishing goods at lower figures than ever before known. They closed their store Thursday and Friday, to prepare their stock and opened Saturday morning, Jan. 14. It will surely pay you to call and look through this large stock even if you do not wish to purchase.

New Officers Elected.

A meeting of the St. John's C. L. & A. A. held Tuesday evening the following board of officers were elected: President—Timothy J. Carey. Vice President—Jas. O'Donovan. Recording Secretary—Geo. Cahill. Financial Secretary—Richard A. Cole. Corresponding Sec.—Francis Gillespie. Treasurer—Patrick W. Driscoll. Librarian—Chas. Horan. Assistant Librarian—James F. Fox. Superintendent—John J. Burke. Chairman of dramatic board—M. H. Garrity.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Monitor wishes all its readers a prosperous New Year. There have been several important land sales at Norfolk Downs recently.

The St. Francis Court of Foresters held their annual ball in St. Mary's hall, Friday, Feb. 3.

There will be fifty-three Sundays this year, the first and last days of the year falling on Sunday.

Miss Katie Teasdale sprained her ankle Christmas Eve, and has been confined to the house ever since.

Fr. Cunningham's Sunday School presented "Queen Esther" in Hancock Hall, New Year's night. The singing was very fine and showed great care and practice. Humor says the oratorio will be repeated later on.

Among the names of the officers for the coming ball of the Irish Charitable Society of Boston are found the following from this city: Messrs. J. H. Dinegan, J. W. McNamery and Drs. Donovan and Sheahan.

The marriage of Mr. William Donaher and Miss Mary McCarthy of West Quincy is announced to take place next week. They will make their home for the present, with the groom's mother on Common street.

Mr. Peter Christolm of Atlantic, a much respected gentleman, was found dead in his bed on Monday morning, Jan. 2. He was 65 years old. His funeral took place the following Thursday from the Sacred Heart Church.

The South Braintree Sunlay School held their festival in the town hall. The children gave a number of individual recitations and the opera of New Year's Eve. The dramatic club of Atlantic were present and gave a "Handy Andy."

Mr. Robert Kent has accepted a position as agent in Quincy, for the John Hancock Mutual Life Ins. Co. Mr. Kent's failing health compels him to give up the store business. The editors sincerely wish Mr. Kent great success in his new avocation and bespeak for him a cordial reception whenever he calls upon our readers.

The basement of the Sacred Heart Church, Atlantic, was crowded on Thursday evening, Jan. 29 to see "Handy Andy." The parts were well taken and Mr. Jerry Mahoney as "Andy" kept the audience in laughter. Several choruses, duets and solos were given and Mr. Joseph Callahan contributed a fine recitation. Supt. Cunningham, in the name of the teachers of the Sunday School presented Fr. Butler with a set of Father Faber's works. Fr. Butler was completely surprised and thanked the teachers for their great kindness.

The Christmas festivals of the Sunday Schools were particularly pleasing this year. The first to take place was St. Mary's in St. Mary's Hall Tuesday after Christmas. The programme consisted of recitation and singing by the children. The "Singing Circle" given by six little girls representing grandmothers was very well liked. There were several beautiful tableaux and humorous selections by Prof. Coulter of West Medway. The guests of the evening were Fr. Cunningham, Mayor Fairbanks, City Solicitor McAnaney and Mr. E. L. Crane, chairman of the School Board who each gave a pleasing address to the children. The children are indebted for their enjoyment and goodies to the business men of Ward 4, who generously contributed the funds.

Finely Translated.

Some years ago a San Francisco kindergarten was threatening very through a dirty ally, making friendly visits to the children of her school. As she lingered on a certain doorstep, receiving the last confidences of a weary woman's heart, she heard a loud but not unfriendly voice ringing from an upper window of a tenement house just round the corner. "Clear things out from under foot!" pealed the voice in stentorian accents. "The teacher o' the Kids' Guards is comin down the street!" "The children's Guards!" from what impurity and ignorance! No more vile cant translation has yet been found to render the German word with such faithfulness and sympathy—"Children's Rights."

WILLS OF RICH MEN.

HOW SEVERAL WEALTHY MEN DISPOSED OF THEIR ESTATES.

The Astor and the Vanderbilt Riches Went to the Oldest Son—The Late A. T. Stewart Gave His Property to His Wife—His Other Bequests.

The small bequests by Jay Gould to his brother and sister call attention anew to the fact that the financial results of the creation of a fortune in a family are apt to be small to the collateral branches and heavy to the direct line of issue. The wills of the heads of the Astor family do not point a moral in this respect, because the family has followed a rule designed for the perpetuation of a great family estate in two parcels. Side bequests, if considerable of this plan, the distribution of the late Samuel J. Tilden's fortune is not illustrative of the common custom, because he was a bachelor.

A. T. Stewart, the great merchant prince, made a simple will. In the second paragraph of the document opened after his death in 1876 he wrote simply: "All my property and estate of every kind and description and wherever situated I give, devise and bequeath to my dear wife, Cornelia M. Stewart, her heirs and assigns forever." In the third paragraph he appointed Henry Hilton to manage, close and wind up his partnership business and affairs. He made ex. Judge Hilton, the widow and William Libbey his executors, and he bequeathed to Mr. Hilton the sum of \$1,000,000 "as a mark of regard."

In a will called to the will bequeathed various sums of from \$50,000 to \$500 to as many faithful employees in his business and other sums of \$2,500 to \$500 to seven household servants. To two sisters named Marron, at whose father's home and lands he had enjoyed his hospital life, he gave \$10,000 a year and a house in this city. To Henry Hilton's wife he gave \$5,000. In a second codicil he gave \$10,000 each to four persons of the name of Clinch, who were relatives of his wife. To two of them he gave a house in town and to Sarah Smith and her daughter he gave \$10,000 each. He willed that all persons who had remained in his employ during twenty years should have \$1,000 and \$500. A letter to his wife accompanied the will, and in that he said that he hoped to live to carry out his charitable scheme, but if he died before doing so he would depend on her to do so with the advice and assistance of their friend Henry Hilton.

Mr. Stewart had no children. If he had no relatives either, his will is not a case in point. But, on the other hand, if he had many children, his will would be a case in point. He had a number of cousins and other kin in Ireland, his absolute forgetfulness of them or refusal to benefit them is remarkably apparent.

Commodore Vanderbilt, who died in January, 1877, made many bequests. He left to his children, to his wife he gave \$500,000 and all the contents of his house in Washington place, the use of which was hers for life. To his brother Jacob H. Vanderbilt, he gave \$50,000. To his sister Phoebe he gave \$1,200 a year during her life. To his nieces and nephews he gave various sums, ranging from \$20,000 and \$100,000 down to \$200 and \$300 a year. But he gave one grand nephew \$25,000 and another \$20,000. His doctor got \$10,000, and a faithful old clerk got \$20,000. To an uncle he gave \$5,000 and the wife of a nephew received \$2,500.

When he came to consider his children the situation was altered. To William H. his eldest son, he handed down the bulk of his magnificent property, the value of this gift being estimated at \$90,000,000. The whole property had been valued at \$100,000,000 and of the \$10,000,000 that William H. did not get one-half went to William's sons, the oldest one, Cornelius, getting greatly the largest share. He seemed thus to indicate a belief that young Cornelius, who had already shown ability as a financier, would become the head of the house in the third generation.

To his own less worthy son, Cornelius he gave merely the interest on \$200,000. He divided \$1,200,000 equally among five daughters, and two of these he further enriched, the one with the interest on \$200,000 and the other with the interest on \$50,000. Cornelius is actually on terms to use, for it was evident that he intended only to insure to each of them the comforts of a competency.

When it came time to open the will of William H. Vanderbilt it was found that he had given to a nephew, W. V. Kissam \$20,000, to his uncle Jacob \$100,000, and to 1,000 shares of New York Central, to his aunt Phoebe and to each of twelve other relatives annuities of \$1,200. The great bulk of the increased estate went to the children. There were eight of them, and each got \$5,000,000 outright. To his wife he gave \$10,000,000 outright on another \$5,000,000. To his daughter a trust fund of \$400,000. The principal in this legacy was to go to his grandchildren when his children died. To his eldest son, Cornelius, he gave an additional \$2,000,000 outright, and to his favorite grandson, William H., the son of Cornelius, he gave \$1,000,000 outright. The youngest son, George, was to have the family mansion and works of art when his mother should die. To his own widow he left a yearly allowance of \$300,000 and the right to give away \$200,000 however or to whomsoever she pleased. To each of his four daughters he gave the house in which she was living when he died. Having thus disposed of only about half of this great property, which was said to be sufficient to give four dollars to every man, woman and child in the country, Mr. Vanderbilt gave the rest to his wife and second sons, Cornelius and William K. and about \$30,000. Each—New York Sun.

A Misunderstanding.

Young Lady—Is warm water and oatmeal good for the complexion?
Doctor—Oh, no. It should boil twenty minutes.—New York Weekly.

A Saving.

The auctioneer was making an earnest plea to the bidders for higher prices.

"Why, my friends," he said persuasively, "I am sure the gentleman who owns these goods would rather give them to you than sell at the prices you are offering."

"Ugh," grunted an old bidder, "hard save commissions anyhow," and the auctioneer smiled grimly.—Detroit Free Press.

A Great Scheme.

A North Carolina genius proposes a novel scheme for procuring an endowment for a college in his vicinity. He suggests that the trustees insure the lives of fifty men, between the ages of forty and fifty, for \$10,000 each, and as the insured die off and the amounts of the policies are turned in convert the money into a fund for the college. This would mean an endowment of \$500,000 at some time or other.—New York Sun.

ODD PEOPLE OF ASIA.

PECULIAR RACE OF DWARF SAVAGES IN THE NIGRIS.

A Remarkable Country with Many Remarkable Creatures—An Interesting Story of the Creation and the First Human Beings—A Weird Burial.

With queer insistency the English residents in India call the Himalayan ranges "hills"—not only these immense mountains, but also the tremendous chain which runs parallel to the Indian ocean and sends its feelers, as it were, into the interior of the continent. "Hills" indeed, for those stations in the life of the weary civilian and his wife, the soldier and his family betake themselves to rest during the awful heats of summer.

Simla is naturally the grandest of these summer capitals, for it houses the imperial government of India. Naini Tal shelters that of the northwestern provinces; Bachel retreats to Larpent and Madras to that most delightful of all stations—Uttar-mund, in the Nigri hills.

The Nigris are perhaps the most beautiful of the many beautiful mountain ranges in India. They do not show any of the growth of foresting giants, but they are most verdant. Their sides are covered with beds of rhododendrons, whose dark leaves and enormous scarlet flowers often make them look as if on fire. Wild roses flourish with uncounted luxuriance, which clamber over the steep slopes of the hills, and make impenetrable flower thickets.

Nor is the country alone remarkable for its lovely landscapes or interesting for its agricultural possibilities, as enterprising coffee planters have set out immense orchards of this cherry like tree, but chiefly for the queer races which dwell in their wooded and well watered canyons.

Some years ago the writer was in the Nigris in connection with government work and had the opportunity of seeing the small savages who live in the most inaccessible parts of this mountainous country. These are dwarfs, and have never been tempted to partake of the benefits of civilization. They still live in holes in the ground or in wild trunks, are absolutely naked and quarrel with the monkey over wild fruits. Now and again they venture to the lower levels and barter honey for glass beads and other worthless gewgaws. They hunt with bows and arrows and are remarkably skillful in the use of these primitive weapons.

Another tribe equally as interesting are the Todas, who since 1860 have attracted the attention of Europeans. The Portuguese thought they were "Christians" and sent to their moral assistance a Jesuit father, who, however, soon discovered that they were the most ignorant heathens. Much argument has been wasted upon the origin of these people, some saying they were descended from the original Indians, others insisting they were of the lost tribes of Israel and others that they were Manichaeans.

However, only 600 or 700 remain, and the little settlements are scattered over the most picturesque portions of the Nigris. Their only worship is the belief of a "Great God" who they believe to be a buffalo of which they have large herds, and whose care and the gathering of wild honey constitute the sum of their daily toil.

Their story of the creation bears some resemblance to the belief of the orthodox Christians. For they tell how a man created a fellow man out of the earth and finished the good work by making a woman, not out of his own ribs, but the other man's ribs. They have a trinity consisting of a father, son and a kite. The last was born of a pumpkin, the offspring of the first woman.

They too, indeed, in a garden and a bell, and as the mountain streams are infested with leeches which make their passage uncomfortable, the Todas say hell is a river inhabited by these awful creatures, spanned by a single thread, over which the righteous can pass safely, but too frail for the traffic of the guilty.

The Toda's dead body is swathed in a new cloth, his toes are tied together with red thread, earth is thrown over his corpse, and two of his buffaloes are sacrificed. They impose the dead man's hands upon the animals' horns and lap the blood from their nostrils. The lap of blood is then passed to the unknown world. After removing the skull and finger nails the body is burned, and the ashes are scattered to the four winds of heaven.

The relics of the departed are taken to the mourning house and stored with those of others who during the year have passed the great divide. Around this house are hung the utensils which were used by the deceased and these articles which he most valued during life. Women are jealously excluded from the interior of this house of woe, but are permitted to peep through the crevices at the assembled mourners, which a year after perform the last rites. They lie on the floor, giving vent to the most hideous howls, beating their breasts and exciting each other to the flow of tears.

On the turf outside the house other Todas maintain an exciting dance, calling to their loud hullo-hullo, stamping their feet and dancing to the unending music of the drum, blown and beaten by the cat. The cat is a small animal, which the Todas eat. Kotas, who furnish music on all these dismal occasions. Nor are the ceremonies yet over. The sacrifice has to be performed, and this is done in a characteristically brutal fashion, for the Toda Hindu can work himself into the most fearful of religious frenzies.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Serving Both God and Man.

The late Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand and Melanesia, was well known during his university days as a devotee of the noble art of self defence. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section in New Zealand, owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough, in one of the back streets of Auckland, if he was "the bishop who backed up the Maoris." Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the rough, with a "Take that, then!" struck his lordship in the face.

"My friend," said the bishop, "my Bible teaches me that if a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other, and he turned his head slightly the other way.

His assailant, slightly bewildered, struck him again.

"Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man, and taking off my coat and hat he gave the anti-Maori champion a most scientific thrashing.—London Tit Bits.

Transformation of a Worm.

In China there is a kind of worm that regularly falls a prey to a species of parasitic fungus. In the course of time this fungus pervades the poor worm's entire anatomical structure, converting him into a woody fiber, in which state he is considered as being a valuable medicine.—St. Louis Republic.

The Trouble with John.

"My boy studies very hard," Mr. Carter, and yet his reports are most discouraging."
"The trouble is, Mr. James, that John always knows his Greek in the Latin hour, and when the Greek hour comes he is ready with his mathematics."—Harper's Bazar.

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BEFORE THE TOY SHOP WINDOW.

I know it's a rainy week in the city. I know it's a rainy week in the city. I know it's a rainy week in the city.

It's this way, sir. "You thirty years ago I had a little baby, home named Joe. I had a little baby, home named Joe. I had a little baby, home named Joe."

For Joe's mamma afore she came to die As me to me, him that at my, and I had, just, you see.

I told Joe, well, he was three weeks old that day. When she, she, kind of, sighed, I passed away. Was left to help each other on, for me To keep the little fellow going, he "So, so, my boy."

He did it, too, Joe, did he, did he, did he. "You thirty years ago I had a little baby, home named Joe. I had a little baby, home named Joe. I had a little baby, home named Joe."

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THE ZITANA.

"Gaze into the wild Riasque land,"
The verdant valley said,
The Vignay made the sunset smile,
The storm clad peaks flushed red.
Under the mighty elm trees shade,
Where Eolus' soul howls
His bitter loss, said the sunset smile,
As the rapt palm she scanned:
The Spanish girl stood, shy and scared,
And over the slender hand
The gypsy bent and murmured low
As the rapt palm she scanned:
"Go not into the wild Riasque land,
Shun the Riasque shore;
Or the statelike house in Grenada left
Will be desolate forever."
She told her father of the beds,
And he smiled in haughty scorn,
She had never a mother to hush her fear—
Shielded when her babe was born.
She told her lover of the beds,
And he kissed the little hand,
And swore he would guard her wanderings,
Though she sought earth's furthest land.
And while the great elms swung overhead,
And nightingales sang their fill,
Love drew his wing on the troubled heart,
And its pulse grew calm and still.
Yet, over the summer forested by,
Where under the sapphire skies,
Over the bright Riasque was
The wild Riasque mountains rise:
Where under sunny Biarritz
The long waves thundering shock
Breaks over many a rugged side
And many a caverned rock.
Caught in the undercurrent's clutch,
Tossed in the deadly swirl,
The sea swept out from the golden sand
A fair young Spanish girl.
And the father, whose helpless agony
Had watched the hopeless sister,
The lover, who strove so desperately
To reach her back to life,
As they knelt beside the sweet, pale corpse,
When they'd looked her for the tomb,
Remembered with a shuddering sigh
The gray Zitanas' doom.
—All the Year Round.

THE BAMBOO ROD.

On a certain morning recently I had just set my people their allotted tasks for the day when the telephone bell in my private room sounded. Placing my ear to the instrument I received the usual query, "Are you Zambra?"
"Yes," I replied. "Who are you?"
"Burt," Queen Victoria said, "the answer came. Mr. Burt wishes to see Mr. Zambra at once, if he is engaged."
"You are speaking to Mr. Zambra," I replied; "will come on immediately."
In ten minutes a quick hansom deposited me at the door of the millionaires' office. I knew John Burt very well by repute. Mr. Burt was a very made man, and he had made himself—so it was whispered in the west end and freely bruited about in the city—to a great extent at other people's expense. In early life he had gone out to Asia Minor, where after working in an oil factory for years he had taken to prospecting for oil on his own account. Right and left he "struck" it, but being a shrewd man, possessed of enough technical knowledge to be aware that the mineral find often dries up as rapidly as it is found, he did not run his oil well himself.
The millionaire's offices were on the top floor of one of those huge caravansaries near the Mansion house, which are let out in flats.
The short, plump, warm looking individual who rose to greet me was familiar enough. I had seen John Burt many times and in many places, but I never saw him looking quite as he looked today. His usually florid complexion was mottled and flabby, and his haggard eyes suggested a series of sleepless nights.
"Sit down, Mr. Zambra," he said, "in a voice which trembled with nervous excitement. 'I am pleased to make your acquaintance apart from the matter in hand. Tell me,' he went on with startling promptness, 'do you believe in thought reading?'
"If your question has any bearing on the business upon which you wish me to advise you it would be better if you gave me the particulars first," I said.
"Perhaps you are right," he replied. "Well, it is like this. As you are aware, I am largely interested in a number of oil companies carrying on operations in Asiatic Turkey. I make a good deal of money by buying and selling the shares of these companies in a speculative way for the rise or fall. For instance, if I get a cable from one of my local managers to the effect that a good output may be expected for a certain company, I buy these shares on the stock exchange. If, on the other hand, I hear that a poor return is to follow by next mail, I sell the shares instead. You follow me so far?"
"Perfectly."
"All the trouble about which I want to consult you is this. For the last two months my private information has been got at and made use of to such an extent that its value to myself has been largely discounted—in some cases nullified altogether. One of the clearest clues in Chapel court is either regularly forestalling every move I contemplate, or is acting simultaneously on identical lines in such large amounts that the cream of my market is stolen, and in fact it goes on I may as well shut up shop for good and all."
"Am I to understand that you can find this information to no one?" I asked.
"Not a living soul," replied Mr. Burt.
"What is to hinder some person in the telephone office from using the called notes for his own purposes?"
"The messages are received in cipher. I alone possess the key," said the troubled millionaire. "I don't even use one of the ordinary commercial codes. My daughter, who is clever at that sort of thing, made a special one for me, and I keep it secret from every one, even from my trusted confidential manager in the next room there."
"So far there appears to be only one solution," I replied. "Some one must be getting access both to the wire and to the cipher messages. Where do you keep them?"
"That is the strange part of it,"

said Mr. Burt. "The cipher code is always kept in the top drawer of this writing table, but since this mystery has been going on I have varied the whereabouts of the messages. Originally I used to keep them in the drawer here with the code, but when I found that the contents were being acted on I took to carrying them about my person, only to divest myself of them in my bedroom at my place at Sydenham at night. This made no difference—my secrets leaked out just the same—so I have during the last few days gone back to the old plan of keeping them in this drawer, which, as you see, has a patent lock."
"But look here, Zambra," he continued, "waxing fondly in his distress, 'you ought to be able to spot them today. I got another wire from our man at Takut this morning, saying that he has had a splendid find of a fresh well on his company's property. I have purposely abstained from endeavoring to buy a single share yet so that you may have your chance to put your hands on the fore-stallings. Will you try it?'
"Certainly," I said, "where is the cable in the drawer?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Burt, unlocking the receptacle and showing me the flimsy paper, "there it has been since I received it, an hour ago. I haven't left the room, so no one can have seen it yet."
"About this manager of yours," I said. "Has he access to this room while you are out?"
"No," was the answer. "Look the communicating door on leaving, also with a patent key, and he has in strictures to remain there always during my absence. Besides I trust Johnson thoroughly."
"Quite so," I said, "but confidential servants have a way of getting too confidential sometimes. He might have duplicate keys."
"He might, but I doubt it," said Burt. "His interests are entirely my interests. Again, how could he have got at the telegrams when I carried them about with me and kept them in my bedroom at night?"
"Well," I said, "you can't expect a detective to believe in the supernatural, and it is a certainty that if not Mr. Johnson some person has obtained a glimpse of those telegrams, either before or after delivery to you. By the way, you mentioned 'thought reading.' What put that into your head?"
"My daughter is a great believer in it," began Mr. Burt. "She is a fanatic on the subject, though there is perhaps a reason."
"Miss Burt is in the outer office," said the financier, "and wishes to see you."
"Show her in," said the financier, then turning to me he whispered hurriedly, "Not a word of your errand. She knows nothing of my worry."
There was a light step and the rustle of a dress in the anteroom, and a tall girl of twenty entered. The millionaire's daughter had fine eyes and pretty chestnut hair, but her manner was rather boisterous. Nervously, I thought.
"Now, papa," she began, without so much as bestowing a glance on me, "put away all that horrid work and take me to the horticultural exhibition. I've set my heart on going this afternoon."
"Impossible, my dear child," replied Mr. Burt. "I have heaps to do here, and at 2 o'clock I have to attend a meeting of the Paraffin trust at the Cannon Street hotel. Can't you get the Plymouths to take you?"
Miss Burt made a pretty little display of filial disappointment, but bowed to the inevitable.
"I suppose I must, if you can't or won't come," she replied. "What a nuisance these meetings are! Why you've had two this week already."
"Yes, and I've got another tomorrow," said Mr. Burt abstractedly. "This is a busy time, Trix, and I'm obliged to keep hard at it."
"I believe you are making more money than is good for you," replied the young lady flippantly, as she prepared to take her leave without trying her powers at persuasion further. She paused at the door, however, to ask:
"What time did you say your meeting at the Cannon Street hotel was to be?"
"Two o'clock."
"And it will last?"
"A couple of hours at least."
"Ah! It's no use my waiting for you then. Goodbye till dinner time, and with a frolicsome wave of the hand Miss Burt left us alone again."
"It was the young lady who has just been here who suggested the idea of thought reading as a solution of this mystery," I asked.
"No, not in connection with this affair, but generally. You see, she is almost a child—has no mother, poor thing—and about six months ago she met a young fellow who gives thought reading entertainment, as Bertram Solvyn's name is. I dare say you have heard of him. Well, Trixie and this man got very thick. He was after money no doubt, and I had to nip it in the bud. She took it quietly enough, but she is always telling me that Solvyn revealed a lot about thought reading, and that there are plenty of people about who can spot what one is thinking just by looking at one."
When I re-entered the private room, after half an hour's absence, I brought with me a small photographic camera of my own invention. It was fashioned in the form of a carriage clock, for which any ordinary observer would have taken it, but it was fitted with a powerful lens and an instantaneous shutter, which could be worked automatically from a distance by means of an electric wire. I don't always let my clients into my secrets at the outset of a case, and I thought it best for the camera to remain a clock in Mr. Burt's eyes.
Placing the apparatus on the marble piece, I made a connection between the shutter and the drawer

where the "cables" lay, running the wire along the wall and under the floor cloth in such a way that it could not attract attention. If any one opened the drawer I knew that the cables would do its work and that I should be in possession of the portrait of the opener.
As we left the room together I noticed that the window was open and I called Mr. Burt's attention to the fact.
"Oh, yes," he said, "I like fresh air. I always keep the window open. I see what you are thinking about, but it is a moral impossibility for any one to enter unsummoned that way. It could only be done by means of a ladder eighty feet long placed in the center of a crowded alley below. See for yourself."
It was true enough. The wall of the lofty building ran sheer down into a sort of alley or courtyard through which was a public thoroughfare teeming with business men taking advantage of the "short cut." A ladder placed there would have created an obstruction that would have been promptly resented. So we went our several ways, firm in the conviction that the room was unassailable except through the doorway.
At 4 o'clock I returned to Queen Victoria street and found Mr. Burt waiting for me in the outer office. On passing through the anteroom on my way to the private sanctum I noticed that Mr. Johnson was absent, and learned that he had gone out to the bank on his principal's return from the meeting. In the private room everything was as we had left it, and there was no apparent trace of any intrusion. But one glance at the shutter of my camera told me a different story. Turning to Mr. Burt I said:
"Your drawer has been opened during your absence. It is only a question of time now. You will know all about it in a day or two."
Taking the camera I went back to my office and reported to my dark room. I will not say that I felt any positive certainty as to whose face I should discover on the negative, but I will confess that I should have been surprised at seeing certain features present themselves in the process of development.
What was my astonishment, then, to note the season of the details of the picture began to show up that no living figure had been present in Mr. Burt's room at all. The desk came gradually into view, the outline of the chair showed itself, and, yes, the drawer was undoubtedly open, but the tamperer was not there. Yet stay! As developments progressed minute objects began to be visible, and a faint line running from the drawer out through the window caught my eye. Clearer and clearer it grew till at any rate the method of the mystery was revealed. The draw and been opened from the outside with the aid of a long lamboor. Whose hand had guided it, and where had the unknown found foothold?
The next morning I was early at the offices of Burt & Co. The financier greeted me effusively, the more so when I informed him that I was on the eve of a discovery. All asked was to be allowed to give my "clock" another trial that afternoon. Permission accorded, I set the apparatus so as to focus a small window high up in a building which formed a right angle with the wall of Mr. Burt's private room. Judging by the direction that the rod took in the photograph, this was the position whence it had been manipulated, and I had already ascertained that there was something "queer" about the firm which occupied the one room office next door, as related in The Millionaire.
It was 9 o'clock when I reached Sydenham. Instead of finding the millionaire seated comfortably at dessert, as I had expected, he met me looking flushed and angry in the hall.
"Come in here, Zambra," he said, leading me into the dining room. "You may as well tell me all about it, though I haven't a word to worry on my mind now. Stay, though, before you tell me anything about that little business, just read that, I may want to put you on the track of the villain."
He placed a letter in my hand, and I read as follows, after noting that the date was of the same day:
"DEAR PAPA—Mr. Solvyn and I were married this afternoon. You see he has made so much money lately that he has had to move. There was a lot in thought reading. He said that you would forgive us, as I am your affectionate daughter."
"Money!" exclaimed the enraged father as I finished the penniless letter. "I don't believe a word of it. How can he have made money?"
"Perhaps these two pictures will help you to form an opinion," I said, throwing down two photographs on the table. "They show how and by whom your private information has been pilfered."
The first picture I have already described. The second portrayed Miss Trixie Burt at the other end of the rod, apparently engaged in fishing from a top floor window. For a moment I did not know how he was going to take it. His face worked and twitched so that it was impossible to say whether he would laugh or cry. It was evident, however, that the whole situation was clear to him. Finally he threw the picture on one side with a laugh that shook the room.
"Hanged if I don't forgive them!" he shouted. "The young monkey deserves it for being clever. Smartness runs in the family, you see, and it's better liked than money. The outsider had been getting at me."
So the millionaire's daughter was forgiven and had an opportunity of explaining "how it was done." She had no difficulty in borrowing her father's keys and in thus getting a duplicate of the drawer key—a plan also pursued with the key of the bedroom during the time Mr. Burt had

carried his papers home. When once the drawer was opened a pair of forceps was substituted for the key and the duplicate was borrowed for personal use, to be replaced after in the same position as before.
Having himself devised the code she was well able to read the cipher. Bertram Solvyn had made his own terms with the Stock Exchange clique for the information, and had really waxed rich on his prospective father-in-law's expense.
When Mr. Burt paid me for my services he was very exuberant over the "smartness" of the family, and even quoted the proverb, "What is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh," without seeing that the quotation was not exactly a compliment to his daughter.—Omaha World-Herald.
—Proposing in Holland.
In many of the provinces of Holland there is a marriage custom in vogue which is as curious as any to be found in a year's search through South Africa.
When a Dutch swain falls so deeply in love that he feels it imperative to breathe the story of his affections into the ears of his loved one, he starts out for her home bearing in one hand a sweet seed cake wrapped in paper. Arrived at the family residence he enters the living room and, without addressing the girl, he places the cake upon a table near her. If she opens the paper and begins to eat it is a sign that the love suit is acceptable to all.
But if the cake is left upon the table untouched then the lover must look somewhere else for a sweet heart. Sometimes the girl tosses her head by dallying with the cake before eating. In case she refuses him the whole affair is kept entirely secret, and no one outside the family is ever the wiser.—Exchange.
Consumption from Bedbugs.
Dewevre reports a youth of eighteen whose two brothers had died of pulmonary phthisis. Eighteen months after the death of the latter brother, with whom he had lived, the patient fell ill with pulmonary tuberculosis, which manifested was of recent date, as repeated examinations before showed him to have healthy lungs. Dewevre discovered a number of bedbug bites on the patient's body, and as the house was infested by the insects he suspected them as possible carriers of the infection. Sixty per cent. of the bugs, crushed by a rubber and filtered, were found to contain tubercular bacilli. Three guinea pigs into whom the pulp was injected died of general tuberculosis.—Paris Letter.
An Aluminum Microscope.
The utilization of aluminum is steadily extending. A microscope now made from this metal weighs only 21 pounds 10 ounces, as against 21 pounds 13 ounces when made in brass. The screws are of brass, the Campbell lens adjustment of steel and the nose piece of German silver. Now that the fact that the use of this metal for the construction of scientific instruments is not only feasible but advisable has been established, a great reduction may be looked for in the cumbersome and expense of transit of much of the apparatus necessary in the carrying out of scientific expeditions.—St. Louis Republic.
Egg Superstitions.
English and Irish mothers tell their children to push their spoons through the bottom of egg shells after finishing their meal, "or else the witches will make boats of them." In France a similar custom prevails, but the reason assigned is that the magicians formerly used egg shells in conjuring their diabolical witcheries.—Philadelphia Press.
His Appearance Deceived.
He Was Very English, You Know, but He Had Learned How to Handle a Gun.
"Speaking of hunting," said a hunter, "reminds me of a little fellow I had some four or five years ago.
"Three of us, more or less sports men and all jolly fellows, were stopping at a small place on the eastern shore of Lake St. Clair. It was in November, and the ducks were pretty thick. We did some great shooting. I can tell you.
"One day the landlord announced that a nephew of his, a young man just over from England, was coming up for a few weeks' sport, and he guessed we'd find him pretty near a dandy on the shoot.
"Well, pretty soon the young fellow arrived, and our first glimpse of him decided everything. The boys said they didn't believe he had ever seen a wild duck, though he was called a sportsman.
"He was one of your swell hunters, all togged out in corduroy jacket and high top boots, with one of those patent reversible fore and aft caps, and a pair of eyeglasses astride his nose. He showed us his gun, a double barreled pistol grip thing, and showed a pile on its fine qualities and at the wonderful execution he could do with it. 'It came from England, you know.'
"Would he go after ducks with us in the morning? Oh, yams, he said he'd shoot ducks, though he was called a sportsman.
"He was much sport, and he was accustomed to shooting woodcock, and ducks flew so beautifully.
"Well, we fixed up things among ourselves that night. We picked out some of our oldest decoys and an anchored them out in a bayou a short distance from shore, then turned in for the night.
"Our friend was up bright and early next morning and was anxious to show his skill. We made some decoys, but not being quite ready, but told him that he would go over to yonder bayou he might get a shot before breakfast. He put off with much splashing of paddles and great show of caution and was soon out of sight in the reeds. Allowing him time to reach our decoys, we followed and soon heard the sharp clucking

of his gun. Before we could reach him we heard another double report. Exploding with laughter at our success we hastened to the spot.
"Did he fill the decoys with lead?"
"No," said he, "he had lugged four as pretty canvasbacks as you ever saw."
Detroit Free Press.
A Child's Gift to Mother.
An indulgent young mother took her six-year-old daughter with her on a shopping tour a day or two ago. The child was very happy and danced merrily along as her mother went from shop to shop. She peered eagerly into the brilliantly decorated windows and picked out the things that she would like to give to her father and her mother. She chose almost everything, from a diamond ring to a tube of red flannel. After while she stopped in front of a florist's window, and looking admiringly at the luxuriant display of plants and floral designs exclaimed enthusiastically: "Oh, mamma, look! Here is something that I am going to ask papa to buy for you. Am I right?"
The mother paused to see what her tiny thing her child had selected for her and found the image of a large wreath of white immortelles, which bore the inscription, in purple letters, "Our Mother."—New York Times.
A Seat Suggestion.
Dr. Plummer was riding on the box of a coach and fell into conversation with the driver, who was loud in his praise of his team, and especially of his leader.
His remarks were racy and interesting, but were interlarded with catfish. Finally Dr. Plummer said: "You have omitted one of your leader's good points, haven't you?"
"What is that, sir?" answered the driver.
"Why, we have ridden several miles behind him and I haven't heard a profane word out of his mouth."
The driver looked at his passenger.
"Thank you," said he, "thank you! That was very well said. I will try to be as good as my horse."
—Common People.
Who the Strangers Are.
A green goods man recently flooded Iowa and Indiana with his circulars. His instructions to intending customers read as follows:
"When you come to New York wear a silk hat and a sack coat so that I shall be able to recognize you anywhere in town."
A number of men dressed in this remarkable combination were seen in New York last week. They were all here in answer to the circular, it is said.
In former years when a man had on a silk hat and a pea jacket New Yorkers knew at once that he was from Chicago. But the Windy City progresses as the years roll on. They don't dress like that any more out there.—New York Herald.
Handsome Gates.
The Prince of Wales' celebrated "Norwich gates" at Sandringham are considered the finest specimen in the kingdom of wrought iron, delicately elaborated into flowers, fruit, vines and sprays. The gates took a well known firm nearly a year to make, cost altogether \$2,000, won a prize medal, and were then presented by Norfolk men to the prince.—London Tit-Bits.
They Met at Last.
The lamp with its garniture of prisms and crystal shed a subtle and insidious glow that permeated the entire apartment.
Incidentally it shed a dim, mellow light upon the girl who sat on one side of the counter table and the fellow who sat opposite it.
She appeared to be suffering with an unsatisfied ambition.
"You were speaking,"
His voice was like that of one whose soul is much distraught.
"Of old adages."
"Oh, yes, I think."
She raised her hand to protect her face from the scorching heat of the coal stove.
"For instance,"
She shot a coy glance across the table.
"—the one which says distance lends enchantment."
When another hour had elapsed the lamp was still emitting its perfume, but the center of it was no longer between the fellow and the girl.—Detroit Tribune.
Hard Pushed.
The hotel clerk was talking to the drummer.
"You see a good many funny things in your travels," he said, "and occasionally I see one or two and stay at home. Day before yesterday we had a country doctor coming with a blue necktie, and what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. When he started up to his room at night I told him there was a folding bed in it, and if he wished the bed boy would show him how it worked. But not much; he didn't want to be troubled. He knew a thing or two about the city, he did, even if he did live in the country. So I let him go, and next morning he paid his bill without a word and went away.
"About noon I happened to be on that floor, and a chambermaid called me to take a look in his room. And what a sight met my eyes! The bottom drawer of the bureau was pulled out as far as

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The Court—Prisoner, have you any friends?

The Prisoner—No, your honor. I have contracted the habit of giving advice to every one I meet.

The Court—No wonder you are charged with vagrancy. Ninety days.—Chicago News-Record.

A Sprinkle of Spick.

"There's the most imaginative man I ever heard of."
"How so?"
"He can ride in a Buffalo street car and think he's warm."—Buffalo Express.

Just What He Wanted.

"Suppose Columbus hadn't discovered America. Willie, would you have liked that?"
"You bet! It would 'a' cut geography down one-half."—Harper's Bazar.

Susceptible.

Parker—Nesbit is awfully credulous. It seems to me.
Duston—What makes you think so?
Parker—Why, even his pictures flatter him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Size of Meat Dishes.

A meat dish too large is far better than a meat dish too small. It is enough to take one's appetite away to see a roast or steak or fowl come in slopping over the sides of the platter. If a meal is clean and neatly served no hostess need ever lift her voice in apology. But there is no apology for a soiled cloth or ill washed crockery ware.—Exchange.

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Quincy Monitor.

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Best Bread Flour at \$5.50 per Barrel,

Is very low and we think the price will be higher on fine
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That values way up to 75 cts. as compared to most of the
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TODAY.

My soul upon my lips hath set a seal,
And though I needs must greet thee day by
day,
What lies between us I must not reveal—
My life is spent in learning to obey.
But, oh! dear one, when thou and I shall meet
In that fair world that knows not grief or fear,
Unfettered, shall these longing lips repeat
For evermore, "I loved thee always here."
—M. L. Smith in Harper's Weekly.

PRISCILLA'S ERROR.

It was first day afternoon, and Friend
Priscilla Gibbons sat in the rocker in her
very front room. The fire in the grate
was of the brightest and cheeriest; the
cat on the fur rug in front of the chim-
ney-piece purred in solemn and self
satisfied content; there were growing
plants and vines in the broad window,
and the sunshine filtered in through
their fresh leaves, making flecks of light
and shade on the gray carpet. It was
cold out of doors, but from that room
winter was shut out. It looked like a
Quaker room. Everything shaded to
gray and white. Friend Priscilla's
yearly meeting had not yet begun, but
distinctly friendly than was the quiet
room where she came with her knitting
or with her book in all her spare
moments, and where, on first day even-
ings, she had her tea in honor of the
special character of the day.

But no thought of tea was entertained
in Friend Priscilla's brain just then, as
she swung back and forth in her wicker
rocker. The restful peace with which
the day began had been scattered to the
four winds of heaven, and it was with a
soul entirely out of harmony with the
serenity of her surroundings that the
little lady sat there that afternoon.

"However could it have happened!"
she moaned to herself over and over
again. "Jane is so careful and I always
look over the things and put them away
myself." Like the Widow Green, "she
searched the Scriptures to find a text
that would somewhat ease her mind and
perplexed," but nothing seemed to exactly
fit her case as she sighed to herself.
"They dressed so differently in those
days."

Friend Priscilla was the dearest old
Quaker lady who ever attended meeting
and sat in the "gallery." She had sat
"facing the meeting" for more years than
most of those in attendance at that par-
ticular place of worship cared to count
up. Time had touched her lightly, and
although her hair was a little more
white and her small hands a trifle more
withered, her eyes were as bright and
her cheeks as soft and peachy as they
had been thirty years before. Friend
Priscilla was distinctly a pretty old lady.
One of the younger and more irreverent
members of the meeting had greatly
scandalized the older Friends by head-
lessly remarking, "We younger ones
have no chance in the matter of good
looks. Priscilla Gibbons is the belle of
every yearly meeting."

It might be shrewdly suspected, too,
that Friend Priscilla was privately aware
of her claims to consideration in the line
of appearance. Never was fashionable
dame more particular about her most
ceremonious toilet than was this little
Quakeress about her everyday apparel.
Gay it could not be, out of regard for
both her conscience and her taste, but
exquisitely fine and soft and even in
coloring it always was. As she sat fac-
ing the meetings on first day mornings,
and as she talked with her class in the
afternoon first day school, she was as
fair and dainty to look upon as a piece
of Dresden china.

And Friend Priscilla seldom knew a
care. To all appearances she lived a life
of ease and in untroubled serenity. So it was
matter for some surprise to the other
members of the meeting that the little
lady had taken to preaching late. The
first day morning when she calmly un-
tied her bonnet strings, laid the bit of
plain millinery on the cushion beside her,
rose and stood with her gray-gloved
hands serenely clasped on the railing in
front of her while she preached clearly
and earnestly on the desirability of pre-
serving the Quaker traditions and cus-
toms, was a memorable one in the com-
munity.

The burden of her little sermons was
always the preservation of the sacred
character of the meetings, and her homi-
lies carried more weight with the young-
er generation, and especially with the
children, than did those of all the other
speakers put together. It was chiefly
through her influence that it grew cus-
tomary for the first day school to attend
the morning meeting in a body, and any
tendency to restlessness or levity on the
part of the youngsters was afterward
impressed upon them by Friend Priscilla
as a matter for deep and lasting sorrow.
The boy who on one occasion made a
rabbit with his handkerchief will re-
member to his dying day the look of
grieved surprise which shone upon him
from Friend Priscilla's face.

"And to think," grieved the old lady,
"that now I am myself responsible for
their levity! How can I ever go into the
meeting house again! And I'm sure I
can never preach after this!"

That same morning a "concern" of the
biggest kind had been laid upon Miss
Priscilla's gentle and reverent spirit. In
the midweek meeting, at which the mem-
bers of the day school, carried on as an
adjunct of the Friends' organization,
were present, she had seen unseemly
rivalries exchanged between some of the
children. The longer she thought about
it the more the circumstance weighed
upon her, and on first day morning
Friend Priscilla rose to deliver the mes-
sage that had come to her.

squeak, squeak, came a strange man up
the aisle to a front seat almost under the
speaker's nose. Such an entry would
have made a sensation in any Quaker
meeting, but imagine the feelings of the
assembled Friends at finding that the
bold invader had settled himself com-
fortably on the women's side of the
house!

The sermon was forgotten; every wo-
man on one side, and every man on the
other, and every youngster in every part
of the house craned his or her individual
neck to get a good view of the new
comer, who so rashly defied traditions.
Friend Priscilla herself lost the thread
of her discourse and stood there help-
less in the general amazement. The
stranger, startled by the silence and by
the fixedness of the numerous gazes
fastened upon him, roused himself to the
situation, surveyed the two divisions of
the house and proceeded to act. Squeak,
squeak, down the aisle he went again;
squeak, squeak, along the stones outside;
and squeak, squeak, up the other aisle to
a front seat in the Quaker synagogue.

The children greeted again, the chil-
dren tittered, and Friend Priscilla en-
deavored to gather up the broken threads
of her interrupted discourse. But the
inspiration had fled. After one or two
ineffectual struggles to enunciate a prop-
er sentence, the little lady sank into her
seat, placed her gray bonnet precipitate-
ly on her head regardless of the white
face ruffle, pulled her carefully ironed
and folded handkerchief from her pocket,
held it before her face and gave her
self up to agitation.

Friend Priscilla's pocket handker-
chief, like the rest of her belongings,
were fine and beautifully kept, and the
ones devoted to use for state occasions
were religiously laid away in a box by
themselves. As she sat there reflecting
on the untowardness of the immediate
occurrences Friend Priscilla's one con-
solation was the recollection that the
handkerchief now so clumsily dropping
before her face in a long, half fold had
been taken that morning from the sacred
box in which her best were preserved.

Redly breaking in upon her medita-
tions came an audible snicker from one
corner of the room, followed by a giggle
from another quarter. She was aston-
ished to find the meeting breaking up
and a friend at her elbow saying de-
votely, though with a laugh in her eyes:
"Priscilla, hasn't thee made a mistake
in thy kerchief? That hardly looks like
the ones thee usually carries." One
hasty glance at the article mentioned,
another at the smiling looks directed
toward her by the entire audience, an
awakening to the conviction that it had
been necessary to close the meeting on
account of the incongruity of her attire,
and Friend Priscilla hurried out and
home by the back way.

First day school had no charms for
her that day. Her dinner was a wear-
iness to the flesh. The cat concluded a
blizzard had swept the heart of his mis-
tress, and retired to seek consolation in
the light of the fire and the warmth of
the rug. Afternoon ran on as of yore, but
light and twilight deepened into even-
ing, and still Friend Priscilla Gibbons
sat there gloomily, wondering how it
had ever happened, and bemoaning that
she of all people should have brought dis-
credit upon the sacredness of a Friends'
meeting, for it had taken no second glance
to show that what she had supposed to be
a neatly ironed, fine white handkerchief
shading her agitated little face had been
in reality a long white stocking, dangling
its toe and heel audaciously toward the
audience.—Philadelphia Times.

Picking Tea Leaves In Johore.
In Johore no tea crop was picked
until five years ago, but this was due
to difficulties in starting a new indus-
try in a foreign country. Planting
was commenced in 1882, when labor
was difficult to find and expensive to
keep. Now labor is cheap and plenty
ful. Coolies in these gardens receive
18 cents in Mexican silver per diem
for every day they work or, at present
exchange, say 12 cents in Ameri-
can money. The whole garden has
to be dug over three times a year,
and with manure once in three years
is capable of producing an all round
average of 500 pounds per acre.

Every morning, with the exception
of Friday (the Mohammedan Sun-
day), men, women and children are
called out at daybreak by a horn to
pluck the young leaves. At 11 a. m.
the horn ceases and the signal for their
return to the factory to have their
morning pluckings weighed in by the
manager.

Pluckers are paid at a fixed rate
per pound of green leaf. Each basket
of leaf as it is handed in is weighed
by the mandore, the weight of the
basket deducted, and a ticket for the
balance handed over. At 1 p. m. the
horn calls them out again, and a simi-
lar weighing operation takes place
at 3 p. m., excepting only that the
morning pluckings are called in and the
total pluckings for the day put against
the name of each plucker in the check-
roll. With a good flush of leaf on the
bushes a smart plucker can pick 60
pounds of leaf in a day.—Washing-
ton Star.

A "Soft Snap" For a Reporter.
"When I was living in Bir-
mingham, Ala., in 1887," said Richard P.
Powell of Cincinnati at the St. James
last night, "the town was on a boom,
the biggest in its history. Somehow
or other there were but two cor-
ners in the county of Jefferson. One
of these was located in Birmingham
and the other was out somewhere in
the rural districts, where no one ever
died. I was a reporter on The Her-
ald and soon made friends with the
Birmingham cottoner. New railroads
were being built all around the city,
mines being explored and all kinds
of improvements going on.

"Of course there were accidents,
and the accidents often times brought
death. I got on the corner's jury
every case, and when I served my
fees were \$3.50. Sometimes there
were as many as 20 cases a day and
never less than two; so you see that
I lived on the sunny side of Easy
street while the 'snap' lasted. But
it didn't take long for the hangers on
around the courthouse to get envious,
and when they began to howl the
cottoner had to change his jury and
that of me out. meantime I had
cleared \$2,500 on jury fees besides
salary as a reporter."—St. Louis Re-
public.

A Chinese Delicacy.
There may be found in the balls of
faro, the Chinese added, fat
grubs, caterpillars, sharks' fins, rats,
dogs, Indian birds' nests and the
finest of all their delicacies—trepang.
What is trepang?
Trepang, or tripping, is a collective
name by which a considerable num-
ber of species of most curious sea
animals are designated; they are also
known as sea rollers, sea cucumbers,
in French as cornichons de mer, and
scientifically as holothurians. They
are among the most sluggish of ani-
mals. Only the fixed or stationary
animals are slower than the holo-
thurians. They lie like gray, brown
or black leather pipes or cylinders on
the bottom of the sea.

One might watch them half a day
long, if he had nothing better to do,
and hardly see them change their
position, and they rarely move more
than a foot or two in several hours.
Their class relatives, the other spiny
skinned animals or echinoderms, are
much more active.—William Mar-
shall in Popular Science Monthly.

The Evil of Great Wealth.
"Beyond a very moderate amount,"
wrote Coleridge, "I regard money as
a real evil." The man of other pur-
suits knows that one cannot possibly
be very rich and carry on those other
pursuits also, so engrossing is the
more care of property, and so diffi-
cult and absorbing is the wise use of
it. Many a promising artist or author
has been simply ruined for the pur-
poses of which he was created by
becoming heir to a large estate. Not
that it demoralized him otherwise,
but it left him no time for his natural
work.

Volumes have been written on the
suppression of genius through pov-
erty, but very little has yet been said
on the wrecking of genius through
wealth.—F. W. Higginson in Har-
per's Bazar.

"OTHELLO" IN DIALECT.

How a Cowboy Explained the Famous
Tragedy to a Lot of Companions.
"I was going from Dallas to Gal-
veston one night and chanced to
overhear a cowboy explaining 'Othello'
to his companions," said Henry
Tojouse, an actor, now at the La-
caille. "We had presented 'Othello'
in Dallas that evening, and the cow-
boy had evidently been an interested
spectator. He was very proud of his
knowledge. After a quart flask and
a plug of tobacco had swung around
the circle the cowboy put his spurred
boots over the back of a seat and
proceeded to leak information. 'You
see, fellows, Othello is a stray.
"I dismember what head he had
had drifted from, but it was over the
Rio son'teres." He is opinionated
and stubborn, knows little, and that
little not very well. But he is a
great blue-eyed, kin put up a beauti-
ful bluff, and it took always a cross
the chief guys got an idea that he is
a had man, who'd rather shoot than
eat, so they make him city marshal,
put a uniform on him and sound the
tomben before him when he steps
around the corner to see a man.

"Brabantio is an old tenderfoot
with a daughter as purty as a spotted
calf. Othello knows a good thing
when he sees it, puts on his store
clothes and Mexican hat, greases his
boots, ties a red silk handkerchief
around his neck and proceeds to go
on her out of the herd while old Brab
is ponding his ear. The old duffer
don't like it a little bit and calls out
the runners to run the moonlight
stock over down, but the duke says
Othello is all hunky, and old Brab
knocks under and toll him not to let
it happen agin or he'll gun him."

"Othello then takes his wife and
goes forth to lick the Ottomites, but
a scrub officer named Iago has it in
for Othello because he wouldn't make
him chief bookman and leads him
to believe that a flannel mouth Irish
man named Mike Cassio is harney-
ing around his wife. Othello gets
red-headed, chews the rag awhile, oils
up his guns, but hasn't got sand
enough to shoot. That night he drops
a pillar down on Desdemona, and she
crouks. Then he gets out a bowie
knife and gives the gang a stand off
till—is this Mexia? So long, fellows.
You ought a went t' the show. 'Y
don't know what y' missed."—St.
Louis Globe Democrat.

Abore on the Florida Coast.
In 1887 the steamship Tregeno went
ashore on the Florida coast about
25 miles north of Cape Florida. Fit-
teen small vessels and a force of 200
men worked 25 days to get her afloat,
when she was taken to Key West,
where the admiralty court awarded
the salvors \$50,000.—New York Even-
ing Sun.

LOVE PASSED BY.

I was busy with my plowing
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging.
Life's delights are few and fleeting,
What hath man of all his striving,
All his planning and contriving,
Here beneath the sky?
When the grave opens to receive him—
Love endures for aye?"
But I answered, "I am plowing."
When with straight and even furrow
All the field is covered thorough,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give over thy toiling.
For thy toil thou hast no meed,
Follow me where meadows fertile
Bloom unown with rose and myrtle,
Laughing to the sky;
Laugh for joy the flowers,
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours
All untroubled fly."
But I answered, "I am sowing."
When my acres all are planted,
Gladly to the realm exultant
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "thou plainer grieving,
Ripened harvest art thou leaving.
If the heart be hollow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sight.
Haste thee—for the hours fast divide
Ere the prey of hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered, "I am reaping."
When with song of youth and maiden
Home the farm cart comes full laden,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest
When Love passed by.
"Stay," I called to her, swift speeding,
Turning not—my cry unheeding.
"Stay, oh, Love! I vain would follow,
Stay thy flight, oh, winged swallow,
Gleaming twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Wilt thou feed and lead me dreary,
Garnered with all my harvest?
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me:
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me:
Stay! I follow."
Love passed by.

—Amusing Journal.

The Age of the Earth.

The age of the earth is estimated from the increment in temperature as we penetrate its crust. The rate at which it cools, however, can only be approximately determined, owing to the confessedly imperfect data which must be used, there being nothing on which to base calculations. From a careful analysis of the data at hand, Sir William Thompson has found that between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 years ago the earth first began to be cooled over by solid film of rocks; that 10,000,000 years later it was still so hot that the temperature would have increased 2 degrees Fahrenheit for every foot vertically descended below the zone of constant temperature. The present rate of increase averages about 1.51 of a degree for every foot.—Philadelphia Press.

Running Trains in Ireland.

A well known railway man who has returned from a tour of inspection in Europe states that in Ireland the trains would run fast enough between stations, but would wait for 5 or 10 minutes at each stop. At one long stop where the driver took water and told him a fact story, and the stoker stood around, he heard an old fellow in the car next the engine say: "This driver has stopped to take the water, I wonder why they don't take it in the tank, like they do in England."—Exchange.

A Tortoise Answer.

A Monroe (Mich.) young man bought a pair of overalls the other day, and in the pocket of them found a note from the young woman, who made them, asking him to write to her. He did so, and was much surprised to receive a reply saying "that she was sorry he had no finer blood than to wear such a poor quality of trousers."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Column of Trajan.

The famous column of Trajan is 127 feet high, composed of 34 blocks of marble and sculptured from top to bottom. There are 2,500 human figures in the sculptures besides almost as many horses and several military engines. Its summit is reached by a spiral staircase of 184 steps.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Cat Family.

A teacher asked her class to name five different members of the "cat" family. Nobody answered till at last one little girl raised her hand. "Well," said the teacher encouragingly, "Father Cat, Mother Cat and three little kittens."—Exchange.

In India, up till the last few years, the wife, either according to her wishes or otherwise, was cremated on the same funeral pyre that converted her dead husband's remains into ashes.

A confectioner being curious as to the weight of 500 pennies placed them in a paper bag on a confectioner's scales and found that they weighed 3 pounds 54 ounces.

The central chamber of the great pyramid is a room hewn out of the solid stone, 46 feet long, 16 wide and 23 high. It contains a sarcophagus, probably of the builder.

Of all the possible means of counteracting the effects of confinement in the office, or of other sedentary employments, walking is one of the surest and easiest.

A little 5-year-old, after shopping with her mother at leading drapery establishments, said, "Seems to me that there are a good many boys named Cogh."

What Is Iron Made Of?

This looks like a very singular, not to say foolish, question and yet some chemists are beginning to doubt whether iron is really a chemical element. They think that instead of being an elementary substance it may be a highly complex compound, and that eventually means may be found of separating or isolating the bodies, or elements, of which iron is made up.

Different substances are ordinarily combined either by simple intermixture, as oxygen and nitrogen are

intermixed in the air, or by solution, or by chemical combination.

But it has of late been suggested that there may be a fourth state of combination still more intimate than that which is implied by the usual expression, "chemical union." The combination of yet unrecognized elements which make what we call iron would be an example of this fourth state.

What this conception necessitates may be judged from the fact that it seems to do away with the atom as the smallest elementary particle of matter. In other words, it has been suggested that "atoms may be smashed." "Smashing" the atoms of iron would, according to this idea, be a method of discovering the elementary substances that compose it.—Youth's Companion.

A Young Shakespearean.

In a certain Back Bay family an illustrated edition of Shakespeare, somewhat the worse for wear, is sometimes given to the children in order that they may enjoy the pleasure of looking at the pictures, of which they are very fond. The other day Mrs. H. was entertaining in her drawing room a caller from Gotham, who cares much more for social than for literary pursuits. His amazement was sublime when Elaine, aged 5, the baby of the household, appeared in the doorway, somewhat the worse for a skirmish in the nursery, and inquired in a plaintive tone:

"Mamma, can I have Shakespeare?" This small Elaine sat one day on her mamma's lap, turning over the pages of her beloved book, when she came upon a picture of King Lear, thrust out, with the hand of his daughter just showing within the lintel of the door.

"What a beautiful hand, mamma; and what does the picture mean?" the child exclaimed.

Mrs. H. told the story. Elaine listened attentively, and at the close, after another long look at the picture, remarked:

"The hand does not look so beautiful now, mamma."—Boston Herald.

The Pleasure of Books.

How to read a book is an art, recently called as it may seem. Incentive when a bright woman was gushing over a story she had just finished she amused her hearers by being unable, when questioned, to give the name of the author. Scipio was wont to say he was never less alone than when alone and never less at leisure than when at leisure, surrounded as he was by the silent companionship of writers and his own hopes and fears. But "this regular giddy swirl of frivolous dissipation," as the Boston girl calls it, does not lend itself easily to cozy evenings by an open grate fire with one's favorite authors.

It is quite a question if the rush of lectures, talks and readings which is arranged to satisfy the intellectual cravings of society at all atones for the loss of that culture which comes from quiet and persistent study of the best writers. This explains why so often in small country towns, where there seems to be a dearth of social doings, we will meet so many cultivated women who are abreast of the times on many thoughtful questions. They read.—New York Evening Sun.

A Dog at Rehearsal.

"Our orchestra," Julius Eichberg relates, "was not a very good one. At the same stand with my teacher, who was concert master, an old gentleman played. He was not less than 80 years old, and could, under no circumstances, be made to play on time. He also had an unhappy mania of imitating the chirping of little birds upon his violin. Our first obnoxious player had a little dog—Fido by name—which generally accompanied its master to rehearsals, and had been trained to give the A when it was required. As the director asked the obnoxious one day to sound A, this little dog—indeed, I suppose, by some wag among the musicians—gave it in a shrill whine that convulsed the orchestra and caused Fido's expulsion from the hall."—Boston Journal.

Oysters in Louisiana.

Although native oysters are eaten all the year round in Louisiana, the industry of cultivating and gathering them is yet in an undeveloped state there. The beds are said to be enormous, and many of them remain untouched. Wide, shallow bays, with fresh water streams flowing into them and containing abundant organic matter for the fattening of shellfish, run up everywhere into the coast. Among the sheets of water favorable for the breeding of oysters are Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne, Grand Bayou and Lake du Breton sounds and the bays of Barataria, Timbalier, Terre Bonne, Atchafalaya, St. Bernard, Cote Blanche and Vermilion.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Metropolitan Children.

It was on Third avenue the other day that the face of a boy not more than 4 years old, with a cigarette thrust between the lips, attracted the attention of a woman who was passing. The child's puny, sickly appearance, for he looked as if nothing more than cigarettes was needed to break his slender hold on life, made the woman stop in the hope that there was an opportunity for a word in season.

"Don't you know," she began, "that you'll never grow up to be a big, strong man if you smoke those bad cigarettes? You'll die, and you don't want to do that, I know."

"Naw, I won't die neither," said the young smoker without taking out his weed in season.

"What would your mother say if she saw you?" was the next query.

"Oh, she lets me."

A chubby little chap of 4, round cheeks, a mere baby, stood at the elder one's side during the talk. The woman turned to him.

"Your little brother doesn't smoke cigarettes. You are setting him a bad example."

The younger boy smiled, but said nothing.

"Naw, he don't smoke cigarettes," spoke up the other one; "he smokes a pipe."

And the woman fled, abashed before those two terrible infants.—New York Times.

Violating Parlor Car Rules.

"I have violated the rules laid down by Mr. George M. Pullman every time I have ridden on a railroad train in the past two years," said Mrs. Robert Vernon of New York city, and her husband was preparing to leave the parlors of the Lindell for a walk the other day. "You know, I'd never think of traveling without my little dog Nellie—named after me, you know—she's such an affectionate little thing and worries so much when I leave her behind me. Now, when Bob goes on the road I frequently take trips with him, and of course Nellie comes too. The first trip we took her with us we had to leave her in the baggage car, and in the morning the portmanteau was nearly dead with fright. Then I made up my mind I'd have her with me or quit traveling."

"In Philadelphia I noticed women carrying dark green cloth bags on the street and found that they were called 'cabas,' and they carried most everything in them. Well, I made one for Nellie, and she travels across the country now in a cabas. Pullman conductors think it's a package of clothing or anything else they like, for Nellie never moves. She is perfectly content to know that I am close by her and would rather keep quiet than ride in the baggage car. Oh, don't tell me that dogs don't know anything. You do, don't you, Nell?"—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Wedding Cakes, New Style.

Who was the inventor of the new wedding cake? Whoever he was he deserves immortalizing, for his was a brilliant idea, one I should have been "real proud" of myself had I thought of it. In the wedding cake of more ancient times there was always a thick layer of white sugar which nobody cared about, a medium layer of almond paste which everybody twisted for and did not always get, and an immense quantity of cake of which many only ate a few crumbs. The latest specimen has a thin layer of sugar, only just enough to look pretty, and underneath are alternate layers of cake and almond paste, one as thick as the other.

The consequence is that no one is defrauded of their lawful share of almond paste or "love," as it is usually called, and for purposes of distribution it is far better, as the contents of the box do not crumble away nearly so much as they did when the principal portion was cake alone. If only some one would invent a box which could be opened and closed and reach its lawful destination, we should have nothing left to desire.—London Gentlewoman.

What to Do.

When a young woman asks you to go with her to choose a pocketbook and tells the clerk she wants a "small" one, measuring a space of six or eight inches with the first finger of each hand, it is just as well not to express your surprise that it isn't a dainty, silver-mounted affair that accords with her costume, and when she chooses an enormous seal leather affair with lots of compartments for bills and checks and numerous other such articles it is safe to decide that "Charley" still lives in her memory as she is in, and when she talks about the marking and takes the pencil in a determined way and answers the salesman's remark about the letters with a savage "I'll write them," why, it's time to turn your back and be awfully interested in something else.—Buffalo News.

Public Dinners a Bore.

"Public dinners are becoming more and more of a nuisance to professional men," said a distinguished lawyer of this town, somewhat peevishly the other night. "Now, why should an extremely busy man like myself be asked to devote several hours of valuable time to the preparation of an address on some important topic for free delivery before an association in which I have no particular interest? Of course I have the privilege of declining, but when two or three warm personal friends urge me to comply on the ground of social obligation, to accept or else appear surly. In consequence I give up time which I can hardly spare from my clients, am kept up late at night and go down to business in the morning with a headache or an attack of indigestion."—New York Times.

Not Bigamy.

De Smith—Is Ponsonby a bigamist? Travis—A bigamist? Well, I guess not! What made you think so? De Smith—Oh, I don't know. I thought I heard his wife's friend tell me that Dr. Swindle's wife told him she had made another woman of her.—Texas Siftings.

Hot Days in California.

California, notwithstanding its famously genial climate, still holds the record for high temperature in this country. On June 17, 1859, the temperature at San Francisco and Santa Barbara rose suddenly from 77 degrees to 133 degrees in the shade in consequence of a hot northwest desert wind which prevailed for several hours.

The great heat did not last long, the thermometer falling to 77 degrees again by 7 p. m. on the same date, but it did tremendous damage in the meanwhile. At Santa Barbara all fruit and animal life exposed to that awful blast died from the effects of it. On the same day the temperature was 102 degrees at San Diego and 117 degrees at Fort Yuma, Cal.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Midnight Ride.

A nobleman who was subject to fits of somnambulism was seen to leave his bedroom in the middle of the night fully equipped for riding. His servant, who had been instructed to watch lest any harm should befall him, followed him to the stable. The gentleman, having procured the key, unlocked the door, singled out his favorite horse, saddled and bridled him and at length mounted him.

The servant, seizing another horse, followed his master for several miles. The sleeper eventually returned home, put his horse in the stable and went back to bed. He had no recollection of his midnight ride on waking in the morning.—Boston Globe.

Paying Social Obligations.

Practical Hint to "Homeless" People Who Incur Debts of Hospitality.

Hospitality is one of the chiefest of the virtues, and every head of a household is supposed to understand perfectly what it means by the word.

The truly hospitable woman, whether she be so from nature or from principle, opens her home freely to her friends, entertains them to the best of her ability and cares not whether she be repaid in kind or not.

But there is a vast homeless element among us, especially in our cities and large towns. They live in hotels and boarding houses, and are always ready to accept invitations. Many of these unfortunate people—

for everybody is unfortunate who has no home—possess limited means and can make only the simplest return for the favors which they receive. Flowers on occasion, a card at Easter or Christmas, these are all that they can afford, and from them these simple recognitions suffice.

On the other hand, many of them try well to do, if not wealthy. "What would you do," asked such a one of a woman to whom he was distantly related, and who had frequently invited him to her house, "if you, with your hospitable instincts, were living as I am, in a boarding house, and were unable to show in any way your appreciation of these charming attentions?"

The lady blushed and replied by some commonplace, but she could not help reflecting that if she were indeed situated as her friend was she would certainly find out some way of returning her obligations.

At a recent class hotel a beautiful luncheon or dinner party may be given from \$2 to \$3 a plate upward. A box may contain a magnificent array of other entertainment of a high order, and refreshments at a good restaurant may be served either before or after it. Sailing parties, picnics—dozens of ways may be found of returning obligations, if one really desires to do so.

There are plenty of women as well as "homeless" men who seem never to feel any burden of reciprocity for hospitalities received. To these almost the same means are open as to their brothers. Society allows a woman to rent a parlor at a hotel for an afternoon reception, if her home is in the suburbs where her friends cannot well come for a brief call, or if its limitations in the city are handicapping. But in these days, when the tea is so much a part of the art of hospitality and when this simple shrine may be set up in an apartment of the tiniest dimensions, there is no excuse for any woman not to be "at home."

Emerson says somewhere something like this: "It is doubtful if it is possible for a gift to be taken given without intention of adequacy, return and the integrity of giver and receiver remain unimpaired."—New York Times.

Hydrostatic Treatment.

My reader, did you ever try what is called a "pack"? If not, let me tell you what it is like. When you have slowly undressed, you lie down on a small bed, and the attendant comes with hot mustard bags, which he places under you and over you and covers you up with blankets. Very soon you begin to experience the bite of the mustard, and your whole body feels like a big burning, or I should say, tingling blister. When the first sharpness dies down a little, you experience a certain sensation of exhilaration and comfort.

After a time the attendant comes and unpacks you and takes you off and dresses, or, I should say, washes, you down with warm soap and water. Then you are put in a kind of shower bath, which starts by being hot and gradually cools down. Then you go back to your box and are rubbed down and dried, after which you dress and the thing is done. A pleasant sensation, however, of lightness, warmth and comfort remains with you for hours.—Birmingham Herald.

Boarders Not Wanted.

"No Valuable Boarders Taken" is the way a placard reads in the hallway of a Jefferson street boarding house.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what that sign means?" asked the seedy man with a carpetbag.

"It means you," replied the red-headed landlord with a stout accent that smacked of the logs of the Emerald Isle. "That dressing case you are lugging around with you won't weigh four ounces. It looks like a kid to a football with a handle to it, and surely it is not a blood relative of a decent trunk. No, sir, when a man comes to board with Paddy O'Shay and Mrs. O'Shay he must have a trunk, and we will give him the best room in the house and board sheets once a week, but valise boarders don't go here, and the reason they don't have a chance."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Papa's Backfulness.

One day we were dining at a restaurant noted for its excellent cookery and had waiting. At the next table sat a middle aged gentleman and his little son, the latter endeavoring to assuage the pangs of hunger by devouring bread. At last, his patience quite exhausted, the little fellow said:

"Papa, why don't you kick up a jolly row, like same as you do at home?"—Exchange.

Near to Death.

The way the thing happened was this. Our section had been fighting it alone in a peach orchard until the other members of the battery joined us, when we moved forward and had quite a brisk engagement with the enemy. Our ammunition expended and our men worn out, we halted at a spot in the woods to rest and to replenish our ammunition.

The fight was going on all around us, and stray bullets were coming along past us every now and then. I don't believe I was ever so tired in my life as I was after that engagement. It was absolutely necessary for me to take a rest

and perceiving a huge tree near by I concluded to plant myself along side of it. So I leaned against it with my back to the enemy's line, stretched out my feet and was having a splendid rest when a 12-pound shot came bounding along and struck the tree plumb on the opposite side from me and at a point just behind my head.

Well, sir, I didn't know what struck me. The shock was tremendous. Great Jove! But didn't I run from under that tree, looking sideways up and expecting momentarily to see the whole enormous mass of wood and leaves come crashing down on me. I didn't know what had happened till I saw some of the boys dancing around in high delight, clapping their hands and yelling at me. I felt for a week as if I had been struck on the back of the head with a sledge hammer.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Hauteur of English Servants.

I get on charmingly with the English nobility and sufficiently well with the gentry, but the upper servants strike terror to my soul. There is something awe inspiring to me about an English butler, particularly one in livery. I say to myself impressively as I go up the steps: "You are as good as a butler as well born and well bred as a butler even more intelligent than a butler."

Now, simply because he has an unapproachable majesty of manner which you can respectfully admire, but can never hope to imitate, do not cover beneath the polar light of his eye; assert yourself; be a woman; be an American citizen! All in vain.

The moment the door opens I ask for Lady de Wolfe in so timid a tone that I show Parker thinks me the parlor maid's sister, who has rung the visitors' bell by mistake. If my lady is within, I kneel Parker to the drawing room, my knee

chamking under me at the prospect of committing some solecism in his sight. Lady de Wolfe's husband has been no butler only four months, and Parker of course knows it and perhaps affects even greater hauteur to divert the attention of the vulgar commoner from the newness of the title.—Kate D. Wiggin in Atlantic Monthly.

The Arrangement of Leaves.

The general arrangement of the leaves on limbs and stalks of trees and plants secures between each sufficient space to prevent one leaf from interfering with another. And not only are leaves so arranged as to exist independently of each other, but in a general way they have taken upon themselves the forms best adapted to secure the maximum of sunlight as it is showered upon them in different latitudes. At the equator, where the sun's rays are vertical, we find leaves like those of the banana, plantain and the various species of the cactus.

Farther north, where sunlight strikes at an angle, small leaves and pine "needles" are found. Then, again, note the peculiarity of the Australian gum tree—instead of exposing their broad leaves to the sun the edges only are turned. Were it otherwise the sun would rob them of all their moisture, it being a well known fact that the gum tree grows in the driest region on earth.—St. Louis Republic.

Nature Against Him.

"You have been walking about this great city for six weeks and haven't found work?" said the kind woman feelingly.

"Yes," replied the seedy man in the kitchen, "my temple closing over a wedge of pie. 'That's right.'"

"You are willing to work, I dare say?" "Willin', mum? I'd work my lungs off I could get a chance. Just a little more cream in the cavity. Thank'."

"And you would do any kind of honorable work, I presume?" "Yes, anything that's in my line. I believe in every man sticking to his profession."

"May I ask what your profession is?" "I'm a inventor, mum."

"An inventor?" "Yes," said the seedy man, reaching for a doughnut, "inventor of a new process for curing sunstrokes."—Chicago Tribune.

No More Cobblers.

There is no sense in calling a shoemaker of modern times a cobbler. The nearest thing to a cobbler today is the custom made man who confines his attention exclusively to that one branch.

Machinery for making shoes in great quantities and in sections is of comparatively recent date, and prior to its adoption the shoemaker, or cobbler, did the entire business, from taking the measure to collecting the money. In small towns and villages he literally performed the entire process himself, having insufficient trade to justify the employment of an assistant, and in larger cities he superintended the work from beginning to end himself. The labor saving wonders of the times have practically swept this man out of the field, and there are very few members of the trade who are really cobblers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

On the Sabbath.

In Scotland once a drunken man met a clergyman chasing his runaway dog on Sunday. "Tammie," said the breathless clergyman, "I am sorry to see you in this condition. But while for my dog, he is running away." Tammie regarded the speaker with gravity and said: "Whistle! I may drink whisky, but I'll no whistle for no dog on the Lord's day."—Philadelphia Record.

Names of Two Children.

Trivial circumstances give names to children. A gallant Irish soldier was the father of two girls, named respectively Jane and Phoebe.

Some one asked him why he had selected the latter name, and he replied:

"Well, sorr, ye see our eldest was born in January, so we called her Jane, and the other was born in February, so we just called her Faybie."

The story would be better still if there had been a third daughter born in March and named, of course, Marcia.—Youth's Companion.

A Good Work.

"I hear you've been cultivating the society of that pretty widow, Van. What are you up to?"

"I'm trying to kill the weeds."—Kate Field's Washington.

A Busy Day.

Winks—I can't stop to talk, old boy. This is my busy day.

Frank Friend—Got another note to pay, eh?—New York Weekly.

SPANIARDS AND BUCCANEERS.

How Ships Were Rigged Out In the Days of the Old Time Pirates.

As a rule, the Spanish-American merchantmen were formidable floating castles. They might carry 150 of a crew, with a company or two of disciplined soldiers. They mounted many guns of heavy metal. The "musketeers" were freely furnished with those bell mouthed trabucos which belched out bullets by the soundest sleep. They were excessively disagreeable at close quarters, and they were clothed in cuirasses of luff, which would turn a ball. The poop and the forecabin were solid forts, and the former was furnished with semicircular galleries, from which the defenders could fire with commanding precision. There were boarding nettles to be tried to the rigging, and even at the waist, where the sides were the lowest, boarding must have been like scrambling up the side of a house.

If we turn, on the other hand, to the light buccaneering craft, it would seem there was no sort of equality. They were generally schooners, or brigantines of small burden, with tall but tapering spars, carrying a tremendous weight of canvas. Their guns were necessarily few, though one or two were formidable. The men at the most could not be numerous, although packed away above and below like herrings in a barrel.

Where they excelled was in seamanship and dexterous maneuvering. In certain light winds they had it all their own way. If their luck was good, the enemy's gunners would fire wide of the small and shifting mark. Their very audacity often saved them from disaster, for at the closest quarters it was impossible to depress the guns so as to do them serious damage. When they did board, there was no need to give the watchword—death or victory. They were fighting not only with ropes around their necks, but with thumbscrews and hot irons in the more remote perspective. That accounts for the animation they threw into the attack, but we confess we are still mystified by the triumphs that crowned their audacity, for even the buccaneers never denied the Spanish pluck, and the Spaniards were likewise fighting for existence.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Art of Needle Making.

The art of needle making was kept secret until about 1650, when it was revealed by Christopher Greening. In the little town of Redditch, a few miles from Birmingham, the needle makers still ply their trade for all the world. Twenty thousand people make over 100,000,000 needles a year. From the ugly pig of iron to the fairylike needle are manifold processes, but probably the drilling of the eye is the most interesting of all.

The experts can easily perforate a hair and thread it with its own end. The steel wire is cut into the length of a bristle, and the needles are born as twins, heads together, feet farthest apart.

In the old days the ends were sharpened at a cost of life that made this industry more deadly than war. The "grinders' asthma," by which strong men's lungs were inwardly ground to pieces by inhaled particles of steel, slew tens of thousands of strong men. Now a blast of air away from the grindstone makes a grinder's life a first class risk for insurance companies. Tempering, annealing and polishing are all worth seeing in the process.—Harper's Bazar.

Why Horses Are High in Paris.

One of the most prosperous industries in Paris is the sale and disposal of horses for food. There are in the city of Paris 180 shops for the sale of horseflesh, and in the course of the year more than 21,000 horses, 61 mules and 273 donkeys have been killed and eaten by the Parisians. The most singular point about this traffic is that the price of the flesh is equal to that of good beef—20 cents a pound. It is only fair, however, to add that two-thirds of this meat has been converted into sausages, so that it is more than possible that the consumers are ignorant of the source of their toothsome dish. It is now easy to understand how it is that good horses are so scarce in the Paris fauces. At 20 cents a pound a fat horse would be worth more when he was dead than alive.—Chicago News Record.

General Butler's Brain.

By his enemies General Butler was called every vile name under the sun except fool. Even the bitterest among them gave him the credit of having an extraordinary quality of brain.

Butler's head, like Daniel Webster's, increased with his years. His brain weighed four ounces more than Webster's, which was one of the largest on record. The brain of a man of average intelligence weighs from 46 to 53 ounces, that of an idiot about 43 ounces, that of a woman from 41 to 47 ounces. The size of the brain was believed by the ancients to bear a general relation to intellectual capacity of the individual. Cuvier's brain weighed rather more than 64 ounces, that of Dr. Abercrombie 62 ounces, and that of Dupuytren 62 ounces. These were men of unusual intelligence.

On the other hand, it is well known that these weights have been equaled

monoid. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him.

"Oh, my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come so readily and so soon. I was so tired for it was slept in three nights ago. Come, Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented and happy and as friendly as before. We sat down to dinner at 6 o'clock. The footman and coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the artists' extraordinary standard.

"I found you doing nothing. Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare, and altogether I think it a decided improvement. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner he observed: "Of course you know I have sold Belem castle and reduced my establishment. Government has not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissaires. I have a battery of men will do that which as individuals they would be ashamed of."

"The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I am afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my friends, especially my old school-fellow."

"I am very glad to hear that, but the port is very fine, and so is the claret. By the bye, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret—Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Willer—an excellent match! It has made us all happy."

The next day we drove out, not in an open carriage, as before, but in a chariot and with a pair of horses.

"These are handsome horses," observed I.

"Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses, and as I only keep a pair I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in four horses I do not much like—it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbors."

I spent a few very pleasant days and then quit his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians and proceed to the south of France, where I remained two years.

On my return I was informed that Willemott had speculated and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back. If not better engaged, come down to see me. I will drive you down at 4 o'clock if that will suit."

I omitted no return. I met at 4 o'clock. I met him according to appointment at a lively stable over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out. It was a phaeton drawn by two long tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern. We set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty of time to put on a pair of shoes by 5 o'clock, which is our dinner time. Late diners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course, you know that Louisa has a little boy."

I did not, but congratulated him.

"Yes, and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very good match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year and promises well. They will be a little plain at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forgot to mention it, and we drove up, and my servant, the only manservant, came out and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage and one or two paper bags containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small, but very neat. The remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there in one or two little articles, favorites of the lady.

I sat down at 5 o'clock to my dinner. The footman, who by the footman who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good plain cook is the best thing, after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin? The under cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me, very unconcernedly, of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he. "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and risking what they would have had I left them almost penniless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beef-steak, and what more in this world can you have! Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive he observed: "I like ponies, they are so little trouble, and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughters into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone, and one horse in a 4-wheeled double chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland and remained about a year. On my return I found that he was just as happy and as cheerful as before. He was at Brighton, and having nothing better to do I concluded to go there and see him. It was not until after some inquiry that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

"I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it's very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place,

You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Kivens. It is reduced to a bit, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay and always healthy, and, as for carriage and horses, they are no use here—there are flies at every corner of the streets.

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A maid or maid waited, but everything, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott after dinner; "but, for my part, I prefer whisky toddy—it agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life!"

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the wine of an old friend, but I am so astonished at your philosophy that I cannot help it. When I recall to mind Belem castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed at that time that I should live happily under such a change of circumstances, but the fact is that, although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy thinks nothing against herself, and, further, I have made it a rule, as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful and not dissatisfied. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife with respect as well as regard, convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages—that it was not that the pleasures were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."—Captain Maryatt in *Romania*.

Honorable Wrinkles.

A peep into a photographer's den shows that artistry is a fine art in the business of wrinkles. Much of it is too fine to be seen by the casual observer. In finishing up people are unusually made much finer than they really are. Very carefully the artist goes over his negative and takes out the imperfections and roughness of feature which the truthful glass has laid down. Recently this was done up in central Maine, when a lady who had lived over 100 years was photographed. She was not much wrinkled, of course, and the artist brought to improve the picture by making the creases out of the negative.

But the old woman protested strongly against the change. She hadn't "lived 100 years for nothing," she sensibly said, and she wanted to be represented "just as she was." So the wrinkles were all put back to please her. She was like the great Maxwell, who was a painter put on the porten of the war; he would have omitted no wrinkles in *Journal*.

Two Kinds of Birds.

Every boy who has indulged the natural propensity to hunt running streams and wild, delectable places, to pursue shy birds and pry in to the secret of their nests, knows full well that there are birds of the fields and birds of the woods. A scholar in ornithology soon learns that certain groups or families of birds are of the fields, and that their organization is in more or less entire accordance with the manner of life induced by the physical conditions of the area they inhabit.—Professor S. Trotter in *Popular Science Monthly*.

Theatrical Bluff.

Man (rising wearily to let late comers pass to his seat in the theater)—This eternal getting up is really annoying.

Late Comer—I know it is; that is the reason I never come in myself till the curtain is up.—*Texas Sittings*.

Sons of Burns' Phrases.

Here are a few specimens of Burns' happy phrasing of words: "A chieftain of meekness and men gang aft an'gley." "The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip, to me and the wretch in order." "Dart pleasures are like poppies ready to seize the flower, its bloom is shed." "Oh, wad some power the giffle give us to see ourselves as others see us." Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." "Nursing her wrath to keep it warm." "The mirth and fun grew fast and furious." "What's done are partly may compute, but know not what's the result." "Princes and lords are but the guinea pig's food." "The rank is but the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that."—*London Tit-Bits*.

Finds at Sea.

In respect to derelict or abandoned property at sea the ancient rule gave the finders of it a share. A modern court is to allow the award to be governed by the same principles as in other salvage cases, taking into consideration the risk and labor employed in the service. Often a ship fortunate enough to have an imperiled or helpless vessel will make the way for her owners than she would on two or three voyages.—*New York Evening Sun*.

Beauty and Its Lack of Brains.

The trained Arabs of Egypt, who seem to possess poor brains and of course have no education, are often extraordinarily handsome, while in 1860 the grandest head in Asia, a head which every artist copied as his model of Jove, belonged to an Arab horse dealer, who outside of his trade knew nothing.—*Million*.

Don she jump up quick, an kims at me.
What do you say, yo brack nig?
What dat? Talk ter me bout
Muh folk, will yo?
Mistah, is yo ebbah see er real mad
man? I 'gin ter git sca'rd, an 's'f' c'm
so mad, an w'en she git so close ter
I put out mah han ter push er 'way
from me.
"An 'oman rean out an grab me
an 'dote han's by de naih, an ef she di'n
lak me twell mo' an all my tee' drop
out, pope ter die. Don she lit me slambang
an der fis' er couple times, an 's'f' turble
over de house, an 's'f' turble.
"Int dat 'oman say 'pov' fo' strong!
"Int de git fro' sho' say, 'Look
er, o' man, I hatter stan 'buse f'm
w'm, but I ain' got'ter stan none f'm
an. Don 'yo' dis'membah dat, nig-
ah. An she look lak er mad, all jes
dat, but I ain' wa' ter find out. I
n'tation de house an inter de yard.
"Marce Gavage kin runn inter de
dash yald jes' now. 'Hullo, P'troosho,
say, 'is yo' bin tamin dat shoel? Yo
lak lak 'yo' bin fightin win mil's!
"Marce Gavage, I say, 'I ain bin
tamin wid no win mil's, an I ain bin
n'tamin no mil's, w's' yo' 's'f' hatter
say yall' niggah wen'th er less!
"She ain' tek ter it, nobow. Dat
roosho way w'en er niggah try w'ite
laks, but w'en er food niggah try m'
on dah fook niggah de debbil am ter pay.
"Marce Gavage mos' de f'm lakin
n'tation de house an 's'f' yo' don't lak
made er gre't scallus ob it.
"An attar dat he allus call me 'P'tah
roosho.'"
—R. L. Ketcham in *Romance*.

A Valuable Autograph.
An autograph fiend from New York
recently visiting a friend in Detroit,
naturally he brought his album
along, and he also talked much on
autographs, their rarity, value, etc.
"Well," said the Detroit man one day,
"here is a list of high priced autographs
I have shown him, 'your figures are
in it with in a few I saw some years
ago.'"
"Whose was it?" asked the friend with
great interest.
"A gentleman's living here at the
Hotel New York."
"What did it bring?"
"Two hundred and fifty thousand dol-
lars."
"Aw, come off. I know autographs
I'll know one never sold for such sum."
"Just the same I tell you this one
was paid for it!"
"One of the banks in the city. It was
a check, and the same autograph
albeit have brought a million, net, if
a gentleman had happened to want
it much for it."
After that the fiend put his album in
trunk and left it there.—Detroit Free
Press.

Two Remarkable Epitaphs.
The two following epitaphs in the
United States are those of Daniel
Barrow, formerly of Sacramento, and
of Hank Monk, Horace Greig's
singer driver. The former reads as fol-
lows: "Here is laid Daniel Barrow, who
is born in Sorrow and Borrowed little
from nature, but by his name, and his
to mankind, and his hatred for reli-
gion. Who was nevertheless a gentle-
man and a dead shot, who through a
long life never killed his man except in
defense or by accident, and who
came at last under beneath the
arms of the cowardly enemies in a
fair salaried fight, and in the sure and
certain hope of a glorious and everlasting
morrow."
Hank Monk's epitaph reads thus: "Said
to the memory of Hank Monk, the
driest, biggest hearted and best known
singer driver of the world, who was kind
and kind and died ill of the sun and
died a strange car and was a hero, and the
wreaths of his coach are now ringing on
the golden streets."—St. Louis Republic.

Temperature for Growing Mushrooms.
The mushroom in American pastures
from winter to spring, but in June and
August or September, when the temper-
ature of the soil has reached about 60
degrees, hence this is taken as the temper-
ature which the cultivator of the mush-
room ought to endeavor to maintain in
order to successfully grow this vegeta-
ble. A very high temperature, however,
states that he has found this tem-
perature to be rather too high in growing
mushroom in houses prepared for the
purpose. He finds that he has much bet-
ter success with an even temperature of
than 60 degrees.—Mechan's Monthly.

Curt Instructions.
The following is an admirable speci-
men of Lord Palmerston's curt way of
conducting official business—they are in-
structions given to a foreign office clerk
answering a letter, "Tell him we'll
do to me blacker ink; to round his
letter that he'll give us no ink in exhor-
bitant."—London Tit-Bits.

The Value of Frankness.
Miss Plantagenet de Vere—"That man's
intentions to me are most offensive, and
his reputation of being a fortune teller
is a very good reason for supposing it is papa's
faith that allures him."
After Close Friend (thoughtfully).—Why
at close can it be?—Exchange.

Cotton Market's Works.
Dr. Cotton Mather, who lived in Bos-
ton in 1728, was the author of 382 works
one of them being of huge dimensions.
The most bulky of his works contained
in large folio volumes. He died at
the age of sixty-five.—Harper's Young
People.

A Bright Christmas.
"Christmas! What a flood of memories
it awakes! To ever of the happy
Christians! I tell experienced is al-
most an impossibility—there were so
many happy ones when my father was
alive to teach me how to enjoy them.
The first Christmas that I remember
was a very bright one from a long for-
gotten, comedy. I was a very little boy
then, but the day is impressed upon my
memory by a mishap never to be forgot-
ten. Who has not sometimes been given
to his dearest friend and closest
friend—his father? The drum that I
had then was almost as large as I, it
was the very first time which I put it
that of a stepfather.
My ambition at that moment was to
reach the lofty altitude of an armchair.
I dreamt, however, refused to sus-
tain me and I fell through with a bang.
How long I might have remained there
I do not know, but I never could
have extended myself if I were. The heavy
weight in which my father indulged when
rescued me from my predicament is
a bright spot in my recollection."
—George B. McClellan in New York Her-

This image is a collage of various advertisements from a historical newspaper. The ads are arranged in a grid-like fashion, with some overlapping. The text is in a mix of bold, serif fonts, typical of 19th-century print. There are several illustrations: a group of people in period clothing on the left, a man in a suit in the middle, and a large monument or statue on the right. The advertisements cover a wide range of topics, including coal, insurance, real estate, groceries, and professional services. Some ads include specific addresses and contact information, while others are more general. The overall tone is formal and commercial.

Quincy Monitor.

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QUINCY, MASS., MARCH, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS

1877
JOSEPH S. WHALL, APOTHECARY,
141 Hancock Street,
PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

Whall's Compound Elixir Sarsaparilla.
The great Blood Purifier. Price \$1.00
Whall's Golden Hair Oil.
For Beautifying and Preserving the Hair. Price 25c.
Whall's Old Colony Toothache Drops.
Cures without injury to the Teeth. Price 25c.
Whall's Old Colony Glycerine Emollient.
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GRANITE MONUMENTS,
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UNTIL APRIL 1st.

Being obliged to vacate store April 1st, we will sell out our entire stock regardless of COST.

Boston Branch Shoe Store
Robertson Block, Quincy.
A. P. WENTWORTH, Manager.

Grand Final Windup of Our
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Below you will find a list of what we are specially working on, you are always ready for a GENUINE BARGAIN, and now is your chance. Here are the prices.
All our men's \$5.00 SHOES marked to \$2.50 only a few left.
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All our Ladies' higher priced Shoes marked just One-half Price.
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SPECIAL! Youth's and Misses' Rubber BOOTS \$1.00.

This sale has been very successful, and our goods have been just as represented, it will last but a short time. You know a good thing when you see it, don't wait till they are all gone.

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Best Bread Flour at \$5.50 per Barrel.

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WAITING.
Here I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea,
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.
I stay my haste; I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.
Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.
What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years,
My heart shall reap when it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.
The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.
You flowered nothing in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee,
And, maiden, why that look askance?
For, lo! thy lover seeketh thee.
The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea,
Nor time nor space nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me.
—John Burroughs.

A ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Where are you going, Letitia?" demands Miss Banbridge severely, gazing at the trembling Letitia over a pair of gold rimmed glasses.
"Just out for a little walk, auntie. The day is so delicious," says Letitia, with her most engaging smile. She is thinking what an awful thing it will be if auntie forbids her to go out today of all days, and Jack waiting for her at the top of the meadow.
"Now, once for all, Letitia, let this be understood between us," says Miss Banbridge; "there is to be no intercourse between this house and that of The Court. You may think I am too old to hear things, but there you are wrong. I have heard a good deal lately about young Hardinge, who has returned to The Court after his father's death; heard, too, with deep regret, Letitia, that you so far forgot yourself as to dance with him a fortnight ago at the Mainwaring's little 'Hop.' How dare you use such a word?" cries Miss Banbridge. "Good heavens! The manners of this present day! Now, Letitia, hear me. It seems you did dance with this objectionable young man at the Mainwaring's ball. Perhaps you could not help that. But knowing as you do of the feud that has lasted for 50 years between their house and ours, I trust you have too much respect for me—for your name—to recognize a Hardinge anywhere."
"But what has he—er—nervously," what have they all done?" asks Letitia, her eyes on the marble pavement of the hall, her heart at the top of the meadow.
"Good gracious! if auntie only knew that she had been meeting Jack every day for the past fortnight—ever since that long dance, indeed when—when—well, he wouldn't dance with any one but her. And it is all such nonsense too. A rubbishy old story about a right of way that happened 50 years ago—and Jack the dearest, dearest fellow!"
"I refuse to go into it," says Miss Banbridge, with dignity. "It suffices to say that this young man's grandfather once behaved in the grossest fashion to your grandfather—my," with a sigh, "sainted father. If you are going out, I trust that if you meet the present owner of The Court you will not so much as acknowledge his presence."
"I shan't bow to him, auntie," says Letitia in a very small voice.
Detestation of herself and her duplicity is still raging in her heart when she meets Jack Hardinge in the old trysting place. She had certainly promised her aunt not to bow to him. Well, she doesn't; she only flings herself into his arms—glad young arms that close fondly round her!
"Oh, Jack, she's getting worse than ever. She was simply raging about you as I came out. I really thought she was going to forbid me to come at all. She says you're an objectionable young man!"
"Oh, I say," says Hardinge. "What have I done to be called names like that?"
"Nothing, nothing," cried Letitia, "ingering her arms about in despairing protest, except that your grandfather once punched my grandfather's nose."
"Well, I'm awfully sorry," said Hardinge, and they both laugh. "Would it do any good, do you think, if I were to go down now and apologize for my exceedingly rude old forbear?"
"I shouldn't advise you to try," says Letitia.
"But what are we to do?" says Jack, his arm round her.
They are sitting on the grass safely hidden behind a clump of young trees. The sun is shining madly on their heads; the birds are singing on every branch. It is May—delightful May, the lover's month—and the hottest May that has been known for years.
"I don't know," says Letitia, with deep dependence.
"It's such beastly folly," says Hardinge presently in an impatient tone. "If I were a fool or a poor man or a reprobate, but I'm not—am I, now?"
"Oh, no!" says Letitia. She creeps closer to him and encircles his waist with her arms, or, at all events, tries bravely to do so. It doesn't go half way round, but that doesn't matter. She grasps a bit of his coat and holds on to him so. "Do you know what you are, Jack? The dearest old boy on earth."
"And you—do you know what you are?" says Hardinge, pressing her fingers to his lips.
"No," says she.
"Well, I can tell you," says he, "because there is nothing on earth fit to compare you with. You are you, and that's all."
"What a lovely speech! No wonder I love you," says Letitia naively; "but," collapsing into gloom, "what's the go-

of it all? Auntie will never let you marry me."
"We could marry without her permission," says he slowly.
"No, we couldn't," says Letitia, with decision. She looks at him earnestly. "I wouldn't marry you without her permission for anything. We would have to run away, and that would break her heart. I am all she has in this world, and though she scolds me a good deal I love her. I wouldn't desert her, Jack."
"You could come back again," says he.
"Of course I know that. But then she would always feel disappointed in me and hurt and—No, no, I shall never do that. She trusts me so."
"Then I don't know what's going to be the end of it," said he.
"We must only wait," says Letitia despondingly. "And now, Jack, you had better go. She is sure to come here presently to see how the men are getting on with that fence. You know what an excellent woman of business she is. If she caught you here—"
"There would be wigs on the green," says Jack, laughing. "Well, goodbye—for awhile. I suppose if I come back again this evening I shall find you here?"
"Yes—oh, yes! Jack do take care. The men will see you!"
"Not they," says Jack, kissing her again. "And you—what are you going to do while I'm away?"
"Think of you," with a little saucy glance at him from under her long lashes. "By the bye, have you got a match about you?"
"What on earth do you want it for?" says he, giving her some wax lights out of a little silver box as he speaks. "Going to have a cigarette?"
"Nonsense! I feel as if I want to set fire to some of those dry little bunches of grass; fairy tufts we used to call them long ago. They would burn beautifully today, the sun is so hot."
"Well, don't set fire to yourself, whatever you do," says he thoughtlessly. Once again they kiss and this time really part.
Letitia stands watching him till he is out of sight, standing on tiptoe as he gets over the wall to blow a last kiss to him. Then coming out from the shelter of her trysting place she walks into the old meadow, now beaten down save where the tall, coarse tufts of grass are growing. Lightning one of her matches, she kneels down and sets fire to the tuft nearest her. It used to be an amusement of hers in her childhood, and she is not yet so far removed from those days as to have lost all childish fancies. Sitting down on the side of a tiny hillock at a distance, she watches the dancing flames—so small, so flickering, so harmless.
She leans back against the bank behind her and crosses her white arms behind her head. What a day it is—most heavenly sweet—quite a drowsy day. How lovely that light smoke is climbing slowly uphill and fading away among the young beech trees above. And the little flames, like fairies dancing. Perhaps they are fairies who dwell in those old tufts. No wonder they are dancing with rage evidently. Their strongholds are seized, destroyed by the tyrant man! No—woman this time. Ah, ah! In this case woman has come the front at all events. She had been reading about the emancipation of women last night and had laughed over it. After all, she didn't want to be emancipated. She only wanted Jack to love her always—nothing more. Perhaps the other queer women only meant that, too, only they hadn't found their Jacks yet. Puff! How warm it is!
Gradually her head sinks back upon her arms, her eyelids droop over the soft, clear eyes. How delicious it is here! How cozy! Again the eyes open, but very lazily this time. See how the little insects run to and fro over her white frock, hither and thither, all in search of the great want—food. A passing thought makes her laugh indolently. She hopes they will not make food of her. And then the eyelids close resolutely; she leans back. Sleep has caught her.
So sound indeed is her slumber that she does not know that now the little black insects are rushing over her, not in search of food, but of safety—safety from the tiny hot flames that are creeping every moment closer to the thin, white frock. Now they have touched her foot and have so far penetrated the thin slipper as to make her unpleasantly warm, but not enough to waken her. She only turns a little and sighs; but now—
Now she springs to her feet with an affrighted scream. Snaked! Snake! everywhere! And what is this creeping up the front of her gown? A thread of fire. It blows upon her face. She recoils from it, but it follows her. Madly she lifts her hands and tries to beat it back. The men! the men at the fence! Where are they! Alas, they have all gone to dinner! Once again a frantic cry bursts from her lips.
It is answered. At this moment Hardinge reaches her, and flinging off his coat he catches her in it. Folding it round her, he holds her as if in a vise.
What brought him back (beyond the mercy of God) he never knew, except that those last words of his, "Don't set fire to yourself, at all events," had seemed to haunt him after he left her. A foolish fear about the words had touched his lover's heart and compelled him to mount a wall and look back. In a moment he had seen.
He quenched the flames in a miraculously short time. Letitia is able to stand up and answer faintly his passionate questions to her safety, when suddenly a voice strikes upon them that renders both dumb.
It is the voice of Miss Banbridge. She has been toiling up the hill. She looks almost distraught.
"Oh, sir," cries she, catching Letitia in her arms. "I saw all. I thought I should have died. Oh, my girl, my darling child!" She spent her whole life tormenting Letitia, but Letitia for all that is the apple of her eye. "Oh, sir, how

can I thank you? The gratitude of my life is yours—the preserver of my pretty child!" Then the old lady burst out crying. Half an hour ago she would have died rather than let Letitia be so pretty, but now she lays many offerings at her feet. Poor feet. They might have served to the immeasurable one you've already done me," says she softly, "you will help me to get my poor child back to the house."
"But," begins Hardinge. It seems wrong to him, even at this supreme moment, to deceive the old lady, to go into her house under false pretenses. If she knew his name, a little pressure from the hand of Letitia decides him. How can he have scruples when she is so ill, so frightened?
Silently he passes his arm around her, and with her aunt takes her back to the house. They lay her on a sofa. Miss Banbridge flings a rug over her burned dress.
"She must rest here a little before going up stairs," says she.
"Miss Banbridge," says the young man, now turning with determination toward her, "I—I wish to say—"
"Sir, it is what I have to say," says Miss Banbridge with emotion. "I have not half thanked you. How can I? If there is anything I can do—any way in which I can show my gratitude to you—pray name it. In the meantime pray tell me the name of the brave man who has delivered my niece from the very jaws of death!"
"Hardinge," says he shortly.
"What?" Miss Banbridge has fallen back in her chair, staring at him with wild eyes.
"Yes, Hardinge," says the young man steadily, if sorrowfully. He pauses. "After all," says he, "I can't help my name." There is a pause; Letitia draws her breath sharply. "That is true!" says Miss Banbridge at last in a severe undertone.
"I can't help having had a grandfather, either," says Hardinge, taking another step.
"No, I suppose not," most reluctantly. "Most fellows have grandfathers!"
"I cannot contradict you, sir," says Miss Banbridge. "Hardinge, going closer to her and gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes, "you ask me just now if there was any way in which you could show your gratitude to me—about—about this thing. I want no gratitude. I would have gladly died to save your niece a pang. But—but you have given me the opportunity to tell you that I want—her! I love her. She loves me. Give her to me."
"Letitia!" says Miss Banbridge in a strange voice.
"Oh, yes! It is true," says Letitia, first into tears. "I do love him. I love him that night at the Mainwaring's, and I have loved him better and better every day since. He—her soul is increasing—he used to come and see me in the meadows where—where I was nearly buried."
Whether this allusion to the late catastrophe that might have ended in a tragedy stills Miss Banbridge's wrath, or whether her old heart has been softened by Hardinge's plain acknowledgment of his love for her niece no one can tell. She turns to Hardinge with a pale face, but not wholly unkindly air.
"I must have time to think," says she. She hesitates and then says, "This is very painful to me, Mr.—Hardinge." It seems certainly painful to her to pronounce his name—the name so long tabooed in her household. "I must have time—time." She grows silent. The hearts of the lovers sink. Suddenly she looks up again.
"Perhaps you will do me the honor to dine with me tomorrow night?" says she. Her tone is icy, but the two listening to her feel their cause is won. To ask Mr. Hardinge to dine, to accept hospitality at her hands! Oh, surely the old feud is at an end!
A little sound escapes from Letitia.
"You are cold," says Miss Banbridge anxiously, who had thought the sound a shiver.
"A little," says Letitia, who indeed is shivering from her late fear of what her aunt might say.
"I shall fetch another rug," cried the old lady, running out of the room.
"An opportunity once lost is never to be regained," says the ancient copybooks. Hardinge and Letitia make up their minds not to lose theirs. His arms are round her in an instant; her cheek is pressed against his.
"It is all right. She will give in. I feel as if I loved her," says Hardinge.
"Oh, Jack," says Letitia, "wasn't it a good thing I was nearly burned to death?"
"Oh, hush, darling! Hush, Letty! I can't bear to think of this day."
"Well, I can," says she, laughing feebly. "I shall think of it always. It has given us to each other forever." The Duchess in Philadelphia Times.
Wasting Valuable Time.
An old farmer died in a little village in the neighborhood of Paris. His fortune, the fruit of years of patient toil, was invested in a nice compact little farm. A nephew of the departed, believing himself to be heir, called a few days later on the lawyer, and before saying a word about the succession thought it only right and proper to shed a few tears.
"Poor uncle," he murmured, "sinking, so affectionate. To think that I shall never see him again."
The notary allowed the young man to give full vent to his sorrowful emotions, after which he quietly observed:
"I suppose you are aware that your uncle has left you nothing?"
"What?" exclaimed the nephew, suddenly changing his tone. "I'm not down in the will? Then, why on earth did you let me stand weeping there and making a fool of myself for a good half hour?"
Soleil du Dimanche.
Her Remarkable Taste.
"Do you think, young man, that you could give my daughter all she asks for?" questioned papa gruffly.
"—I—aw—think so, sir," murmured the lover bashfully. "She says she wants only me."—Exchange.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Again the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint comes round and we are called upon to commemorate his virtues and derive from his life the lessons of goodness and wisdom which were so strikingly illustrated in his glorious career. Not long ago some one remarked that the observance of St. Patrick's Day was dying out among Irish Americans. We have never been able to verify the truth of such a statement. It is true that the present celebration of this day is not marked by the excessive spirit of display that characterized former observances of the festival. The grand street parade with its hosts of tramping patriots, the sound of the brass band, and the excited shouts of the "Erin go Bragh" are no longer met with. In their place a calmer spirit rules, and an effort is made to awaken to their highest, on that occasion, the spirit of wit, eloquence and music characteristic of the Irish race.

One of the most striking facts connected with this subject is that the faith taught by St. Patrick was so deep-seated and all-pervading, and has been held to with such inviolable tenacity by the Irish through all the vicissitudes of the nation. When we think of the three hundred years of cruel, ruthless persecution by England; the grinding despotism her merciless bigotry and hatred of their religion; and her never-ceasing efforts to destroy it utterly and substitute her own crude notions in its place, the only wonder is that the Catholic religion survived and kept its hold upon the people.

No doubt national characteristics may account in a measure for this result. The Irish are naturally a religious race. They are also tenacious of their rights. They have liberty and hate despotism and they have the courage of their convictions. Nothing but the strong arm of power, commanding an overwhelming army and navy, has been able to keep them down. They have retained their faith and loyalty to Holy Church in spite of all opposition.

But the Irish people believe and well know that they are very much indebted to the prayers, the labors, the sanctity, and the special favor of heaven which attended all the labors of St. Patrick, for the tenacity and perpetuity of the faith among them.

But another reason why we should celebrate St. Patrick's day with special devotion and enthusiasm is, that the faith that he preached is a universal faith, designed for the whole world and to last, through the instrumentality of the Irish people, has become well-nigh universally dispersed. It is one of the mysteries of that providential dispensation which bring good out of evil that seems destined to make the Irish people universal missionaries to carry the true religion to all nations.

This is indeed a high and holy mission. Would to God our Catholic people generally could realize more fully than they do the tremendous responsibility that rests upon them. In a sense they are the chosen messengers of God to the nation. They are doing—have already done—a great work. What would the Church in the United States be without them?

But it is a very serious question whether we are doing all that we ought, all that we could do if we were more fully alive to the great work God has given us to do. To become true missionaries, what we need is more of the Spirit of St. Patrick, and that was a spirit of faith, of prayer, of holy zeal and of supreme devotion to duty. At the age of fifteen he is said to have committed a fault which does not appear to have been a great crime, yet it was a subject of tears during the rest of his life. He says when he was sixteen he lived still ignorant of God, meaning of the divine knowledge and fervent love of God, for he was always a Christian. He never ceased to bewail this neglect, and wept when he remembered that he had been one moment of his life insensible to the divine love. Carried away into captivity at the age of sixteen it is said his afflictions were to him a source of heavenly benedictions because he carried his cross with Christ, that is with patience, resignation and holy joy. Purified by these early trials he grew more and more in the favor and love of God and was prepared for the great work which he was to accomplish among the Irish people. He had his trials there—very great trials. But the historian says: "He was determined to suffer all things for the accomplishment of the holy designs of God, to receive in the same spirit both prosperity and adversity, and to return thanks to God equally for the one as for the other, desiring only that his name might be glorified and his divine will accomplished to his own honor."

With this spirit it is said he passed into Ireland and devoted himself entirely and supremely to the salvation of the inhabitants. It was this spirit that made him so successful in converting the whole nation to Christianity and planting the seeds of faith so deeply in the hearts of the people that it could never be eradicated.

The Irish people are not in captivity in this country, yet they are surrounded by trials and temptations. They are not openly persecuted yet they are oftentimes called upon to make sacrifices for the faith. There is a secret, insidious, anti-Catholic influence which is felt if not openly exhibited, and which is more dangerous than open, avowed hostility.

But the most dangerous enemy to the faith is worldly prosperity. Our people are ambitious and talented, and are consequently rapidly filling places of distinction in every department of life.

There is an intense ambition among many for social distinction and too often the consequence of this strife is anything but favorable to the cultivation of the spirit of St. Patrick. Too often, instead of missionaries they become stumbling blocks, and their influence which ought to be on the side of the church is on the side of the world and thus multitudes of souls, it is to be feared, which might otherwise be brought into the church, are kept away and they are responsible for it, though they have become so callous that they are not conscious of it.

What a blessed thing it would be if the celebration of St. Patrick's day could be made the occasion of a general awakening to the responsibility of his descendants in this free and glorious America and of the revival of the spirit of St. Patrick in all our hearts. It has often been remarked, and we believe the remark is perfectly true, that if all professing Catholics lived up to the spirit and requirements of their religion the country would be converted in an incredibly short time. Practice is better than precept. Good example is more powerful and more persuasive than the most eloquent preaching.

Let us go to church on St. Patrick's day, and while we make new resolutions of zeal and devotion to our religious duties let us pray earnestly to St. Patrick, that we may imitate more of his spirit and his holy example, especially in his devotion to the conversion and salvation of souls.

HOLY WEEK.

The month of March will end with a season solemnly significant to all Catholics. Holy week will begin with Palm Sunday, the 26th, and, it is useless to say, commemorates the Passion of Our Lord. The palms of Palm Sunday represent the triumphant entry of Christ into Jerusalem, on which occasion the inhabitants of that holy city spread their garments upon the ground and strewn branches of palm in his way, and saluted him with exultant cries of "Hosanna, Son of David!"

The most impressive ceremonies of this season, are, however, carried on during the last three days of the week. Notable among these is the office of the "Tenebrae" chanted in many churches on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights. "Tenebrae" means darkness, and the church by this ceremony endeavors to give expression to the grief she feels in contemplating the sufferings of her Divine Spouse, for the silence and darkness of the night have ever been regarded as a time of sadness and mourning. This service is, moreover, especially calculated to fill us with sorrow. The solemn chant is accompanied by the organ, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the captivity of the Jews, fill all who listen to them with an unexplainable sadness.

Throughout the service, candle after candle is extinguished until at the end, with the solemn echoes of the "Miserere" the whole church is left in complete darkness.

During Holy week there will be services as usual on Holy Thursday consisting of the High Mass, at the end of which the Blessed Sacrament will be carried in procession to the Repository. The children of the Sunday school will help to render this procession the more imposing. In the evening a short service will be held in the basement before the Repository. In order to render the ornamentation of this sacred repose the more fitting the sacramental presence, the faithful will be invited to contribute to its adornment. Let us hope that all will show by their attendance at these devotions, and those of the two following days the spirit of faith that should actuate all, and prepare them the more for the glorious celebrations of Easter.

Holy Thursday, or Maundy Thursday is devoted to the honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The richly adorned repository, whose ornaments are the gift of the people, holds in the midst of its numerous burning candles, the real presence of our Sacramental Lord. It is a time for the faithful to come before the tabernacle with more than usual faith and confidence. On this day, also, the bishop consecrates those holy oils which are used in the blessing of the baptismal water and for the use of the priest on his sick calls when administering the sacrament of Extreme Unction. On this day only one Mass is permitted in each church.

On Good Friday takes place the Mass of the Presanctified, the cross is unveiled for the adoration of the faithful, and the Blessed Sacrament, which has been carried away the day before is brought back in procession to the altar.

On Holy Saturday the priest blesses the baptismal water to be used during the year, as also the Paschal candle, lighted at Mass every Sunday until Ascension Day.

The sombre season of Lent at length closes and the church breaks forth on Easter Sunday into jubilant Alleluias of rejoicing for the glories of Christ's Resurrection.

THE NEW BOARD OF HEALTH.
Now that the city has practically a new Board of Health it is hoped that no measure will be omitted to protect Quincy from scourges which do or may infect it. The lack of a sewer, which has been a vast quantity of filth that now poisons the soil makes vigilance all the more necessary.

The Board of Health must be ranked as the most important in the city, because the life or the death of hundreds of residents depends upon the manner in which the duties of this board are performed. That dreadful epidemic, Cholera, stands at our gates only awaiting carelessness or negligence to assist it to decimate the whole country. The inspector of the Board has not yet been appointed, but when he informs house holders of dangerous conditions on their premises, he should be received most cordially and his instructions most faithfully obeyed. The expense of a few dollars to eradicate the germs of deadly disease is not to be considered for a moment when compared with

the money that is lost on account of long or repeated sickness followed perhaps by death, which might be avoided by a little prudence and foresight. Citizens should not wait to be compelled to abate nuisances which they know exist on their premises. They should gladly and for their own sake, cooperate with the city officials in the removal of the sources of pestilence. They do a great service to the community when they complain of any condition of affairs which is or may be detrimental to the public health.

In view of the extraordinary danger that threatens America, and especially the cities and towns in the East, our citizens have a right to expect that our Board of Health will do its full duty without fear or favor. The personnel of the board would indicate this action. Mr. Dingman, the chairman, has many thousands of dollars invested in property in Quincy, and having been Assessor in the largest and richest ward, in addition to the visits he has made with other members of the board, and also being a native of Quincy and a life long resident here, he is thoroughly acquainted with the city, and its condition. He is also a man of unflinching courage and persistence and one whom the wealthy violator of the law cannot cajole or terrify. We feel safe in saying that the law will be impartially enforced.

Mr. Thomas of Atlantic is secretary of the Board. He is a strong favorite in Ward 5 and 6 where he is best known, and his experience, as a member of previous Boards of Health, renders him the right man for the place. The other member is Dr. Young. The medical fraternity speak very highly of his general ability and his kindly disposition. He will be the advisor of the Board in matters highly essential. From all citizens the Board deserves aid and approval in its work. Its rules and regulations should be posted in every house and carefully read from time to time. Give the Board generous and loyal assistance, knowing that their work tends entirely to the benefit of the community.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

Quincy should learn a lesson from the results of the recent and disastrous fire in Boston. With all the magnificent apparatus for extinguishing flames in Boston the fire field destroyed millions of dollars worth of goods and many valuable lives and was only conquered by the most strenuous exertions. All this happened in the broad day in a district composed of buildings of stone, brick and iron.

We shudder to think of the probable damage that would be caused by a strong fire almost anywhere between the limits bounded by Hancock to Adams street and thence to the east. Filled with wooden buildings, many of which contain goods to the value of thousands, houses by the hundred in close proximity, narrow streets across which the flames could easily leap, with insufficient hydrant service, and only one steamer on hand, it certainly seems that Quincy property ought to be classed by insurance companies as a great risk and that it should have protection in proportion to the danger.

Other districts of the city are equally exposed, in fact some are in greater peril because they are not supplied with the public water service, consequently have no hydrants, and thus do not enjoy the privileges possessed by more favored citizens. All these evils can and should be remedied by the city council. The chief of the fire department has repeatedly urged the need of more hydrants and has shown how inadequate the demands are our means of fighting fire.

Another steamer should be purchased and kept in reserve at the central fire station. Another large standpipe should be erected on one of Wollaston's high hills, whence it could command the northern and western parts of Quincy. Suppose that during a large fire, an accident should happen to the main pipe leading to or from the standpipe on Penn's hill, what would become of the city? The hydrants should be multiplied and the water pipes extended rapidly through the streets until they were supplied. Quincy is in a very dangerous condition. It cannot hope to escape the scourge of flame which is devastating other cities, but by a prudent foresight it may be able to lessen the evil when it appears.

THE CHURCH CONCERT.

The concert to be held in the basement of St. John's church, Friday evening next, will be of an exceptionally fine character. The company of Hobart and Swift in their great performance upon over a dozen different musical instruments, would be worthy, by itself, of the price of admission. The same can be said too, of the little Williams children, phenomena in their way who will give a musical interlude and specialties. The juvenile choir of the church, are well known for the purity and sweetness of their singing, and they lose none of these qualities in the rendition of the famous Irish melodies. The stereoscopic views will represent scenes principally in the south and west of Ireland as also in Leicester. The concert bids fair to repay the expense used upon it.

HUNTING LEOPARDS IN INDIA.

Mr. Simpson says that he has hunted leopards with dogs, and has been at several such hunts with other people's dogs. But dogs are either too timid or too plucky, and the plucky ones that go to the leopard get killed. Still the dogs help to find the leopard, and it seems that they might have been used with more advantage in seeking for the man eating leopard. But to use dogs effectively the sportsman must be on foot.

There is no chance of a good combination of dogs with elephants, for the latter hate the dogs and will run away from them, and the dogs mistrust the elephants and decline to hunt. Finally, no use seems to have been made of trackers, or of seeking for the leopard by its footprints on the mud after rain. Professional trackers are almost unknown in Bengal, but an Englishman fond of sport soon teaches himself how to track, and can impart the knowledge to one or more of his own native servants.

OBITUARY.
At a special meeting of the St. Mary's C. T. A. & M. R. Society held at their hall on Thursday evening, February 23rd, 1893, the following Resolutions were adopted:
WHEREAS, That while we bow with humble submission to the will of Divine Providence, yet we cannot but regret the death of one who was so strongly attached to our organization.
RESOLVED, That in his death the society has lost a loyal and staunch supporter, his wife a kind husband and his family a dutiful son and loving brother.
RESOLVED, That we tender his afflicted wife and family our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of sorrow, and while they mourn his loss we would remind them

Easter Opening!
Fine French Millinery.
March 27, 28, 29.

To which all the Ladies are cordially invited.

Miss A. M. Tingley,
Adams Building,
Quincy, Mass.

Entrance Next door to Post Office.

that he has gone to the God who made him and trust they will find consolation in Him who doeth all things well.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these Resolutions be entered on the records of this society and published in the Daily Ledger, West Quincy Enterprise, and the Quincy Monitor, and a copy sent to his wife and family.

JOHN A. O'BRIEN,
THOS. H. SHURTLE,
JAS. A. WHITE,
RICHARD WALSH,
THOS. D. MCGRATH,
Committee on Resolutions.

"CON THE SHAUGHIRAN."

The St. John's C. L. A. A. is rehearsing Bonaparte's grand Irish drama "Con the Shaughiran," which will be given April 11-12-13, in St. John's hall on School street. To the thousands who have witnessed this splendid piece no word of praise need be uttered. But many who have not yet seen it will be delighted at the presentation to be given by the young men.

Whatever pecuniary profit may result will be applied to the payment of the debt on the hall. Tickets will soon be issued and people should get them as soon as possible, because a large attendance is expected at each of the presentations.

LOCALS.

Patrick Downey of Atlantic has started the oil business.

Quincy Court of Foresters talk of holding a ball early in April.

The new central fire station is expected to be finished by April 1.

The public schools will close for their vacation on Friday, March 24.

This is the holy season of Lent. Attend the devotions held in the churches.

Rev. Fr. Cunningham is one of the contributors to Donahue's Magazine for 1893.

Mr. Cortelli has presented the High School with a fine picture of the Roman Forum.

As St. Joseph's Feast this year falls on Passion Sunday, it will be celebrated on the 22d.

Cyrus W. Noble has the contract to carry the Spangnum children to and from the Quincy school.

The Atlantic Dramatic Society are preparing a play to be given in Music hall, St. Patrick's night.

Lady readers of the Monitor we would call your attention to the advertisement of Miss A. M. Tingley, milliner.

All persons in need of religious articles would do well to call on Flynn & Mahoney 18 and 20 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

A charitable society connected with the Consumptive Home of Boston has been formed among the young ladies of Quincy.

Quincy has a new dentist, Dr. Fogg of Norwood. He will be found in the office formerly occupied by Dr. French, every Wednesday.

The Academy boarding-house will no longer be used as such, the boarders having been transferred to the old Miller estate on the stile.

The teachers of St. John's Sunday School are preparing for a three night's bazaar to be held in May. An entertainment will be given each evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cavanagh of Brain-trave lost another of their children, Miss Gertrude. She was buried from St. John's church on Tuesday last week.

Rumor says Quincy is to have several changes in its stores at the centre and that Mr. Faxon is to erect a large building on the present site of the Academy boarding-house.

On Feb. 21, Mr. Jeremiah Callahan, a well known young man of West Quincy, died after a painful illness. We tender our sympathy to his bereaved wife, parents, brothers and sisters.

Arrangements are being completed for the holding of the freight railway in West Quincy between the quarry on Railway Hill and the depot. Work will commence early in the spring. Owners of some of the estates in that locality are receiving favorable offers.

Hunting Leopards in India.
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Chambers Journal.
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JONES' BABY CARRIAGE.

He Put It Together Himself and Then Swore at the Firm That Sold It.

An important event had happened in young Mr. Jones' household, and he came to this city to buy a baby carriage. Nothing was too good for him, and he finally selected a delicate creation of wickerwork, with Russian leather trimmings and pale blue silk and lace. Jones lives in Jersey, half an hour's ride from this city.

The carriage arrived next day boxed up with much care as though it had been a crate of china or a racing bicycle. The wheels came in a separate box.

Mrs. Jones had always declared that her husband was stupid in doing work about the house, but she made no remonstrance against her husband putting the baby carriage together.

He succeeded finally in unpacking the carriage and wheels, though in doing so he nearly smashed his thumb with a hammer. He screwed on the wheels, and then setting the carriage up examined his work with a critical eye.

Certainly the vehicle had a peculiar appearance. It seemed lopsided, having a decided list to starboard. "That ain't the one I ordered," said Jones to the nursemaid, who came in just then and had fixed a pair of wondering eyes on the carriage.

"The one they sold me was straight, and I'd like to know what they take me for to send a thing like this," Jones gave the carriage a vicious push and it wheeled around in a circle, as a duck swims when one side is paralyzed by a shot.

Jones was mad enough through. He had the carriage put in the cellar and wrote to the firm from which he had purchased it to send a man to take their "lopsided swindle" away.

Jones hadn't cooled off when a man came to look at the carriage. The man listened patiently to Jones' opinion of the firm while he was getting the carriage out of the cellar.

"Why, you blamed fool!" he replied, however, when the vehicle was finally submitted to him for inspection. "No wonder its lopsided! You've put both big wheels on one side and both little ones on the other."

Jones begged the man not to say anything about it and gave him some good cigars and opened a bottle of fine old Tokay. But the thing was too good to keep. The man told one of Jones' neighbors whom he met outside the house, and so the story spread. That's the reason people look curiously at the carriage when Jones takes the baby out, then at Jones and then snicker.—New York Herald.

Better Than the Egg Trick.
Something far better than the egg trick was shown at a card party in Twenty-eighth street a night or two ago. The exhibitor declared himself to be a reformed gambler. He had made much money out of the trick and did not mind letting a few friends know the secret. He arranged two whist hands from the deck, in one of which there were six trumps and in the other none. The cards being spread out on the table, face up, he bet \$100 that he could take either hand and beat any man in the room holding the other. A young whist player tried him with the trump hand and lost. Then an old fellow took the other hand, which he said was the stronger, and also lost. Others followed suit and lost. It made no difference who had the lead. Finally the old fellow tried again and won. He had analyzed the play. It is not safe to bet on the trick with a first class player more than once. With two players evenly matched the trump hand will always be beaten.—New York Tribune.

AFRAID TO RISK IT.
Something That Made a Bride Hesitate to Make a Marriage.

Among the applicants for marriage licenses who were before Judge Elliot were Fred W. Randall and Bertie Brubaker, who had come up from Beatrice to be joined in matrimony. They were both up to the requisite age, and Mr. Walkup did not hesitate to draw up the preliminary affidavit. When he had dotted the last i and crossed the last t, the young woman, who had apparently been buried in deep thought, remarked:

"I don't believe I care to get married."

"You don't?" cried the startled bridegroom.

"No, I guess not," and started out. The young man followed her, and they held brief conversation among the books and papers of the outer office, when Mr. Walkup, with dreams of an elopement in mind, suggested that they might have the inner room for a private discussion if they desired. They entered and were for some time engaged in earnest talk, the bridegroom expectant for all he was worth. Finally the girl gave in and agreed to carry the affair through, and the judge was called from the bench to fix it up before she could again change her mind.

"By thunder!" it was mighty lucky, and it was nearly unlucky that you had a judge around handy then," observed the bridegroom.

A Dog That Finds a Piano.
A Boston dog, a pug, sits upon a piano stool and accompanies a rather irregular and spasmodic song of his own with lively piano playing. He hammers the keys loudly or softly as his master calls "forte" or "piano."

This dog's performance, however, is with direct reference to a piece of cake which his master holds in his hand, and he seldom takes his eye off the cake while he is singing and playing. It is needless to say that there is nothing melodious about this performance.—Youth's Companion.

Don't be so Nervous,
—BUT USE—
DR. PALMER'S NERVE NE,
Only 75 cts. a bottle

—FOR SALE ONLY AT—
WILLARD'S DRUG STORE,
27 SCHOOL STREET, SOUTH QUINCY.

Spring Opening.

We are offering the most complete stock we have ever shown of

Outing Flannels, Gingham, Percales, Prints, Plaid and Plain Dress Goods.

—ALL SHADES IN—
Velvets, Velveteens, and Surah Silks.

We shall be pleased to have you call and examine goods and prices.

C. S. HUBBARD'S,
158 Hancock Street,
Opposite Post Office.

CALL AT

THE MISSES FLYNN
And Examine Their

New Line of Hamburgs,
Stamped Goods, Table

Linen, Prints and
Outings.

Small Wares, etc.

12 Hancock St., Quincy.

This Week

We shall Offer

Special Bargains in

Remnants

—OF—

SATINES,

GINGHAMS,

CHEVIOTS,

and

OUTING CLOTHS.

CLAPP BROS.

W E. BROWN,

UNDERTAKER

Cor. Canal and Mechanic Sts. Quincy.

Residence, 3 1/2 Elm Ave.

Connected by Telephone.

Dr. G. R. Eng and

DENTIST.

14 Chestnut Street.

QUINCY.

Connected by Telephone.

Keeping Up With the Times.

"Oh, mamma!" said a little girl, "I sang in Sunday school today."

"Did you?" said her mamma. "Could you keep up with the others?"

"I do!" said I; "I kept ahead of them all the way through."

That is about the way many of us keep time as we go through life—a little ahead of our fellows or lagging behind.—Boston Commonwealth.

"GET UP."
"Get up!" the caller calls. "Get up!" And in the dead of night, To win the laurels of life and sup I rise a weary wight. My flannel don't don't, three or four My birds are killed, and then I with a whistle shut the door I may not see again. —Joseph Skipp

A MYSTERY

In a cheerless apartment sixth floor of a New York one cold, bleak November a young woman, whose evident marks of intelligence

Two small rooms comprised narrow domain to which she the name of home. Their cheerless was increased by the absence of everything except the most necessary furniture and by the wind, which found entrance through hundred crevices, sending gusts across the wretched garret to the dying fire of a small stove was lost in sad reflections which she roused herself at intervals to glance at a little crib, wherein an infant, all unconscious of mother's anxiety and distress.

husband, Robert Desmond, a son of an English noble, had fallen in love with Victoria Clair, the pretty and American governess of his sister, and married her in the wishes of his family. English aristocracy look with disfavor on marriages of this kind.

Soon after their marriage, aiment in which he was a lieutenant was ordered to India. The young man resigned his commission, untrained as he was in any business or profession found himself thrown on the world without a penny and a young wife to support. He then, a proud and generous man, disinherited him, but offered him a sum sufficient, if properly invested to maintain him in comfort for saying that all further interest between them must cease.

This money was accepted, young couple went to Paris, where he soon plunged into the most vicious life of that gay city.

A man of generous impulses and affectionate instincts, he had an unfortunate habit of gambling. His little capital was soon lost at the card table, and sale of Victoria's jewels.

money she had prudently were able to accumulate more than enough to pay a sage to New York.

After weary weeks spent in efforts to obtain work, the little family, which had been increased by the birth of a daughter, drifted to a moderately comfortable lodging.

his little capital was now gone. For several weeks it had been Victoria's regular practice to leave poor quarters at nightfall, with telling his wife where he went, and what hour he would return, and appear in the early morning, evaded her questions or only answered in monosyllables.

Night after night she awoke by anxious fears and anxious. If she could but know the truth, comprehend his situation, not being able to fashion her imagination to the near approach of even her fortunes than those to which she was already

"GET UP."

"Get up!" the caller calls. "Get up!"
To win the laurels their life and sup
I rise a weary night.

My flannel shirt I don't, three or four
My shirt are kind, and then
I with a white shirt the door
I may not open again.

—Joseph Skipsy.

A MYSTERY.

In a cheerless apartment on the sixth floor of a New York tenement one cold, bleak November night sat a young woman, whose face bore evident marks of intelligence and refinement.

Two small rooms comprised the narrow domain to which she gave the name of home. Their cheerless walls were increased by the absence of everything except the most necessary furniture and by the wailing wind, which found entrance at a hundred crevices, sending icy currents across the wretched garret. The young woman, crouching close to the dying fire of a small stove, was lost in sad reflections, from which she roused herself at intervals to glance at a little crib, wherein lay an infant, all unconscious of its mother's anxiety and distress. Her husband, Robert Desmond, the second son of an English nobleman, had fallen in love with Victoria St. Clair, the pretty and intelligent American governess of his younger sister, and married her in opposition to the wishes of his family.

The English aristocracy look with much disfavor on marriages of this kind. Soon after their marriage the regiment in which he was a lieutenant was ordered to India. The young man resigned his commission, and untried as he was in any business or profession found himself at 25 thrown on the world without a penny and a young wife to support. His father, a proud but generous man, had disapproved him, but offered his son a sum sufficient, if properly invested, to maintain him in comfort for life, saying that all further intercourse between them must cease.

This money was accepted. The young couple went to Paris, where he soon plunged into the most luxurious life of that gay city. Though a man of generous impulses and a loyal and affectionate husband, Robert had an unfortunate passion for gambling. His little capital was soon lost at the card table. By the sale of Victoria's jewels and some money she had prudently saved they were able to accumulate little more than enough to pay their passage to New York.

After weary weeks spent in futile efforts to obtain work, the little family, which had been increased by the birth of a daughter, drifted from moderately comfortable lodgings to this cheerless tenement house. Their little capital was now gone.

For several weeks it had been Robert's regular practice to leave their poor quarters at nightfall, without telling his wife where he went or at what hour he would return, and reappear in the early morning. He evaded her questions or only answered in monosyllables.

Night after night she was kept awake by anxious fears and suspicions. If she could but know his destination, comprehend his work, but not being able to fathom the mystery her imagination pictured the most fearful of even greater misfortunes than those to which she was already accustomed. It was plain that her husband's work was laborious, for, although he never referred to it, he came home every morning completely exhausted. He grew daily more taciturn, careworn and morbid. Can it be wondered that Victoria suffered all the torture that such a condition of affairs can bring to a sensitive woman?

The child, turning uneasily in its little crib, began to cry. Victoria took a tin cup from the stove and gave its contents to the baby. It was the last drop of milk, the last morsel of food she had. What grief wrung the mother's heart as she tried to soothe and comfort the little one, uncertain that she would be able to procure sufficient food to keep it alive!

Toward morning Robert returned, evidently very tired, and was surprised to find his wife still awake. Throwing himself on the poor cot near the wall he was soon fast asleep. For some moments Victoria gazed at him through her tears, mentally asking if this was the man who had charmed her girlish fancy and won her young heart with promises of a bright future!

At length, from sheer exhaustion, she sank on the dilapidated lounge near her baby's crib, and her weary eyes soon closed. For three hours she slept soundly. Awakening unrefreshed she was conscious of a sickening feeling of faintness, the cause of which she knew too well, and then came the dull misery of remembering that there was no money to buy provisions for breakfast.

It had been Robert's custom to give her a little money every week, which she had accepted in silence, neither asking for it nor questioning its source, but the last supply had been spent the day before, and it was too soon to expect another. She had tried to eke out their scanty income by sewing for a clothing manufacturer, but even this laborious and wretchedly paid employment had almost failed her, as it was a dull season, and the little work she had on hand could not be finished for several days.

The clock in a neighboring steeple had just struck 9, when, in answer to a knock at the door, a letter was handed her addressed to "Robert Desmond, Esq." It bore the London postmark and the family coat of arms. Recognizing the handwriting of Robert's father, she placed the letter on the table where her husband could find it when he awoke, then tossed herself for a time about the

poor apartment trying to make it seem a trifle less comfortable before turning again to her sewing.

After a short interval she was again summoned to the door, where she found a man in soiled clothes, with which his dirty face and unkempt hair were in keeping.

"Does Robert Desmond live here?" he asked abruptly.

"He does," replied Victoria. "Well, give him this and don't forget it, for it's important," and the rough visitor quickly disappeared down the rickety stairs.

Victoria's curiosity was aroused. Wonderingly she unfolded the soiled scrap of paper and read these words, "Tonight at 11 o'clock." Laying the note beside the letter, she quietly resumed her work without disturbing Robert, who still slept soundly.

Her suspicions of his associates were confirmed. What repulsive companions he must have if the man who brought the note was one of them! Toward evening Robert awoke. He found in his pockets a few cents, which he gave to Victoria to buy food with. After they had broken their fast she alluded to the note, which Robert said he had read.

When she ventured to speak of the letter from London, he said: "I shall not open it. I have enough trouble and annoyance now and do not intend to be further harassed by reading a sermon." That night he went away earlier than usual.

Victoria, again left alone, reflected still more on his mysterious occupation. She longed to follow him, but could not leave her child, and even if she could what good would come of playing the spy? Sooner or later the truth must come out. She both desired and dreaded its disclosure. The fear that it would bring disgrace and sorrow increased.

She took up the letter from the earl and looked at the envelope with some curiosity. Why not open it? No! Robert had broken all family ties for her; there could be no good news or loving message in the letter for either of them, or for their child. She replaced it on the table without breaking the seal.

Victoria retired early that night, for prolonged anxiety and hard, unaccustomed work had completely exhausted her. She awoke at daybreak to find that her husband had not returned. Terrible fears crowded on her mind, and a deeper dread oppressed her when, at 10 o'clock, he entered the room, his hand bandaged, his clothes torn and spattered with mud, and a look of despair on his once handsome face. He did not greet Victoria or the child, but sank on the cot and closed his eyes. Though tortured with anxiety Victoria asked no questions, feeling it would only distress him. After sleeping heavily for an hour, Robert opened his eyes and said: "Victoria, do not admit any one who may come to inquire for me. I am not going out to-morrow, and I must sleep undisturbed. Do not be anxious on my account, nor save any food for me, but bandage my hand, and I will try to sleep again."

At noon as she went to make her purchases at the store she heard reports of a daring burglary that had been committed the night before. One of the robbers had been killed and another wounded in the arm. The police had the clew, but had not arrested all who were concerned in the crime. She bought a newspaper and began reading the details on her way home. Fear and anxiety almost overwhelmed her.

Robert was still sleeping when she entered their lodgings. The police had not yet arrested him, but how long would it be before their home might be invaded by officers of the law? Seating herself by the window, she continued to read the details of the burglary, her eyes suffused with tears, her heart beating painfully, her head in a whirl.

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her. "I must be brave for the child's sake," she murmured.

Another knock at the door startled her. She opened it to find standing there the same man who had asked for her husband a few hours before.

"Is Mr. Desmond at home now?" he anxiously inquired.

"He is not," replied Victoria. "You are his wife, are you not?"

"I am."

"I come from B—Bros.," he continued, naming one of the largest banking houses in the city. "Quite a sum of money has been deposited in our London house to your husband's credit, and we would like to have him call at the office. This is our address," handing her a card. "Please request your husband to come during banking hours and as soon as possible."

The stranger bowed and retired. Victoria hardly knew whether she was awaking or dreaming. The earl must have sent money, she thought; but it was "too late—too late now," she passionately cried.

Snatching the letter from the mantle she broke the seal and read as follows:

Through my banker I send you £1,000. More will follow should it be impossible for you to make suitable business connections with the first installment. I thought you unworthy of trust after you had brought misfortune and disgrace upon wife and child by indulging your passion for gambling. But I have the feelings of a father and have not lost sight of you. I have heard of your energy and self-denial, your honesty and pride. Work is no disgrace, not even the kind that you do. I hope you will profit by your experience now you see that others must bear the consequences of your recklessness and extravagance. Your wife and child have had to suffer keenly for your folly.

"Too late," sobbed Victoria; "this help is of no use now." Then the thought came to her, "Robert will now have means to escape." He had not yet been home. Perhaps he had left the city and was wandering about lonely, hungry, cold, without shelter or money, and yet with \$1,000 at his disposal if he but knew it.

The contrast with their abject poverty made the sum seem greater. Once more a visitor's summons interrupted Victoria's thoughts. She opened the door mechanically, but retreated when she saw before her the man who had left that mysterious letter for Robert a few days before.

"Is Bob in?" he inquired.

"No," answered Victoria, "he has gone away. What do you want?"

"How is his hand?"

"It is better, I think."

"Oh, well, then he's all ready for work again, isn't he? We are short of help just now, and the boss told me to come around and ask how he was."

Grasping the man by the arm, she said excitedly: "Who is the boss? What is he? Who sent you?"

"Why, the boss of the sweeping gang! Bob and me works in the street cleaning department. Didn't you know that?"

"Come in and sit down," Victoria continued eagerly. "Tell me how all this happened to my husband."

"Well," said the man, seating himself, "we got one of them new-fangled sweep machines which is drawn by horses. Last night one of the horses stumbled, became frightened and jumped in among the men who sweep and shovel the dirt. Your husband seized the bridle, and the horse bit him, but he didn't let go. He's a plucky dog, he is. Then others came up to help manage the brute. The overseer went round out that horse any more. Of course Desmond gets his allowance for sickness because he was hurt while at work. Our superintendent promises that he shall have an office job. He must have a heap of schoolin' for he writes mighty fine. I guess they'll let him boss the job some day. We boys won't mind his good luck. We all like Bob. He's a good fellow, only too proud for us. Well, I must go now. Good-by, mum."

Victoria offered her hand to the man in perfect silence and escorted him to the door. Then she turned to the crib. She felt impelled to press the child to her heart, but the strain had been too great. Her limbs failed to support her, and she fell fainting upon the floor.

When Victoria recovered consciousness, she found herself in Robert's arms.

"Can you forgive me for doubting you?" said Victoria, looking up into his face, "for being so wanting in faith as to suppose you were a—"

"Not another word," he cried, lifting his baby on his lap and drawing his wife closer in a fervent embrace. —Home and Country.

The First Use of Gas.

Great was the amazement of all Europe when at about the close of the last century William Murdoch discovered that gas could be used for illuminating purposes. So little was the invention understood by those who had not seen it in use that even the great and wise (b) men of the British parliament laughed at the idea. "How can there be light without a wick?" said one member of that august body, with a wink and a knowing nod. Even the great Sir Humphry Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting towns and cities with gas. He one day asked Murdoch, "Do you mean to use the dome of St. Paul's for your gas meter?" Sir Walter Scott also made merry of the gas idea and of the coming attempt to illuminate London with smoke from a tar factory.

When the house of commons was finally lighted with the new illuminant, the architect and custodian of the building, who imagined that the gas ran as fire through the pipes, insisted that they be removed several inches from the wall to prevent the building from taking fire! Several distinguished members were also observed carefully touching the pipes with their gloved fingers and then smelling of them to see if they could detect the odor of burned leather.—St. Louis Republic.

The Legend of St. Denis.

St. Denis was a wanderer in the wilds of the Thessalonian forests for the space of seven years. The

strange foods that he ate and the constant companionship of nothing but beasts and birds had a startling effect. His fingers grew claws, and his hair became as the fine feathers of an eagle's neck and breast. Finally, when nearly heartbroken by the changes that his wild life was making in body and mind, he wandered over to a fine looking mulberry tree and ate heartily of the fruit. The tree was enchanted, and partaking of its fruit brought a change more terrible than all his other transformations—he lost every semblance to a man, instantly changing his shape and likeness to that of a deer. He lay down under the tree and bemoaned his fate in these words: "I was once a man, but now a horned beast; I was a soldier, but now a prey for dogs. My bed of down I must exchange for moss, and music for howling winds." While thus lamenting his fate, the tree spoke to him in words of cheer, informing him that in seven years he would be a man again. "Which," the account says, "did truly come to pass."—Exchange.

Another Man's Legs.

At the capital in Baton Rouge is a portrait of Zachary Taylor, with which is connected an amusing reminiscence. While General Howard, the author of Taylor's recent "Life," was looking at the picture, an old resident said to him:

"Why, sir, that is Zachary Taylor's head and body, with another man's legs."

"How is that, my friend?"

"Oh, the old gentleman would not sit as a model. When he little thought what was being done, the artist sketched his head and body, but as the general declared he could not afford the time for further operations the painter was obliged to finish with another man."

The result is said to be fairly good. It is a well executed picture, though the face is neither so firm nor so strong as that of other portraits, and the figure is that of a man somewhat taller than the general.

Coffee in Hawaii.

On the mountain sides a brilliant scarlet berry on a small, dark green, small leaved bush will attract an observant eye. Break open the berry, and imbedded in each half will be found a white seed with a line running lengthwise through the flat, exposed surface. In this unfamiliar guise it will not take you long to recognize coffee, which is indigenous to this soil. Some experts have been made of this product, and it is found in the Honolulu groceries under the title of Kona coffee. Connoisseurs have pronounced its flavor and aroma equal to the Mocha. It could doubtless be cultivated to advantage. Successful experiments have also been made in the cultivation of the olive. Limes grow in great profusion and to a fine size.—Washington Star.

Preventing Snoring.

Wife to husband, whose loud snoring keeps her awake—Charlie, Charlie, do stop snoring! Turn over on your side. (Nudges him.)

Husband, only half awake, grunts, turns on his side and continues to snore.

Wife has a happy idea. Remembers a line from an article called "How to Prevent Snoring." Gives her husband a second nudge, which elicits another grunt. "Oh, Charlie, if you'd keep your mouth shut, you'd be all right!"

Charlie (still semiconscious)—So would you.—Exchange.

Why He Looked So Cross.

"Who is that cross looking old man in the corner?" asked the fair visitor who was looking through The Plunger office.

"That," replied the editor, "is the man who writes our smart child jokes."—Exchange.

A TEXAS POOH-BAH.

A Kentucky Lawyer Tells About a Remarkable Man He Once Met.

"Some time ago," remarked a lawyer yesterday, "I had occasion to visit Texas. I stopped at a little town one Saturday about noon, intending to remain there until Monday morning."

"The proprietor of the hotel was a gray haired fellow, well preserved and apparently full of energy. I was consequently not very greatly surprised when he informed me that he also was a lawyer. He had a big, stout wife, and it struck me that he could very well leave the hostelry to her while he practiced law. He disappeared shortly after noon. I started out to see something of the little town, and needing a collar stopped in one of the two or three dry goods stores to buy one. I must confess that I was somewhat staggered when a lawyer, was a clerk in a dry goods store—for it was he who smiled blandly at me over the counter."

"I extended my walk until night was falling and as I approached the hotel who did I see lighting the oil lamps in the main street but the hotel proprietor! The next morning, which was Sunday, I inquired of him the way to the church. 'Come on,' said he, 'I'll show you.' He took me into the church and showed me to a seat, after which he disappeared, saying he must go and ring the bell. In a few moments it was pealing forth its pealing. 'Come, oh, come,' and soon the congregation had gathered."

"I was prepared for anything almost, after what I had seen of mine host's versatility, and was not much surprised when he ascended the stairs of the pulpit and opened services. Then he came down again and manipulated the keys of the wheezy little organ while the congregation sang. He then took up the collection, after which he again resumed the pulpit and preached as fine a gospel sermon as I have ever heard. When services were over and his flock had

been dismissed with a fervent prayer, the preacher closed up the church.

"What sort of a man is Mr. So-and-so anyhow?" I asked of a lawyer. "Oh," he answered, "he runs the town generally. He's killed a dozen men more or less and is the best shot with his revolver in this part of the country. He's the best poker player I ever saw. He is from Kentucky too."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Safest Car.

"I'm very particular," said a commercial traveler at a down town hotel, "what car of the train I select. I travel thousands of miles a year and have made it a rule to observe in the accounts of railroad accidents which cars of the train are the most often demolished. The result of my experience—for I have been in a dozen smashups—and observation is that the middle cars are the safest. I never under any circumstances ride in the rear car. I avoid the car next to the baggage car, though this is selected by many as the safest."

The greatest danger at present in railroad traveling is telescoping. When a man has been in a wreck and afterward seen the engine of the colliding train half way inside of the rear car, or rather what's left of it, it impresses him most forcibly. The baggage car is usually heavily loaded, and in the collision its weight, together with the ponderous engine, generally smashes the next car to splinters, while the central cars are comparatively uninjured. When the train is derailed, the baggage car and next coach as a rule go over."—Washington Star.

One of Gresham's Jokes.

This story about Walter Q. Gresham is told by an old Indian. "Sitting in his office one day were Senator Voorhees, W. W. Dudley and some other friends. They were discussing politics, when Judge Gresham arose and said: 'Suppose we go down and have a drink. You'll go, won't you, Dan?'"

Mr. Voorhees signified his assent. So did the others in their turn until Mr. Dudley reached, He declined. "I never drink," he said.

"Well, come down and have a cigar," said Judge Gresham.

"Thank you, I never smoke," said General Dudley.

"Well, Dudley," said Judge Gresham, "you have all the qualities that go to make a bad man."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Willing to Help.

Here is a real incident in the life of the late Fanny Kemble. In her appearance as Juliet at a Philadelphia theater she had just given the lines: "What's her? A cup closed in my true love's hand?"

Poison, I see, has been his timeless end! When a tall, lean, gaunt, sandy haired medical student in the stage box deeply absorbed in the scene thrust down his hat on his head with a convulsive effort, crying out in a voice of thunder at the same time: "Keep him up, Juliet, I'll run and fetch the stomach pump!"—Exchange.

Getting Them Out.

Mrs. Vermont Browne—Why on earth don't you get your husband to cut off his whiskers?

Mrs. Smiffian Jones—I wouldn't have him do it for the world. I want him to let them grow and get them all out of his system.—Exchange.

A Story of Baron Reimach.

A Paris correspondent tells a good story of the late Baron de Reimach. Some time before the baron's tragic demise a fancy dress ball was given at a friend's house, and he was among the invited guests. During the early part of the evening every one was astonished by the vagaries of a visitor who had donned the cap and bells and "foiled it" so cleverly as to attract general attention. Every one was anxious to know who it was, but he declined to reveal his identity. When the time came to throw off the masks, to the astonishment of all it was seen to be M. de Reimach.

The baron accepted the compliments of his fellow maskers and was the hero of the evening. It was not until some time afterward that it was ascertained that he had played a joke on the people. He had engaged the services of a clown from the circus, who was much of the same build as himself, and had two dresses made alike. The clown whose acrobatic feats attracted so much attention at the circus performer, and M. de Reimach only took his place at the end to surprise his friends and receive their congratulations.—London Globe.

Starting a Fashion.

It is a caprice of the moment with a certain set of girls who strive for fads and eccentricities to omit all punctuation marks in their letters. Probably some one who couldn't put them in started the fashion, just as a girl at the opera a few years ago found that a sore finger throbed and ached desperately if her hand lay on her lap and was much relieved when she held it upright. So she sat all the evening in a conspicuous box with one slender gloved hand touching her cheek, with the result of making the attitude a marked and raging fashion that entire season.—New York Times.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's Ideas of Plays.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, who has been called an Addison in petticoats, is a great lover of the theater and owns to liking best the play that amuses when the villain comes to grief and the good girl marries the hero. She calls plays "fairies tales for grownups" which serve a gracious purpose in diverting us from life's tragedies. "In an earlier age we needed tragedies on the stage; life was then so much fuller of Maypole dancing. Today we live out our tragedies and turn to the stage for our Maypole dancing as lookers on, because we are not free to join in the dance."

To Live an Old Man.

"I understand young Briefless is about to marry the daughter of old Bonds, the millionaire."

"Yes, so I am told."

"Will he give up the law business?"

"Yes. He will give up the law business and go into the son-in-law business."—Texas Siftings.

HUMOR

TOO TECHNICAL.

A Young Sutor Who Was Saved From an Awful Fate.

"You have no objection to me, personally, Miss Feathercroft, I hope," remarked the young lady's somewhat elderly admirer.

"Why, Mr. Glaspy," she replied, "you are not acting as a proxy for some other man, are you?"

"As a proxy? Do I understand you correctly, Miss Feathercroft? As a proxy for some other man? Certainly not."

"In asking me to be your wife you meant yours individually, did you not?"

"I certainly did."

"Then my objections to marrying you, Mr. Glaspy, must have some personal application to yourself, must they not?"

"Of course, but—"

"Very good. Let us dispose of this point first. You asked me to marry you. I declined. You inquired whether I had any objections to you personally. I asked you in reply if you were acting as agent for some other man. You said you were not. Now, then, if the fact be considered established that you wish me to marry you and I refuse to do so, it follows inexorably that my refusal is based on the fact that it is you yourself whom I do not wish to marry. Do you follow me?"

"I—I think I do," said Mr. Glaspy, somewhat bewildered, "but—"

"One moment. Observe, now, that this refusal has nothing to do with any other man. Hence whatever reasons I may have for not wishing to marry you apply to you personally and nobody else. Therefore they are personal to yourself. Is that entirely clear in your mind?"

"Why, yes," gasped the discomfited Mr. Glaspy helplessly, "but still!"

"Hence it must be apparent to you," she proceeded, raising her voice, pointing her finger at him argumentatively and following his now retreating form around the room, "it must be apparent to you that I do have some objections to you personally, and your question, or rather your assumption to characterize it more accurately, was founded on a manifest misconception. I proceed now to give some of my objections. Firstly—"

"You needn't, Miss Feathercroft," exclaimed Mr. Glaspy, recovering himself. "You needn't proceed to state the objections. I'm glad you've got objections; he went on, firmly grasping his hat. "But for those objections I might have been by this time the promised husband of a walking rhetoric and female Demosthenes! Thank heaven for the objections! I have the honor, madam, to congratulate myself on escaping a horrible fate and to wish you a very good evening!"—Chicago Tribune.

Not Well Armed For Eating.

He was a small man, with a mouth that looked as if it had been made with a can opener.

He sidled into a "dental emporium" on the east side, and when the operator got around his way the visitor said:

"I see you pull teeth without gas for 50 cents."

"We do."

"Plugging come about the same?"

"That depends on the filling," said the operator.

"Does, hey? Well, I've got three teeth I thought maybe you'd lump and do three for \$1. I can't afford no luxuries, but the food ain't heavy anyhow over where I board, and with them three ragin' cavities, fact is, I'm starvin'!"—New York Tribune.

Backward.

Little Peter is slow at school, though apparently bright enough everywhere else. The other day at table his mother alluded to him as a "backward boy."

The next morning in dressing he put his jacket on by accident the wrong side before, and instead of removing it and readjusting it he had his sister button it up at the back and went down to breakfast thus.

"Why, Peter," his mother exclaimed. "What do you mean by coming down in that way?"

"Oh," he said, "I got it on that way, and as you said I was a 'backward boy' I thought maybe that was the best way to go!"—Youth's Companion.

Scenes in China.

Girl (on seeing a Chinaman)—What's that, mamma?

Mother—That's a Chinaman, dear.

Girl—Do all the people in China dress like that?

Mother—Yes, dear.

Girl—Gracious! How they must laugh when they see each other!—Exchange.

Most Likely.

A courting couple in the park.

He—Is she happy, little wopsy wootsy?

She—Oh, so happy! Is topsy wopsy happy?

He—Oh, so happy!

She—What would topsy wopsy do if there was no topsy wootsy in the world?

Gruff Voice of a Man in the Bushes—Topsy wootsy would be hugging some other girl.—Wonder.

Deaf Persons and the Telephone.

Professor Lannois of Lyons says that persons whose organ of hearing is not perfectly sound should avoid the telephone, as even in a comparatively robust organ its continuous use is followed by symptoms more or less grave—cephalgia, vertigo, hyperaesthesia, insomnia and sometimes psychical disturbances of a character which might become chronic.

Conscience Money Sent to Stamford.

Town Treasurer Robert Swartworth of Stamford, Conn., recently received an anonymous letter postmarked New York inclosing a \$1,000 treasury note. The letter reads, "Please put this \$1,000 to the credit of Stamford taxes of 1879." The letter was not registered, and no one has any idea of the identity of the sender. It

COMING BACK.

They say if our beloved dead
Should see the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would not be welcome there.

I cannot tell how it might be
If our loved ones, but this I know—
On a day not far from me
That we would never meet again.

Oh, how the flowers have come and gone,
And how the wind has blown and blown,
And how the peaceful rest has gone,
And how the peaceful rest has gone.

How should I learn from day to day
In all this world to hear my part,
But whether grave or whether day,
I hold my memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way,
And friends are round me, true and tried,
They have their place, but here today
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with tattered breath,
And go too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine?

I dare not dream the blissful dream
To see my heart with wild desire,
Where younger cold, white marble gleam
Side still and cold, God knows best.

—San Francisco News Letter.

Where "Vanity Fair" Was Written.

In 1847 Thackeray went to live in Young Street, and once pointing out the low windowed cottage to an inquiring friend is said to have remarked, "Go down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned, and I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." Here he also wrote "Esmond," and one of the houses close by in Kensington square has been chosen as the home of Lady Castlewood and Beatrice.

In 1862 Thackeray removed from Old Square, where "The Newcomes" and "The Virginians" had been composed, to the house he had built himself in Palace Green, still remaining in the old court suburb, with its leafy trees and gardens, to which he was so much attached. Here it was that the completion of "Vanity Fair" was cut short by his lamented death in the following year. —Chambers' Journal.

Early Exercise For Growing Boys.

I have noticed a tendency to permit children to sit up much later than is good for them, the natural result being a too prevalent fondness for the bed in the morning. If a boy wants to keep himself in prime condition, to grow up strong and vigorous, let him get up in the morning long enough before breakfast to have first 10 minutes of brisk work with a pair of light wooden dumbbells, then his cold bath, and afterward a sharp walk of 15 minutes. Any boy who will follow this plan will discover before many weeks that he is easily superior to his classmates in almost any athletic work he undertakes, while headaches and other ills so common to growing lads will be unknown to him. —Harper's Bazar.

A Careless Shot.

A gun loaded with shot was fired into the carriage of a newly married couple who were returning from church in Cornwall. The shot passed through the window of the vehicle, close to the faces of the occupants, and entered the back of the driver. The gun was fired as a sign of rejoicing. —London Tit-Bits.

A Comparison.

Samuel Beazley, the architect, not long before his death wrote so melancholy a letter to a friend that the latter declared, "It was like the first chapter of Jeremiah." "You are mistaken, my dear fellow," retorted Beazley. "It is the last chapter of Samuel." —Exchange.

The Kalmucks Freed.

The Kalmucks of Astrakhan, a roving people numbering about 150,000, have at last been freed from serfdom. When the other Russian serfs were freed in 1861, it was considered dangerous to extend the privilege to these people owing to their wildness. —Exchange.

A Fair Warning.

Cook (on the day after her arrival)—Please, mum, I'm a bit fiery at times, and when I'm fiery I'm apt to be a bit rough spoken, but you needn't let that put you about. With a little present you can all bring me 'round again. —Exchange.

There is no royal road to success any more than there is a royal road to learning. But any intelligent young man who is honest, ambitious, observant, hardworking, patient and healthy is pretty certain to make his mark in business. —Exchange.

A tree which furnishes a most valuable product for the use of man, the camphor tree, is found in Japan on the slopes of mountains, and, like the cinchona, exhibits much hardihood and ability to adapt itself to climatic conditions.

The method of reasoning pursued by some children may be simple enough, but the results are often disastrous. A book of reminiscences by the teacher of the infant class would undoubtedly prove fatal.

In Ceylon experiments have shown that it is more economical to dry tea leaves by electricity than by the old method, and extensive plants have been erected for that purpose.

Some one says women live longer than men. This is undoubtedly so. We know a charming young actress who was on the stage 40 years ago, and she is only 32 now.

A Dancer With a Rubber Foot.

"It is surprising how nicely a man can walk with a rubber foot," remarked a traveling man at the La-de-le, around whom a group of listeners were sitting. "I attended a ball last week in a town in Illinois and was introduced to a gentleman from Ohio, who had for a partner the prettiest lady in the ballroom. During the evening I had occasion to notice this couple, who were conceded to be the most graceful dancers in the hall. In all round dances they were partners, and the most intricate fig-

ures were executed with a charming ease and grace excelled by none, except they be teachers of the poetry of motion."

"Next day, after I had waited upon my customers and gone to the hotel, I came my friend of the night before, walking on a pair of crutches and one leg off at the knee joint. I was surprised and remarked, 'You certainly are not the gentleman I met last night at the ball.' Most assuredly I am, but after placing all the evening my leg becomes wearied, and to give it a rest I leave my rubber foot at home the next day. I can feel the sensation now as if my toes were cramped by a pair of tight shoes. Otherwise I feel no inconvenience in the loss of my lower limb." —St. Louis Republic.

Mr. Gladstone at Home.

When relieved from the affairs of state, Mr. Gladstone finds no pleasure so great as his home life at Harwarden. There his family are gathered together, and the great man romps and plays with his grandchildren as though he never knew what it was to be blamed for everything that went wrong in all Great Britain and her colonies. Mr. Gladstone is a wonderful scholar, a busy writer and speaker, but the little Gladstone children know him best as a good, kind grandfather who is fond of fun. He, too, would prefer to enjoy his company rather than to be surrounded by England's great men at an all night session of parliament.

His other recreations are walking and—this is really very funny—chopping down trees. Our great George Washington, according to tradition, had a like fondness in his youth, but had probably outgrown such fancies. Mr. Gladstone, however, is an expert woodman, and though he doesn't destroy valuable cherry trees he goes out with his ax and takes the keenest pleasure in felling trees in Harwarden park. —Harper's Young People.

Risks From the Sea.

Geologists have collected in Barbadoes and other islands in that region some curious information, which they publish as evidence that during the pliocene period, when man is supposed to have made his advent, the whole of the Caribbean region was deeply submerged. They found plenty of earth not only in Barbadoes, but also in Jamaica and Cuba, which contain great quantities of the remains of radiolaria. At present no radiolarian ooze is found on the floor of the Caribbean sea, although the greater part of the sea is more than 12,000 feet deep.

These earths must of course have been deposited in the depths of the sea, and it is inferred that in the course of time they were raised thousands of feet until they became a part of the land surface. Mr. Jukes, Brown and Professor Harrison think that the oceanic deposits of Barbadoes were formed at a depth of 12,000 to 18,000 feet below the sea level. Professor Sollas says that it can no longer be accepted as an assured fact that deep sea deposits never enter into the composition of land masses. —American Register.

For Diffusing Light Indoors.

A well known Boston investigator in economics has been experimenting with various kinds of glass to ascertain the one best adapted for windows in laboratories, engraving rooms, weaving rooms, etc. In these places a strong light is desired, which at the same time shall be free from glare and shadow. Shades are unsatisfactory at all times. The experiments so far show that ribbed or fluted glass most nearly meets the required conditions. About 22 ribs to the inch are desirable. This kind of glass absorbs much less outdoor light than a shaded window and not much more than clear glass. —Buffalo News.

Enviied Rabbits.

Johnny (looking up from his arithmetic with a sigh)—Oh, papa, I wish I was a rabbit!

Father—Indeed! And why would you like to be a rabbit, my son?

Johnny—Because I was reading a book today which said that they multiplied with astonishing rapidity. —Exchange.

An Armless Man's Sincere Wish.

Mr. Lynch of Elizabeth who has no arms, was told one night last week about a man in this city who is similarly afflicted. "Is that so," said Mr. Lynch. "Well, the best luck I can wish him is that we may meet some day and shake hands." —Newark (N. J.) Call.

A Devotee of Art.

First Boy—My sister is taking painting lessons.

Second Boy—Why?

First Boy—Cause Susie Stuckup is color blind and can't. —Good News.

A Latter Day Marriage.

Downston—So you are really going to be married!

Upston—Yes, it's all fixed. We've rented a furnished flat, and I've hired a dress suit for the occasion, and Marie has borrowed her cousin's wedding rig, and a new caterer has agreed to lend us his plaster of paris show cake, provided I mention his name in the papers. —New York Weekly.

Some Good Sized Gold Nuggets.

Smith's Flat, a celebrated mining locality in California, turned out some good sized nuggets, one of 140 ounces, valued at \$2,717, and one of 140 ounces, which sold for \$2,635, and a third of 94 ounces, which was as good as a find of \$1,770 to the lucky miner who discovered it. —St. Louis Republic.

Good Employment For Saturdays.

"Tommy! Tommy! Do stop that shouting, my boy."

"But, mamma, what's the use of hollering if you can't holler?" —Harper's Bazar.

EXAMINING A WITNESS.

How General Butler Discredited the Testimony of a Conductor.

General Butler as counsel for the plaintiff in a damage case against one of the Boston street railway companies, some years since, turned a point in his client's favor and won his case by an adroit and original move. The accident in question had taken place in a crowded street, and the testimony was contradictory and confusing. The conductor of the car, on the witness stand, swore point blank against the plaintiff. His evidence was concise, and he claimed to have seen all the occurrences of the affair and described them minutely. The general's client at every turn. It was manifest that if the conductor told the truth the plaintiff had no case.

The general took up the cross examination, but the witness stuck to his story.

"What is that?" said the general, pointing to the bell neck suspended from the witness' neck.

"Bell neck," was the answer.

"And what is a bell neck?" inquired the general.

Then followed a lengthy explanation of how the machine rang the bell to attract the passengers' attention that the amount was being recorded by the machinery on the inside. The whys and wherefores, the necessity for the thing and the company's rules were gone into until the court was well nigh out of patience and the jury were plainly wearying.

"And what do you do if a mistake is made and you come out short with you and the machine are at variance?" was the general's query.

"They make us pay the difference," was the answer.

"Won't they take your word for it?"

"No."

"Well, if they won't take your word for a nickel they needn't expect this jury to believe you," said the general, and they didn't, for they gave the plaintiff a substantial verdict.

I would not have my readers think the general intended any slur upon street car conductors, who are as honest and honorable as the rest of us. The general had a way of "getting there," no matter who was bit.

—Boston Globe.

Fickleness, Thy Name Is Mainie Girl!

The other day a Lewiston young lady made an agreement with one of her admirers to go out walking that evening. Later she met another woman she invited to call that same evening. She had forgotten the first. Then when a third one of her beaux made his appearance she agreed to go walking with him. In the evening the first young man came for her. She went, and soon the second arrived, and being told that she was out he said he would go and meet her.

When she saw him coming, she remembered her engagement, excused herself from the first young man and walked with the second. They came to a confectionery store, and she remained outside while he went in after chocolates. The third young man came along while she waited, and he graciously pronounced oh with him. Now she says she will be more careful of her appointments. —Lewiston Journal.

Pine Trees on Volcanoes.

Every one who admires trees must be interested in the result of Professor Heilprin's studies of the pines that clothe the slopes of the great volcanic mountains of Mexico.

These huge peaks seem to have pierced their way upward through a mantle of pine forest, which clings to their sides up to a height of nearly 31 miles.

The vertical range of the pine in Mexico is remarkable. It is found among the sun loving palm trees at the foot of the mountains, and it stands defiant of the cold close to the perpetual snows that cover their summits. —Youth's Companion.

Columbian Stamps For Etiquette.

An elderly lady in a modest manner leaned over the counter of a sweet and drug store, and pointing to a letter with a Columbian stamp asked:

"Will you please tell me if these stamps are good for just common use?" When assured that they were so intended, she bowed politely and remarked as she left: "I didn't know. I thought they were to be used for stamps for etiquette."

"I have to answer that same question 10 times a day," said the clerk, "but I wonder what she meant by etiquette." —Baltimore Sun.

Fast Talkers.

When Charles Matthews was in this country, the rapidity of his speech was a cause of much astonishment, but there was no loss of distinctness on that account. He was said to be the most rapid talker and singer on the stage. Sarah Bernhardt talks at a furious speed sometimes, but every speech that is to be spoken fast is practiced again and again, a little more quickly each time, in order to insure clearness of utterance. —New York Sun.

KINDNESS WELL REPAID.

How a Little Act of Consideration Won Distinction For a Traveler.

An Englishman making the grand tour about the middle of the last century, when travelers were more objects of attention than they are now, on arriving at Turin sauntered out to see the place.

He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from parade and took a position to see it pass. A young captain, evidently anxious to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water courses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself lost his hat.

The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed and looked at the Englishman, expecting

to see him laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and taking it up presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner.

The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude and hurried to rejoin his company. The stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment and without a word spoken, it touched every heart, not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity "which never faileth."

On the regiment's being dismissed the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command, and when the Englishman returned to his hotel he found an aid-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at headquarters.

In the evening he was carried to court, at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe.

Of course during his stay at Turin he was invited everywhere, and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different states of Italy. —Philadelphia Times.

Genuine Politeness.

In the compartment with me were three old Hindoo merchants, gray bearded, dignified and respectable, who evidently were natives of the better sort.

Breakfast time came. We were still many hot and dusty miles from a refreshment station, and from the old gentleman, who had evidently traveled before, evolved a supply of cooked food.

It consisted simply of a large bowl of "dal," like stiff pea soup, and a pile of "chapathies," small, leathery, unleavened pancakes made of flour.

With my usual indifference to the wants of my inner man, I had neglected to provide myself with a luncheon, and while I was thinking of the nice breakfast I should have in two or three hours one of the old gentlemen suddenly thrust his fingers into the bowl of cooked "dal."

They had no spoons, forks or knives—scooped up a generous handful, plastered it over a little pile of "chapathies," and with a benevolent beam over his spectacles handed it to me.

I was completely taken back for an instant, for the old gentleman's hands were as crumpled as mine; but I accepted the food with my politest bow and ate it with every appearance of gratitude.

I would have eaten it had it been ten times as dirty as it was. The act was as friendly as any man could perform, and I was pleased with its pure charity and benevolence, if not with the food. —Two Years In a Jungle.

Chaffing of London City Drivers.

There are few classes of men who possess a readier fund of anecdote or a greater quickness at repartee than bus drivers. Unfortunately, however, much of their humor is lost when committed to paper, for it isn't exactly what they say, it's the funny way they say it, that, during some passage of arms between two rival coachmen, often provokes the risibilities of their passengers to the fullest extent.

These single horse buses which ply between Charing Cross and Westminster bridge come in for a large share of withering remarks as well as their patrons, owing no doubt to the fact that the fare by one of them is only a halfpenny, as against a penny by any of the other vehicles.

"Now, then, miss," exclaimed the driver of an Atlas to an old lady who was feeling for her purse preparatory to getting inside the halfpenny "chamber of horrors," "if you haven't the necessary spondulicks, run home and get a couple of empty medicine bottles or a few white rags 'hell take 'em." —London Tit-Bits.

A Paradox.

"Third edition! Here's yer third edition!" yelled a New York newsboy in the afternoon.

A man who might have been, from his appearance, a professor in a country college stopped him.

"Give me a copy of the first edition," he said.

"Ain't none," replied the boy.

"But, my boy," remonstrated the man earnestly, "there must be. The presence of a third edition presupposes the existence of a first and second. Indeed there has been a previous first and second. That is an axiom."

The boy opened his eyes in astonishment and doubt.

"Come off, cully!" he ejaculated.

"You don't know nothin about New York evenin' newspapers. Here's yer third edition!" and away he went yelling at the top of his voice. —Detroit Free Press.

A Mistake.

Of "Dumas le savant" a good story is told. Nothing annoyed the great chemist so much as being mistaken for the novelist. On one occasion a lion hunting English lady, after praising him in the most effusive language, and observing that she knew every line of his writings, from "Monte Cristo" to "Mousquetaires," added, "I hope you will allow me to send you a card for my next voyage."

"Madame, I am in no way connected with the writer you allude to," said the savant, with a cold disdain that no assinine, snub proof coat of mail could resist. "Oh, I thought you were the great Mr. Dumas," exclaimed the bewildered lady. —Mrs. Crosse.

She Couldn't Be.

Miss Pearl—Did you ever look at yourself in the glass when you were angry?

Rival Belle—No, I'm never angry when I look in the glass. —New York Weekly.

ETIQUETTE OF DINNERS.

How the Various Dishes Should Be Served and Eaten.

One may be refined and elegant, yet unless continually given over to a round of social entertaining may find one's self at a loss when invited to some swell dinner and more ceremonious etiquette required than for informal affairs just among the family.

On elegant tables each plate is accompanied by two large silver knives, a small silver knife and fork for fish, a small fork for oysters, a tablespoon for soup and three large forks. The napkin is folded in the center with a piece of bread upon it. As the courses are served the knives and forks and spoons that have been used are removed with the plate. Fish should be eaten with a silver knife, and if full of bones needs the use of the knife as well. For sweet breads, cutlets, roast beef, etc., the knife is also necessary, but for croquettes, rissoles, bondies a la Reine, timbales and dishes of that class the fork is required.

When dessert is reached, everything save the tablecloth and floral decorations is removed. A dessert plate with a small silver spoon, a dessert spoon and fork and sometimes a small plated fork and spoon for ices are placed before each guest.

Pears and apples are peeled with a silver knife, cut in quarters and eaten with the fingers. Grapes should be eaten from behind the half closed hand, the stones and skins falling into the fingers unobserved and thence to the plate. Oranges are eaten with a spoon.

Salad is eaten with a fork, but needs a knife to cut large leaves that have not been divided before serving. Cheese is eaten with a fork, though soft cheeses are spread on a bit of cracker or bread and conveyed to the mouth by the fingers.

Saladvellers are now placed at each plate, and it is not improper to take salt with the knife.

If sorbets are served before the game, a dessert spoon accompanies them, but it is not among the original number placed on the table. The small after dinner coffee spoon is used with the tiny cups of the black beverage that concludes all dinners.

The spoon is the most dangerous implement of the dinner, so far as its correct usage is concerned. Soup is always taken taken from the side and is eaten noiselessly. To push the spoon into the mouth either end first or otherwise is decidedly vulgar. —Philadelphia Times.

The Many Uses of French Felt. French felt is made into ribbon and bands of every description. That an eighth of an inch wide is used more than other widths. It is made into rosettes and mounted on wire stems, like pompons, for hat trimmings. It is braided into gimps and wide flat bands. Quarter-inch felt ribbon makes rosettes used without being mounted. Felt ribbon 1, 2 and 3 inches wide is twisted about hats and bonnets in rolls and tied in big bows. It comes in all shades.

Whole hats and bonnets are made of the felt gimp. The felt gimp and braid is sold by the bolt and yard. Some of it, not over an inch wide, sells at \$2 a yard. The dark blue threaded with a gold tinsel makes an effective trimming for a blue cloth gown and turban. Felt ribbon and soutache braid are twisted together. —Exchange.

Eat Food Slowly. Digestion will not begin till the temperature of the food has been raised by the heat of the stomach to 98 degrees. Hence the more heat that can be imparted to it by slow mastication the better.

The precipitation of a large quantity of cold food into the stomach by fast eating may, and often does, cause discomfort and indigestion, and every occasion of this kind results in a measurable injury to the digestive functions. Ice water drunk with cold food of course increases the mischief. Hot drinks—hot water, weak tea, chocolate, etc.—will on the contrary help to prevent it. But eat slowly anyway. —Jenness Miller's "Illustrated."

Edison's Inventions Ape Egyptian Ideas. Until I went to Egypt I had a lively admiration for Mr. Edison. It is true his inventions seem to complicate life, but at any rate they were new.

After visiting Egypt, I believe half of them are simple infringements of old Egyptian ideas, the patents for which have long since expired. Professor Pazzi Smyth is sure (I am not) that the Pyramid of Cheops contains a revelation of nearly all the scientific discoveries of the last 6,000 years. —Cornhill Magazine.

Highly Satisfactory. Jemima Ann—If you please, mom, I've come in answer to the advertisement for a cook.

Lady of Few Words—Yes, Character all right?

Jemima Ann—As right as rain, mom. If it hadn't a bin suitable, I shouldn't a come. I knows the last three gals as had the place, an they all gives you a very high character indeed! —Pick Me Up.

He Felt Better.

At Eastbourne a tradesman was charged with attempting to commit suicide by driving four long nails into his head. The medical man who gave evidence in the case produced four nails, which he had with difficulty withdrawn from the prisoner's head. The prisoner said he felt better after he had driven them in. —London Tit-Bits.

Glad to Do It.

Sick Husband—Will you see that my grave is kept green?

Wife—Yes, indeed, jove; I'll have you buried in the Evergreen cemetery, where they make a specialty of keeping graves green without extra charge. —Texas Siftings.

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VOL. VII.

1877

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Outpost Duty in the Russian Army.
In the German army every soldier is taught to act intelligently on outpost duty and in scouting operations, and this is not too much to require in a country where every soldier reads and writes and can readily understand a map and compass. In Russia, however, where nine-tenths of the people cannot read or write and have lost the faculty of thinking consecutively, the army cannot teach the soldier much more than to move as with a machine. In order to have a force of good men for picket work and advance skirmishing they have adopted this plan:

Each company sends four of its most intelligent men to a select body called the scouting corps, and as the Russian regiment has four battalions, with four companies each, that gives a regimental scout force of 64. This service is very popular, for it is full of variety, and though the hardship is great the food is good, for hunting and fishing are in the programme. The men are practiced in every kind of woodcraft and are expected to develop as much ingenuity and self reliance as an Indian scout in our service. They must sail, row, swim, climb, find their way by map and compass, slip through the enemy's lines, procure every variety of information and escape capture at all hazards.—Poulney Bigelow in Harper's.

Over the Telephone.
He—Hullo.
She—Hullo.
He—Is that you, Miss Barker?
She—Yes, I'm here. Who is this?
He—Shall you be at home this evening?
She—That depends on who you are. Who are you?
He—Don't you recognize my voice?
She—I don't know. It sounds like Charlie Higgins' voice. Are you Charlie Higgins?
He—No, I'm not Charlie Higgins. I am Mr. Browne.
She—Jimmy Browne?
He—No, George.
She—Yes, I'm home. Are you coming around?
He—I don't know. Shall I?
She—Oh, I don't care. Very glad to see you if you come.
He—Then I'll be there about 8.
She—All right. Come early.
He—Yes—er—do you think you'd care to go to the theater with my mother and me?
She—I don't know.

Valuable Insects.
Perhaps there are few substances contributed by animals to the materia medica of greater value or more extensively beneficial than certain species of insects. Of these there are none more highly esteemed for medicinal purposes than those beautiful, shining, green colored insects known as blistering beetles, or cantharides. Their corrosive action is so great that they frequently inflame and excoriate the hands of those who collect them, and on this property their chief medicinal virtue depends. They are generally used in the form of plasters or ointment, and in cases of violent visceral inflammation their external use can scarcely be supplied by any other medicine. Tons of these insects are yearly imported, principally from southern Europe.—London Tit-Bits.

Ointments from Whales.
Spermaceti, which is often used internally in catarrh and other affections, as well as in the form of ointments for wounds and excoriations of the skin, is obtained from the head of a monster of the whale kind which abounds in the south seas, while the highly esteemed ambergris is only a condition of disease in the same animal.—London Tit-Bits.

THE BACKLOG FIRE.

I'm in for progress and all that, Nor with a scientist would I quit Unless he should arouse my ire By sneering at the backlog fire.

None ever prized improvements more Than I do—when they save a "chore"— But let none of 'em dare aspire To get beyond a backlog fire.

The hotel "lift" and pyrograph, The engine and the telegraph— These works I praise of steam and wire, But also, please, the backlog fire.

The phonograph and autophone— All Edison's electric zone— Are welcome if they don't conspire Against the rare old backlog fire.

Your patent heaters, low down grates And oil stoves make not useful mates, But when I tune my golden lyre I'll sing about the backlog fire.

Fashion's votaries flutter round The register when "teas" abound; They prize not the crown of all desire— That best befits a backlog fire.

Ices and bonbons, fancy fruit And dainty cigarettes to boot Are apt to wear an aspect dire If served beside a backlog fire.

But if a tale you like to hear, Crack nuts, eat apples, make good cheer, Then have the crown of all desire— A blazing, roaring backlog fire.

—William Struthers in Detroit Free Press.

HER COMPLEXION.

Mrs. Redmayne was decidedly pretty. She dressed well and was very careful in wearing only the colors that suited her. She was a fragile, delicate looking little woman and affected half lights, like a rare fern; the strong sunlight with its fierce glare did not suit her. Her little drawing room—"my little nest," as she used to call it—was shaded by heavy lace curtains; stained glass, Japanese screens and a thousand and one pretty things, each interesting and beautiful in its way, were crammed into it; but not one of the pretty trifles was half so interesting and beautiful as pretty little Mrs. Redmayne herself.

She was a pathetic creature, too, doubly fascinating, doubly dangerous, when narrating the troubles and trials she had experienced during her married life, and with her troubles and trials she was accustomed to entertain her numerous adherents in the drawing room of her little bison residence in Blank street, Mayfair. There was something almost intoxicating in the heavy odor of sandalwood and potpourri mixed which pervaded the apartment.

Mrs. Redmayne herself, like most eminent consulting physicians, never received more than one patient at a time. Her visitors were all men—not that there was anything about Mrs. Redmayne, but she did not encourage lady callers. She invited a few female intimates to dinner, but she took very good care that those ladies whom she distinguished by her friendship should be good talkers and at all events plain enough to act as foils.

The real fact is that Mrs. Redmayne had married the justice because he was reputed to be a very wealthy man, and Cissy Redmayne herself, as a girl, had known all the real bitterness of poverty, being a poor curate's daughter. Justice Redmayne's income was very large when he married the paragon's only child. Though he was 60, and an experienced man of the world, it was purely a love match on his side. Till she was 12, Miss Cissy had dreamed of pretty frocks and a pretty house, of good living, of an endless succession of balls and entertainments and of the public recognition of her own beauty.

In marrying Justice Redmayne she secured all these things and escaped from the life of a poor curate's daughter. She was, though he fondly loved his pocket Venus of a wife, loved old port wine still better, and after 10 years of happiness the justice felt a victim to his favorite poison and left Cissy £5,000 in hard cash and the freehold of the little house in Mayfair. And then Mrs. Redmayne made the following simple calculation: "I can live at the rate of £3,000 a year for three years, somebody worth having will marry me in that time, and if I fail to find the somebody I must throw up the game and go back to papa and cold mutton."

From this it will be seen that pretty Mrs. Redmayne was a practical business woman. She had been quite right. Several times a good many nobodies had paid her a great deal of attention, but not one of the nobodies got half so much encouragement as Lieutenant and Captain Strongthearm of her majesty's Carpet Warriors. To be a Carpet Warrior nowadays needs a considerable deal of money, blood or interest. Jack Strongthearm had money and interest too.

He was a fool, but the mere fact of his being a fool by no means disqualified him for the Carpet Warriors. They have their own special club, where they drink magnanimous of costly drink and peculiarly dry champagne for lunch; they play whist there on an afternoon and backgammon and dominoes until the small hours of the morning, and a good deal of money changes hands. As a rule, save for the wealthy, three years as a Carpet Warrior is seldom exceeded—a man either marries, exchanges into a cheaper regiment or bursts up. It is a short life and a merry one, and it is a very great privilege indeed to be a Carpet Warrior at all.

Now, Lieutenant and Captain Strongthearm, being wealthy, was quite a veteran among the Warriors; he had been 10 years in the regiment, and he was deservedly looked up to by his brother officers as a connoisseur and judge of beauty. He was very critical and terribly hard to please. He it was who had plucked the chances of Lady Dorothy Fitz-Urse when he gave her the nickname of "Dolly the Dairymaid" and likened her lovely pink and white complexion to strawberries and cream. Many had been the nets laid by wily mothers for that too wary bird, Captain Strongthearm, but no one, till he met

Mrs. Redmayne, had succeeded in putting salt upon his tail. But Strongthearm was very far gone indeed upon the widow.

Twice during the justice's lifetime had he solemnly entreated her to fly with him. On the first occasion she had simply replied, "If you were not so terribly tall, I'd box your ears." The second time he had been shown the door and Justice Redmayne's wife had cut him for a whole month. Nothing increased man's affection like a real good snubbing, and Captain Strongthearm, now she was a widow, not only fervently loved Mrs. Redmayne—he actually revered her. He assiduously paid her court. He was never tired of dancing attendance upon the little widow, and he praised her till his brother officers were sick of her very name. And now he was her accepted lover, and although their marriage was not announced it was tacitly understood.

Strongthearm had but one failing; he smoked morning, noon and night. It was a real grievance to him that the queen's regulations did not allow him to smoke on parade. Now Mrs. Redmayne, laced tobacco, and ever since his courtship Strongthearm had become a non-smoker for her dear sake. It was a severe penance to him, but he bore it like a man; he suffered in silence and never complained.

But one fatal afternoon Strongthearm was tempted and Strongthearm fell. A very excited personage, indeed, was accustomed occasionally to drop into the Warriors' club. Once inside its exclusive walls the exalted personage used to unbend and become very much like an ordinary mortal. His proceedings were always exactly the same. He would take up his position in front of the fire or at the window, according to the season of the year, order a brandy and soda, pull out his cigar case and politely offer a cigar to one of the Warriors, and then for the next half hour the distinguished personage was but an ordinary member of the club. But there is an etiquette even in little things.

No one had ever been known to refuse to smoke the offered regalia—it was a kind of royal command which could not be disobeyed—and so it happened that Strongthearm, who had been innocently sitting at the window waiting for Mrs. Redmayne's little victoria to pass, found himself the recipient of the royal bounty in the shape of a very dark looking Havana of exquisite flavor. There was nothing for it. The captain lighted up with a smile and a groan, and all the other Warriors envied him his luck, and then he and the distinguished personage continued to stare out of the window and criticize the passersby.

They had not been three minutes there when the little victoria flashed past, with its cockaded coachman and its pair of fiery chestnuts. The big pink sunshade was tilted on one side, and pretty little Mrs. Redmayne looked up at the window and smiled. Then Strongthearm blushed to his ears and returned her salute as did the distinguished personage at his side.

"I fancy that how was meant for you, You're a lucky fellow, Captain Strongthearm. Ahem! Who is she?" Strongthearm would have liked to lie to him, but that unfortunately is contrary to etiquette. "Widow of Justice Redmayne," he replied. "At least I believe so."

"Seemed to know one of us at all events," said the distinguished personage. "Splendid complexion. Wonder if it is her own?"

"Oh, it's perfectly genuine," blurted out Strongthearm, and then he felt that he had made an ass of himself.

The president of the Warriors' club (he was likewise the titular colonel of a regiment) looked annoyed. He did not say anything, however, but went on calmly fanning himself and Captain Strongthearm. Strongthearm would have bolted if he had dared, but the stern, unwritten law of tyrant custom forbade it.

"I wonder whether her complexion would stand the clove test," said the distinguished personage. "It's a wonderful thing, that clove test," he continued, with the air of one about to impart a scientific fact. "You know the clove test, Captain Strongthearm?"

The distinguished personage, like the rest of his family, hardly ever forgets a name.

"Can't say I do, your."

"Not know the clove test? I've known it ever since I was a boy," burst in the other. "It's an invaluable thing to know—an infallible test. You get a clove, you know, and you've only got to get near enough to the suspected cheek—and that's not generally so very difficult, by golly—and just to breathe upon it, and if it's painted it turns black at once!"

And there was instantly a chorus of testimony to the truth of the distinguished personage's assertion from the Warriors present.

"You don't seem to be getting on with that weed," continued the distinguished personage; "try another," and out came the hospitable cigar case. There was nothing for it. "To hear is to obey" is in London as solemn a duty as at the sublime port. Strongthearm accepted the cigar, and this time took good care not to let it go out. The conversation then became general, and the distinguished personage—having turned his back for an instant—Captain Strongthearm seized the opportunity to make his escape.

And as he went down the stairs of the Warriors' club his soul was tortured by unworthy suspicions. Was it possible that Cissy Redmayne's complexion was not her own? "At any rate," thought the captain to himself, "I'll get some clove." He took the beautifully smelling of the smoke away anyhow. And he went into the nearest chemist and made his purchase. Then he had his hair brushed at Douglas and was vaporized with strong odors, and he bought a squeezer of "The Exclusive Bouquet" from the young lady with the ringlets, and then

he jumped into a cab and drove straight to Mayfair, and in the cab he decorated his garments to the best of his ability with the pungent perfume and munched away at his packet of cloves.

The captain was not unexpected. There was pretty little Mrs. Redmayne in a very low chair indeed, her little Dresden tea equipage upon a top table of bamboo plush and embroidery. There were only two tuncups, so the captain must certainly have been expected.

Never had Cissy Redmayne looked so charming. A crimson satin tea gown would be trying to most women, but the tea gown and the old lace with which it was trimmed suited Cissy Redmayne's blond beauty, and as he gazed at her with a lover's eyes the enormous captain swore to himself that he had never seen so pretty a picture as that formed by Cissy and her artistic surroundings. The heavy odor of sandalwood seemed to act like an intoxicant to the gallant officer, and when the little Louis Quinze shoe, with its coral buckle, was innocently protruded, the captain felt that he was the luckiest of men.

"You hardly noticed me, Captain Strongthearm," said Mrs. Redmayne, with a little pout, "when I passed the club windows this afternoon. I can quite understand it. I recognized him at once. I could see the people taking off their hats a hundred yards off. Oh, Jack, how I envied you!"

"So did I, I think, when you bowed," he replied, with a smile.

"You're quite a classic Warrior today, Captain Strongthearm. How you've scented yourself! I've been reading 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' and I know that they went in for it tremendously in those days. Why, you're perfumed like a milliner," as Shakespeare—or was it Bacon?—says. You needn't stroke my hand as if it were a kitten. What a very curious perfume, Captain Jack!"

"The fact is, Cissy, that he who must be obeyed always drinks gin and cloves of an afternoon."

When a Carpet Warrior stoops to a lie, he prefers to use a good large one.

"I like him for that," she said; "there's a touching humility about it that I admire."

"Yes, and of course we all have to do the same—out of tumbler, you know, no heel taps," said Strongthearm, expanding his legs as if it were a concertina.

"Now let's talk about ourselves," he said affectionately. "Cissy, dear, why should we shilly shally any longer? I'm not eloquent, Cissy."

"Don't talk of eloquence," said Mrs. Redmayne petulantly. "The poor justice lived by it, and I know exactly what it's worth," and she drew her lace handkerchief across her eyes as a tribute to the memory of the departed.

"I'm a plain man," continued the captain as he expanded his mighty chest.

"You're the only person who thinks so," said Mrs. Redmayne, with a little purr of pleased proprietorship.

"Awfully good of you, I'm sure," said the captain. "You don't help a fellow a bit, Cissy. What I wanted to say was—and the traitor slid his chair close to hers, keeping tight hold of her hand all the time. "I'll whisper it, Cissy," he said, and his voice trembled in its excitement.

The poor little woman turned her cheek toward him. She thought the wretch was going to kiss her, and she was nothing loth. Such innocent familiarities are very dear to engaged persons. A smile of anticipatory pleasure stole over her countenance as she felt his hot breath upon her cheek. And then she gave a little scream of terror as he suddenly dropped her hand with a military obliquation.

"Cissy—Mrs. Redmayne," he exclaimed. "Good heavens," and then he became scarlet in his indignation.

"Captain Strongthearm," said Mrs. Redmayne severely as she rose to her feet in unmingled astonishment and terror, "you ought not to have come here. You've been drinking. Don't deny it, Jack," she added excitedly. "You look exactly like poor old Redmayne used to look when he returned from the monthly dinners. But Justice Redmayne drank port wine, like a gentleman; he didn't fuddle himself with gin and cloves."

"I haven't been drinking, Mrs. Redmayne," Farwell, Cissy," he added tragically. "We shall never meet again, except in society. Look in my glass, the unhappy woman, and you will learn the dreadful truth. Farwell forever!" and seizing his hat he rushed from the room.

Mrs. Redmayne turned in astonishment to the mirror. What could those terrible words mean? Alas! one side of her face was covered by a hideous, smutty looking discoloration. Little Mrs. Redmayne gave an shriek and rushed and fell fainting in a heap on the white bearskin hearth rug.

He never told her secret, for Jack Strongthearm was a gentleman. Pretty little Mrs. Redmayne had played her cards and lost the game. Within the twelvemonth the brokers were in the little bison house in Mayfair, and Cissy Redmayne returned to her papa, the curate, and the cold mutton. She does a great deal of good in the parish and is a pretty, soft eyed little woman still, a trifle pale perhaps, for she never seeks to paint her face now, knowing as she does that the clove test is infallible.—C. J. Wilks in Argonaut.

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PASCHAL GREETING.

"Peace be to you!" is the greeting of the church to the faithful during this season. It was the greeting of Christ in the times when universal peace reigned over the Roman world, and it had then the meaning it even now has, for the peace of God is ever the same.

"Peace be to you!" What deep meaning lies in the words! And this not merely for the faithful ones who cling about the altar drinking in from the fountain of peace a foretaste of its celestial repletion, but also for the busy wrangling crowd of those jaded souls peace is an idle dream.

How strange it is, this peace of God! How serenely it reigns through all that visible creation over which the hand of man has no control! Your eyes scan the heavens at night and drink in the beauty of the myriad stars that sparkle in its vastness; they seem as idly scattered by the hand of the Almighty, as the chance wind scatters the dust in the street. And yet there is not one of those immense globes that does not move in a fixed determined orbit; not one deviates for an instant from the path marked out for it by the finger of God.

Thus might it ever have been but for the disturbing power of man. He alone has introduced the element of discord into its sublime harmonies. He alone is responsible for the changes of earth's beauty. How sublime would not the song of creation be were the earth too, able to join in its concert! But it must hold aloof, for upon the green tint of its light there is the shadow of sin. It was sin alone that could bring discord upon earth and perpetuate it thereon.

How often we reflect upon the terrible judgment of God that caused Him to destroy by a deluge almost all the human race! Infidels have called this act cruel. How little they reflect upon the immense damage it is possible for man to do!

And yet man by his nature should be the apostle of peace. It is the devotion from nature that creates disturbance. It is the deviation from God that destroys peace. We have dreamt of an earth over which brooded universal peace. It was fairer than our own earth not only in the products of unimpeded nature, but also in the results of art and science. Men knew not the meaning of hate and instead of studying how to thwart each other or how to advance upon the ruins of a brother's hope, each lived for the other and the only tears that were shed were the tears of happiness. At the table, or in the drawing rooms, the parents sat with their children gathered about them, and love mingled with intelligence, wit, humor and laughter made the hours of life fleet away like moments of enchantment, but over every door of that earth was written the word, "Peace," and in every heart of those people were written the words, "Peace in God."

And there was another vision or rather a reality, wherein we saw the picture of this earth. The men therein had savage countenances and went about with clinched fists and watchful eyes. And many of them had blood upon their hands—the blood of their own brothers, slain for money. Everyone pushed on straight ahead, and woe to the weak one who should chance to stand in the way; he must pay his penalty by death or slavery. We asked one what it all meant, and he answered by the single word, "Progress." And we asked what was written upon the hearts of the men upon the earth, and he answered, "They have no hearts." They have progressed into anarchy, disorder, disunion and the incarnate spirit of hate, and the reason is because they have forgotten their God.

These two visions express the difference not merely between peace and discord, but also between a world with God and a world without Him. The moment a nation forgets God it will progress perhaps in earthly wealth and comfort but every dollar of its wealth has been coined out of the heart's blood of a victim, and if there be civilization in that nation, over all that civilization hangs like a funeral pall the curse of God which comes in the absence of all hope in Him. God is the Lord of order, and where there is no God there is anarchy. How appropriate, then, in these times when the wheels of Progress are rushing on like the wheels of a juggernaut, not prudently, but wildly, crushing out the lives of the born and even of the unborn, how appropriate the greeting of the Savior of men bringing to us the message of peace, the peace that is of religion, the peace of Faith and Hope and Love, the peace that begins on this earth, with suffering, perhaps, but which finds its repletion, its complete fulfillment only in the home of eternal peace, which is in the bosom of God.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS' LATEST JOKE.

The following statement was made by Mr. Charles Francis Adams before a Legislative Committee in Boston a few days ago, as reported by the Boston Advertiser, "to compel foreign corporations to make returns to the Secretary of State as is proposed in the McVoy bill, would be to drive out of the State such corporations. Massachusetts ought to tax real estate only. The time is coming when some State will pass such a law, and then every State will be obliged to follow. It is as sure to come as that water will seek its level; it is written in the book of fate. Massachusetts ought to take the lead in this matter."

The world has been amused for several years by the nonsense on economic questions, propounded by Henry George, and his faithful disciples. They are general ly loudest before election, and quickly subside. Mr. Adams who is considered somewhat erratic in his lucubrations, has joined the George School of philosophy, and proclaimed his adhesion to this financial heresy. It is doubtful if Mr. George will express much welcome for such recruits to his camp as Mr. Adams.

But high financial authority as Mr. Adams considers himself, his dictum will not be received against the recognized authority of such men as Adam Smith, McCulloch, or David Wells, and the experience of the whole world. These authorities, all describe personal property as being properly subject to taxation. Suppose for a moment that the Legislature of Massachusetts, could by any combination of circumstances, be induced to pass such a law as suggested by Mr. Adams. It would be wholly and entirely in the interest of the rich and terribly oppressive to the poor. Suppose the tax income from the millions of personal property in Boston alone should be abolished, or rather, transferred to the real estate of that city. Rents would immediately advance enormously and in order to pay these expenses, the business men would have to tremendously raise the price of their goods to the consumers who would really have to pay the increased rents. The farms would suffer an enormous addition to their tax bills which would drive their owners to ruin. The only men to reap advantage would be those whose money would not be tied up in real estate but would be snugly invested in stocks, bonds, mortgages, banks, &c. Even all this advantage would be only temporary because all these various methods of investment are of value only on account of the great farming industry which feeds the nation. A mountain of money will not make food for the starving man in a desert.

Among clear and well trained minds Mr. Charles Francis Adams' opinions on educational matters have excited nothing but surprise that he could be the author or defender of such absurd theories. In historical affairs not connected with the Adams family, his comments or deductions have brought upon him indignant resentment of his brutal treatment of great men and their deeds. In politics he is constantly proposing wondrous and visionary schemes in which the aristocrat and the rich invariably appear as a favored class—enjoying power, privileges and exemptions not to be accorded to the vulgar common people. His latest break from the ranks of conservatism to the extreme of radicalism is sudden even for him. Unless Mr. Adams is simply enjoying a huge joke, viz., that people should consider him serious on these subjects, he will hardly be considered a competent leader of thought in matters educational, historical or political. No man is a typical American who holds such ultra aristocratic opinions as those attributed to Mr. Charles Francis Adams.

PARKS FOR SOUTH AND WEST QUINCY.

Considerable newspaper talk has been made concerning a magnificent boulevard along the north east shore of Quincy. While doubtless it would be a glorious thing, and might put thousands of dollars into the pockets of the men or companies that own the land in that vicinity, we must insist that in Wards 3 and 4 the need of parks and playgrounds is far more urgent.

The boulevard can wait. South and West Quincy certainly contain more than one-half of the city's population. They are built upon by workmen whose small wages necessitate crowded localities, narrow and new streets, without water service, without sidewalks, lights, fire or police protection, and with all the other inconveniences that attend everywhere the condition of the poor man. Most of the land available for park purposes has already been occupied in these wards and if any thing is to be done, it should be done quickly or it will be too late.

The advantages of public playgrounds and parks are too manifest to require any argument in their favor. They will be still more evident if the city neglect to secure immediate possession of land central enough to be of any use. It may be objected that South Quincy has Faxon Park. It is perfectly useless for recreation except as a secluded resort for drunkards and blackguards who there may enjoy their base revels undisturbed. The approaches to Faxon Park are ill favored, dark and shabby and when the park is reached it is to be utterly unsuitable. Part of the field farm would be far more appropriate and could be put in good order for little money. Faxon Park will cost several fortunes to make it even fairly suitable. The town made a blunder when it accepted it as a gift.

Now, with regard to West Quincy. The only possible location still unused for building purposes is a part of the Robertson. It is admirably adapted for park purposes, and could be handsomely laid out in promenade, lines of trees could be planted, a splendid pond easily formed, and ample accommodation for playgrounds. The city council should attend first to the needs of the working class that has so little comfort or consolation in this world of toil and suffering, and when the poor man has been provided with the necessities of public community life, it will be time enough to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars for the enjoyment of the rich.

ANOTHER LAND DEAL.

J. Murray Howe & Bradley have sold for the estate of S. K. Bayley to Pine Bros. of this city an estate of thirty acres with buildings situated on Pleasant street, Milton. This property adjoins the large tract of fifty acres, also fronting on Pleasant street, sold by the same brokers last week, for the estate of Joseph L. Mass, to the same parties. The price paid for the thirty-acre parcel was about \$25,

000. An extensive ledge of the darkest Quincy granite has been discovered on the Lyman estate, and already several quarries have been sold. The stone on the top of the ground is very dark and as this is the highest priced granite in the market it can readily be seen that the estate is exceedingly valuable. There is a large grove of pine and oak trees and these alone will prove of great value. The new railroad that is to be built this Spring runs very handy so that a spur track will be laid and the granite being so accessible it will certainly prove a good investment. The property is within fifteen minutes walk of the East Milton depot. Pine Bros., intend placing the property upon the market and they have already received offers for several quarries from prominent Quincy granite dealers.

"CON THE SHAUGHRAH."

This elegant Irish drama will be presented at St. John's hall, School street, next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock.

A large attendance is assured and a delightful evening's entertainment is promised. The cast of characters includes: Messrs. Henry Brown, Martin Garrity, John Walsh, Thomas Hogan, John Foley, Michael T. Sullivan, John Burke, Michael White, John Ford, Michael Scully and Misses Jennie Walsh, Julia Moylan, Sarah Keating and May Garin. Tickets are in circulation. Patrons should be careful to note the day and date printed on each ticket. The small size of the hall necessitates a limited number of tickets for each night and tickets are good only on the night printed on each ticket. Remember the dates, Monday April 17—Tuesday 18—Wednesday 19.

LOCALS.

Miss Abbe is the new teacher at the High School.

Mr. John Burns of Common street is very critically ill.

Mr. Frank Hart of Brighton Seminary, spent his vacation at home.

Don't put away your fur cap or your uster. We may have sleighing yet during this month.

Miss Annie Kelley, for some time past an assistant teacher, has been appointed a regular teacher.

Mr. W. E. Brown, the purchaser of the house on the Central station lot, has moved it to Mechanic street.

Through mistake Winkfield Bros. appear on second page this month but we know you will all look at it.

"Con the Shaughrah" will be presented in St. John's hall on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week.

Be sure to see the great Irish drama "Con the Shaughrah" at St. John's hall next Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday evening.

The Butler lot of land on Hancock street seems to be the favorite location of the citizens, for the New High School building.

It is rumored that Mr. John Cavanagh of Braintree, has purchased the estate on the north westerly corner of Hancock and Elm streets.

The St. John's C. L. & A. A. will receive Holy Communion as a body next Sunday April 16, at St. John's church at the eight o'clock Mass.

The many friends of Rev. Daniel C. Riordan a native of Quincy, will be pleased to learn that he has received a splendid appointment at St. Joseph's Church, Boston Highlands.

It is rumored that some members of the Council are rather strongly inclined to take part of the yard of the Willard school for an engine house. It will not be a popular move in Ward four.

The pupils of the High School, will give an entertainment in Hancock hall next Wednesday evening. The prizes offered for the best essays and Latin and French translations, will be awarded that evening.

The Young Ladies' Charitable Association connected with the Consumptive's Home of Boston, will give an entertainment in that city during May. Several of the members of the Quincy branch will take part.

The public schools of the city reopened Monday, April 10. Over sixty new ones entered the Willard school. In order to make room for them it was found necessary to convert the store room into a schoolroom.

The ball of the Quincy court of Forester's held in the Coliseum on last evening was a very pleasant event. Fr. Francis and Fr. Cunningham honored the occasion by their presence. There were several other invited guests.

The sudden death of Mrs. Patrick Ward, nee Annie Colligan, was a shock to her host of friends. From her infancy she was an admirable girl. Her funeral at St. John's church was largely attended. May she rest in peace; Amen.

The hoodlum element is daily gaining strength and its violations of the law are growing bolder continually. The authorities should not be tender in dealing with this class. It simply has soon to be decided whether the law shall rule or whether the hoodlums.

The entertainment given recently by the members of the Sacred Heart Sunday School in Atlantic netted a handsome sum. The selections of Miss Miriam Haywood, and the club singing by Miss Mary Mahoney were very pleasing features of the evening. Mr. Cornelius Duggan's composition which was sung by Mr. John McKenna contained some excellent "hits" on Ward 6.

Quincy is growing and it is a pleasure to see some of our young firms growing as the city grows. Such is the case with the Misses Flynn, they have just made some improvements by enlarging their store, putting in new counters and a new and complete stock of dry goods equal to some of our Boston stores. Why go to Boston when you can do as well at home. Give them a call and be convinced, 12 Hancock street, Quincy.

GRANDPA'S OLD CAUBEEN.

(AIR: WEARING OF THE GREEN.)

They tell me Grover Cleveland is our President once more

His honored name with proud acclaim we greet from shore to shore

The ballots of Democracy in language plain and terse

Have placed Ben and Uncle Levi in the grand old party banner

No more we'll see young Baby McKee astride the White House cat,

Or play leap-frog with his grand sire o'er Tippecanoe's old hat;

That relic of a bygone age is knocked to southerners.

By Junior Bill McKinley's bill, poor grandpa's old caubeen.

It domineered this mighty land for four long years 'tis plain.

It went to Minneapolis and walloped Jimmy Blaine.

The British lion trembled when its shadow did appear.

The war-like Chilians were subdued it made them shake with fear.

Its power is past 'tis dead at last it met its Waterloo

The cold winds blow a mournful dirge that ancient headgear through

And men who idolized it once are nowhere to be seen

The reason why so fast to fry in grandpa's old caubeen.

The only Chairman Carter thought to carry New York state

By high protection boudle as was done in eighty-eight.

He sent for Davey Martin, who canvassed G-tham through.

Then tried to work the floating vote, but found it wouldn't do.

Alas, poor Johnny Davenport, his tactics didn't thrive.

Like those of Stovey Elkins and Dudley's blocks of five.

Sure they called him Paddy Egan but he failed the old spalpeen.

To deliver up the Irish vote to grandpa's old caubeen.

Now baby Ruth will spend her youth playing around the White House gate.

While her papa takes the helm of the glorious ship of State.

On Reform's tide his craft will glide avoiding bars and shoals.

And bring of comfort and prosperity to tariff laden souls.

Our Grover will resume the work he quit in eighty-eight.

Of building coast defences and a Navy grand and great.

Brave-hearted tars will man the spars the Stripes and Stars between

Unhappily by the skeleton of grandpa's old caubeen.

CORNELIUS M. DUGGAN, Atlantic, Mass.

People Who Take Offense Easily.

This world would be a certain class of individuals who roam about with a chip on their shoulders, daring others to knock it off just for the luxury of indulging in a first class quarrel. To the gentle mannered, sweet dispositioned ones this seems a very questionable sort of employment, yet to some a worthy or a full bodied feud constitutes the chief excitement of their lives.

These people always have a quarrel on hand. If it isn't a family affair, their outsiders must suffer. They are quick to take offense, both in public and private, and will not scruple about expressing themselves in paper when they haven't a chance to do so verbally. It is this penchant for writing letters that helps to keep them continually in hot water, as the black and white characters are decided evidence against them when their anger has had time to cool.

Now if there were any sense in this sort of conduct, there would be some cause for it, but there isn't, and moreover, it makes you doubly unhappy to be always on the outs with some one. You may pretend not to care, but you do just the same, and though pride and temper keep your spirits up for a time in your secret heart you wish you had not been so quick so ready to quarrel.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A BACHELOR'S MUSE.

NO LACK OF SENTIMENTALITY IN A DULL MAN'S REVERIE.

An Estimate of Women That Appeals Inducingly to the Student of Changing Conditions—A Few Criticisms and Reminders for the Single Man.

However little may be the logic displayed by those who argue against equal rights, it is certain that there is no lack of sentimentality on their side. In "A Bachelor's Reverie" the bachelor laments the fact that woman's work now is whatever she chooses to select and sighs for the old fashioned woman who had no ambitions. Judging from another part of the reverie the old time woman had ambitions, but they were strictly of the domestic order.

Her first ambition was to be a wife, second a mother, third a mother again, fourth again a mother, fifth once more a mother, sixth a mother, seventh a mother, eighth a mother once more, ninth a maternal parent, tenth a parent on the maternal side, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth, ditto, ditto.

These numerous but rather monotonous ambitions were cherished, it is to be supposed, in memory of the Emperor Napoleon, who once informed Mme. de Staël that "the finest woman in her country gives the most children to her country."

This estimate of women, which may be called "Dorking her estimate," is ludicrous because it is the limitation of a limitation. It is safe to assert that the emperor's famous saying is in greater favor with bachelors of dreamy tendencies than with parents of practical minds. The most enthusiastic mother built up her hopes on the quality, not the number of her offspring, and the best mothers train their girls for motherhood no more carefully than they train their boys for fatherhood.

"Life approaches its end and barren stage," continues the dreamer, "when man is forced to meet loneliness in the guise of a competitor." It does seem unfortunate that loneliness should occasionally have to compete, but if her husband does not support her or if she has no husband she must choose between being a competitor with a man or a financial dependent on him. See and hear as it may be for man to meet loneliness in the guise of a competitor, it is even more severe to be forced to meet the same loneliness in the guise of half a dozen abledolled feminine dependents.

"The young girl," muses the bachelor, "with a mind divided between office and love could never be the embalmment essence of all that is adorable, the inspiration to all that is worth living for. That depends entirely on the girl. It is a foregone conclusion that her mind will not be divided very long.

If she decides on the office, she may become the embalmment essence of all that is clear headed and true-hearted, the inspiration to all high thinking and right doing. If she prefers the other alternative, the fact that she once aspired to office will broaden her interest in affairs which is too often the accompaniment of a monotonous domestic routine and keep her thoughts securely above tating and tattling.

We have no grudge against the embalmment essence of all that is adorable, accompanied by a large mental grasp, an accurate knowledge of what is being thought and done by the world's best thinkers and workers and a livelier interest in the universe than in one small person inside of it, the embalmment essence would be rather taking. Otherwise it amounts to no more than so much blanc mange.

Just before rousing from his reverie the bachelor points out that several women in the world's history have endeavored to meddle in his affairs and always with deplorable results. It would be easy to give a larger list of women who had been political benefactors, but such an argument is no more worthy of consideration than the argument that because there are hypocrites in the church therefore the church is rotten, or that because there are quacks physicians should not be trusted, or that because there is bad money in circulation one should empty one's pocketbook into the fire.

But while taking the reverie too seriously, dreams, however fantastic, are always laughed at when the sleeper awakes and by no one so heartily as by the dreamer himself.—Wives and Daughters.

PARLIAMENTARY HUMORS.

Historical Incidents That Relieved the Tedium of Political Debate.

The house of commons now scruples to adjourn on account of Derby day, but in early times it indulged in a holiday upon occasions which modern readers must consider still more strangely inadequate.

Hence Walpole mentions in his memoirs that in March, 1751, the house adjourned to attend a Drury Lane theater, where Otello was to be acted by a Mr. Delaval and his family.

Again in February, 1781, a bill introduced by Mr. Burke with reference to the civil list was read for the first time, but the second reading was deferred to a date far distant, because the 21st was to be a feast day, and the 22d was the benefit of Mrs. Vestris, the favorite French dancer at the opera.

Even when in session the house was much given to amuse itself with petty or frivolous incidents, as is shown by some recent entries preserved in the official records. Under date May, 1804, it is noted that a jackdaw flew in at the window. This was considered ominous, and apparently it proved a bad omen for the bill in debate, as the measure was soon afterward rejected. Again we are told in May, 1814, a dog came into the house, a strange animal, none colored.

About 170 years later it is recorded that another animal intruder entered the house, taking his seat before the speaker and all the government. Not content to remain a silent spectator, the dog joined in the proceedings by barking loudly.

The Lord North, then prime minister, was speaking, and jokingly appealed to the speaker, saying, "Sir, I am interrupted by a new member."

The dog unabashed did not take the hint, but resumed his barking, whereupon the good humored premier kept up his joke, protesting that "the new member had no right to interrupt, but he was determined to speak twice in the same debate." In much more recent times almost equally trifling episodes have been known to relieve mightily the tedium of political contention.—Chambers' Journal.

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See our Window.

Wholesale Prescribing.

Lean Customer—I want some medicine or something that will put more flesh on my bones.

Medicine Dealer (filling bottle from large glass jar)—This will fix you. Take a tablespoonful three times a day, eat plenty of soup, meat, leguminous vegetables, wheat bread and fruits and abstain from energetic exercise. 2s. 9d. Thanks.

Fat Customer (five minutes later)—I want something that will relieve me of this superfluous fat.

Medicine Dealer (filling bottle from the same large glass jar)—This will fix you. Take a teaspoonful three times a day, abstain from soup, meat, leguminous vegetables, wheat bread and fruits and take plenty of energetic exercise. 2s. 9d. Thanks.—London Tit-Bits.

Hicks' Opinion.

"What a source of exhalation a man must feel when he walks into the White House for the first time after his inauguration and realizes that he is president of the United States. What do you suppose a man thinks about on his first night there?" said Hawley.

"His second term," replied Hicks.—Life.

The Population of the Moon.

There is plenty of authority for believing that there is a man in the moon; in fact, there is authority for believing that there are women and other animals there. Dante declares that Cain was banished to the moon, and that he can be seen there at any time. Chaucer declares that the man in the moon was guilty of larceny, and that he carries a thornbush. Shakespeare loads him with thorns and gives him a dog. According to the general version, he was banished there for gathering sticks on Sunday, and the Germans have explained this theory by giving him a woman who had been caught churning butter on Sunday.—New York Telegram.

Disgusted With Chicken Raising.

A Frenchman living in this city has been an enthusiastic poultry raiser, but this season finds him disgusted with the business. Meeting a friend the other day, he said: "You know that Schoolin pullet I buy some day last week? she's a rooster; she crows like every thing else morning. I cut his head off and have her for my supper next Sunday morning."—Springfield Graphic.

Advice to a Would Be Lawyer.

A correspondent asks, "How would you advise a young man of moderate means, desiring to become a lawyer, to proceed?" We would advise him not to proceed. Of course if he shows signs of becoming a good and great lawyer, he might properly borrow money, make his way to the bar and repay the loan as he can. But for most men of moderate circumstances there are no moderate circumstances, and our advice is to give up the idea. There are enough poor lawyers for that matter. Very few can do more than earn their salt.—New York Sun.

When Oysters Were Used For Fuel.

The raising of iron ore and the manufacture of iron therefrom was the leading industry of south Jersey during the early part of this century. Charcoal was the fuel used and coals were common throughout the "Pines." An active coal-healed by wagon or rowed and poled by oyster then being of more value for that purpose than for food. Better oysters could be picked from those shell heaps than can be bought at the stands today.

In a memorandum kept by the "masses" for one of the largest farmers of large quantities of clams and rum mentioned. These accounts books were decorated with the pictures of soldiers and warships, showing well the prevailing thought of those days.—John Gifford in Popular Science Monthly.

A SCHOOLROOM IDY.

How plainly I remember all the desks, deep scored and in the row of blackboards round the hum that never slackened And framed about my map and And casts of diastri plaster. That wisest head and warmest The kindly old schoolmaster.

I see the sunny corner nook His blue eyed daughter sat in A rosy, fair haired girl, and With us her French and And how longingly I watched For Olenndorf and his And how I fought with The day he tried to tie

And when one day it to To stay some trilled at Because I quite forgot! In smiling at his day And she and I were "Tan To study after classing We stopped the clock and While he, poor man, was

And there he sits, with bended Over some old volume poring Over so he thinks, if truth be so. He's fast asleep and snoring. And where the shaded lamp! Across the cracks and crevices. My schoolmate of the olden da Sits, mending baby's stockings —Charles H. Going in "Lancet" Home

What was I to do? New woman placed in such a position. I had been brought up by a New England china company to run to at an agency of

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NERVENE,
bottle

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A SCHOOLROOM IDYL.

How plainly I remember all
The desks, deep scored and blackened,
The row of blackboards round the wall,
The hum that never slackened,
And framed about my map and chart
And casts of dusty plaster.
That wisest head and warmest heart,
The kindly old schoolmaster!

I see the sunny corner nook
His blue eyed daughter sat in—
A row, fair haired girl, who took
With us her French and Latin.
How longingly I watched the hours
For Glendower and Cæsar's story
And how I fought with Tony Powers
The day he tried to tease her!

And when one day it took the "Next!"
To stay some callie slaughter,
Because I quite forgot the text
In smiling at his daughter,
And she and I were "kept till four"
To study after closing.
We stopped the clock an hour or more
While he, poor man, was dozing.

And there he sits, with bearded head,
O'er some old volume poring,
How he thinks, if truth be said
He's fast asleep and snoring.
And where the shaded lamp-light plays
Across the cradle's rocking,
My schoolmate of the olden days
Sits, mending baby's stocking.
—Charles B. Going in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE SEWING WOMAN.

What was I to do? Never was a
woman placed in such a pitiable con-
dition. I had been brought to Rus-
sia by a New England sewing ma-
chine company to run their machines
at an agency of theirs in—street
in St. Petersburg, where a hand-
some shop had been rented. One
day toward the close of
October I found the shop door closed
and learned to my dismay that our
agent had disappeared and the ma-
chines had all been seized for rent
and debts. What was to be done?
All the money I had in the world
was about equivalent to \$12. What
was due me I had left in our agent's
hands, and I felt sure it was lost.

I thought of everything in the 25
minutes which elapsed between my
heartbreak when I found the shop
door closed and my rapid walk to
my lodgings. Fortunately my room
had been hired for the month and
had been paid for in advance. I had
at least a roof over my head for a
few weeks. An idea suddenly struck
me. I had been making an evening
dress on the machine for a Russian
lady who spoke English. She had
some idea of buying a machine.

In order to expedite the work I
had taken to my room the body of
my dress, and having a machine
there had sewed on it at nights.
That machine I would certainly
keep. It would not go far toward
the payment of the debt the agent
owed me. I hurried home. Per-
haps there was a letter with some
money in it. There was nothing. I
must find the lady but how? She
had left no address. She had hardly
spoken to me. I thought I heard
her say she would come again, and
I believed she had fixed on this very
day. There was but one chance in
a thousand. I must stand in the
street and wait until she appeared.

I hastened back and took up my
position near the shop. I scanned
every woman passing by. It was bit-
terly cold and raw, and the wind
chilled me. I was faint with an-
xiety. Had I only known more of
the language I would have asked a
policeman to take me to the Ameri-
can consul—to the minister. I was
in despair. Suddenly a carriage
drove up, a footman opened the door,
and a lady elegantly dressed alight-
ed. I tore across the street. It was
the Russian lady.

With my heart in my mouth I
told her my pitiful story and begged
her to help me. If she wanted a
servant, would she only try me? I
had a sewing machine and would
make her dresses for nothing if I
could only stay with her until I
could write to my people at home.
They would send me money, and I
could get back to the United States.
My words must have had but little
sense in them. I was so broken heart-
ed, for at first she hardly seemed to
understand me.

"I am without a friend in the
world here—a poor American wom-
an, thousands of miles from her
home."

She looked steadfastly at me, then
opened her portfolio and said: "No,
no, no. I don't want no money.
I don't beg. I don't yet
so poor as to ask alms. But do you
not remember me? The store is
closed. The man who kept it has
run away. I showed you the way
the machine worked."

Then she scanned me quickly;
next cross questioned me sharply.
"How could a young girl trust her
self alone in this strange country?"
she asked.

"I was not alone. Two other young
women came from the United States
with me. Two weeks ago they were
sent home, and the miserable man
to charge induced me to stay, prom-
ising to give me money enough at
the end of next month for my trip
home to the United States. Might
not the police look up the matter? I
have been outrageously swindled."

"The police and my dress—am I to
lose it?" she asked impatiently.
"Not all of it. The skirt is in the
shop, the body—the waist—is in my
room almost finished. It seemed to
me dreadful that in my agony she
should talk about her dress."

"Where do you live?" she inquired
abruptly. I told her. "Get into the
carriage," she said. I did so. When
we were off the main street, she
stopped the carriage, got out with
me, and we walked to my lodgings.
I opened the door. On the table
was her basket. It did not seem to
interest her. She picked it up, how-
ever, glanced at it a moment, then
threw it down. She examined the
sewing machine.

"How long would it take me to be-
come proficient in working this?"
she inquired as she sat down before
the machine and tried the pedals.
"Is it tedious?"

"No, madam. Oh, would you buy
it? It is mine by rights. The money
for it might help me to leave St.
Petersburg."

"How long did you say it would
take me to become proficient?"

"Two weeks—perhaps less."

"Would it disfigure my hands?"
She took off her gloves, showed her
well cared for hands, her fingers
glittering with rings.

"Your beautiful hands would hard-
ly be spoiled."

"Well, then, give me a lesson at
once—at once. I will pay you for
your trouble."

I expressed my gratitude with al-
most tears in my eyes. "I have no
material here, but anything will do,"
I said as I opened my trunk and took
out an apron. "I will run a tuck
across the bottom. It will do no
harm."

"Nonsense. Take the waist and
begin at once."

"But it is quite finished, and any
extra stitching would spoil this deli-
cate cream colored silk."

"Give it to me," said the lady, tak-
ing up her scissors and deliberately
cutting the waist up the back.

"Now sew me up this," she cried.
I took it, and as carefully as I could
ran the machine, sewing up an ugly
gash, but of course the waist was
spoiled. "Now I will try," and she
sat down and under my instruction
worked for an hour. She was won-
derfully clever with her fingers and
seemed to seize the peculiarities of
the machine at once.

"At this rate of progress, madam,
you will complete quite a good
workman in 10 days," I said ap-
provingly.

She made no reply, but worked
away for another half hour, crossing
and recrossing the body with stitches.
"It is not so tiresome after all," she
said, "but I have had enough for to-
day. Tomorrow I will call, and you
will then take the machine to pieces
and show me how to put it together
again. You will oblige me very par-
ticularly by not going out today. I
have to thank you for your patience.
Keep my visit silent. I hope you
have learned that in Russia it is bet-
ter to keep a quiet tongue. Do not
return to the shop. Pray take this
for my first lesson," and she placed
on the machine table a piece of gold.

"I am very much overpaid," I said.
"Where are you from? English or
American?"

"American. I am from New Hamp-
shire."

"New Hampshire? Where is that?"
"One of the New England states."

"I never heard of it. You are a
good republican, I suppose?"

"I hope so."

"Well, adieu," I felt very much
inclined to kiss her. She looked cold
and haughty, but my heart was so
full of thankfulness, that overcoming
somewhat the awe I felt, I ventured
to take her hand in mine and put it
to my lips. She did not withdraw it.

"Poor child," she said, "you do not
look more than 20, and at your age
to be in such troubles! This must be
a hard experience for you. Goodbye
until tomorrow." She gazed at
me steadfastly as if she would look
me through and then, bowing, left
me.

I did not—not—not allow my-
self to be disheartened. I sat down
and wrote two letters—one to my
mother at Amherst, the other to a
sewing machine company in New
York. I explained my pitiful condi-
tion.

Next morning early there was a
low knock at my door. I opened it,
and a woman plainly dressed enter-
ed. She did not say a word. She placed
a bundle she held in her hand in a
chair, and at once went to the ma-
chine, took up the bodice and com-
menced sewing.

"You will kindly forget the lady of
yesterday and know me as Eliza—
my name is Eliza. I am French, we
call it Eliza. I want to learn your
trade. It is a whim of mine. Do you
think that in a month I could earn
my bread this way? I offer you a
partnership. I can find the funds.
The contents of the shop will prob-
ably be sold out, and you will be able
to buy one of the machines for me.
Now, will you take this one apart?"

I had not a word to say. I brought
a wrench, a screwdriver, an oil can
and unloosened the working parts of
the machine. She took the oil can
and bent over the machine, studying
it. I noticed that she touched with
her white fingers all the grimy parts
until her hands were soiled.

"It is by no means as complicated
as a revolver," she said.

I made no comment as I put the
working parts together. She was
very silent, working incessantly on
some coarse material she had brought
with her. I sat near her, teaching
her what to do. She worked on until
it was past noon. "Is it not time
now to eat something?"

"It is," I replied. "Would madam
partake of my simple meal?"

"Madam! I am Eliza—and you say
your name is Mary. Mary, I shall
be very glad to share your food with
you if you will let me. If you have
not enough for two, I will go out and
buy what is wanted. What shall I
buy? I dare say I can shop better than
you. Will you lend me your shawl,
your furs and your overshoes?"

Before I could say a word she had
them all on. Then she laughed for
the first time and courtesied to me.

"Sister Mary, Sister Mary," she cried
in great glee, "our companionship be-
gins from today. I am to be capital
and you brains. Little sister, good-
bye. I shall not be gone more than a
quarter of an hour."

I was so asto-
nished as to be speechless. In a trice
she was back loaded down with
packages. She had a loaf of bread,
a piece of cheese, a pot of preserves,
a breast of smoked goose, some salted
cucumbers.

"I have a samovar, but it was too
heavy for me to carry. The man I
bought it of will bring it here at
once. It is a secondhand one, but as
good as new. I see you have a teapot.
My only two extravagancies were
some good soap and a pound of the

best tea. Come, let us eat. I can ar-
range anything. I am to wait on
you."

Then up came the man with the
copper urn and charcoal, and she
made the fire and prepared the meal.
"We don't drink tea out of cups when
we belong to the people, and we are
of the people, but swallow it in tum-
blers." Though I sat down at the
little table with her, I ate sparingly,
I was so much confused.

"Before I conclude my first day's
lesson, Sister Mary, let me ask you
something. Did you ever read the
Arabian Nights? It is a book I sup-
pose all the world has read."

"It is quite well known in the
United States. All children read it
and Robinson Crusoe."

"So I thought."

"You want me to remember Alad-
din?"

"No, not at all. The story I wish
you to think about is not half as
pleasant. It is about Sindbad the
sailor and the old man ape he could
not get rid of. You are the sailor,
Sister Mary, and I am the ugly old
man ape, and she made so comical
a grimace that I could not help smil-
ing.

"I assure you that is my character,
and you never will get rid of me un-
til you break my head. Sister Mary,
will you share your supper with me,
your bed with me tonight, your
breakfast with me tomorrow. Not
for that day, but for the next day,
and the day after that?" She said
this very quietly as she took my hand
in hers. I was at a loss how to re-
ply. "We are to work together for
our living—only, Sister Mary, make
me proficient. I will be so diligent."

"But, madam."

"No—Sister Eliza."

"Sister Eliza, how is it possible
that a lady of means, whose acquaint-
ance I made but yesterday, who
owed me with her grand man-
ners and her carriage, should wish to
become a sewing woman?"

"Ask me no questions. The story of
the old man ape is partially true, but
there is a limit to your endurance.
In a month from now, I swear to
you, your passage home shall be paid
for; and, besides that, there will be
given you a handsome sum for you
to start life in your own coun-
try; only, for God's sake, remember
that, just as you threw yourself on
my mercy, I now throw myself on
yours. I believe you have character
and courage. No harm will come to
you. I want a refuge and have
found it. Teach me what you call
when it slips, how to gauge the
stitch and what to do when the
thread breaks."

In a day I learned to love that wom-
an. All the haughty, proud manner
was gone. She waited on me. She
was the first up in the morning. She
was always busy. The porter of the
house evidently mistook her for one
of the two girls who had been in the
company for one or the other of them
had often been in my room. Some
small extra compensation was given
him for the new lodger. She never
spoke save in English, and her com-
ing to me had been so mysterious that
I felt quite certain the porter was
entirely ignorant of her condi-
tion.

Certainly it worried me a great deal.
More than once I ventured to ask for
an explanation, but Eliza would place
her hand on my mouth so that my
speech was interrupted. It distressed
me to see how hard she worked, for I
felt sure that this new life was hurt-
ing her. I could see that from her
pallor. If any one thing more than
another made me feel sorry, it was
for her beautiful hands. She seemed
to take infinite pains in spoiling them.
"They are filthy—horrible," she
would say, "and still I think I care
for them more than I should. If I
only could get a thick, red, rough
skin on them."

As she had said, the owner of the
store was only too glad to sell me a
machine. Eliza furnished the money.
Work came to us in a mysterious way.
—Left down stairs with the porter.
By and by a fashionable dressmaker,
who made dresses for the court la-
dies, sent for me and gave me work.
As what we had to do was well sew-
ed, and we were always prompt, in
less than three weeks we were doing
a good business. My companion, save
for the daily purchases made in the
immediate neighborhood for food,
never went out. No one called on
her; she never received a letter.

After a few days over the month had
passed, when one morning, as I was
running up a seam in a piece of cloth,
my needle struck something. It was
a piece of paper.

"It is for me, Sister Mary," said
Eliza. She took the bit of paper,
held it to the stove, appeared to read
something and then opened the stove
door and burned it. I did not ques-
tion her. She worked on cheerfully
all day, chatting on indifferent sub-
jects.

That night when we were in bed,
taking me in her arms, she said:
"Poor Mary, your troubles, your anx-
ieties, are now over. Tomorrow early
apply for your passport. It will cost
you to go from here to Liverpool, say,
£40, and the passage from Liverpool
to the United States is much more.
That makes £80, and you will have
something to spare. I wish it could
have been more, but you will have
altogether £300, when after deduct-
ing your expenses, will leave you
some money to begin your life with
again."

"From me—who have learned to
love a singularly honest and simple
minded woman—you shall have this
ring," and she slipped on my finger a
ring, "but don't wear it; the diamond
might betray me. So far, Mary, you
have run no risk, but next week you
might be ruined forever, for you have
barbored."

"I was speechless with terror."

"Only a woman," she continued,
"whose own life—the life of any

one else who stood in her way—she
would care no more of taking than
would the cook who wrings a chick-
en's neck. Do not be shocked, Mary;
I shall sleep as sweetly tonight as if
as far as relates to you, is soon told.
It became necessary for me a month
ago to disappear. The simplest chance
in the world threw you in my way.
Had you been any other nationality
than an American I would never
have trusted you. You might go now,
Mary, and sell me, Judaslike, for a
sum of money which would make
you rich for life."

I clung convulsively to her and
bade her to be quiet.

"Through my veins, child, there
runs the best blood in Russia, but
every drop of it I will shed for the
cause. Thank your God for your
lowly estate. You must go away
tomorrow, and now good night."

I begged her to come to the United
States with me. She said: "No, my
place is here. I should be useless
there." Then she complained of las-
titude and presently went to sleep.
I looked at her, her face pillowed on
her arm, breathing as calmly as an
infant, and thought her the loveliest
woman I had ever seen.

Next morning out of a package of
some rough material she produced, as
if by magic, a roll of notes, which,
without counting, she handed to me.
"Later in the day there ought to ar-
rive some furs for me, for poor Mary
must not get cold. Now, away with
you. Get your passport. Go by Bremen
to England, or the ice will delay you.
Do not wait." Still I was ir-
resolute. I could not bear to leave
her. I sobbed as if my heart would
break. Then she knelt to me and
implored me to go. At last I con-
sented. My passport was given to
me at the police headquarters with-
out a word.

I returned to our room. As I stood
at the landing the cheerful clatter of
the machine was heard. Eliza was
bending over her work, singing some
plaintive air. "Is it all right?" she
asked, very quietly. "See, your furs
have come. They are very beautiful
and so warm."

"I have permission to leave."

"Thank God! See my work. I
think I could do now without you."
"You do not love me, Eliza," I
cried.

"Not love you—my sister! I loved
my husband. He was shot. I loved
my only child. In the agony of my
grief because his father was killed
from my breast he sucked poison
and died. After them I love you
best." Then for the first time she
burst into a paroxysm of tears. "It
is because I love you—that I might
be your death." As she wrung my
hand she felt the ring on my finger.

"Off with it. You wore your mittens
at the police office! If they had seen
it! Quick, let me hide it." She took
off my shoe and hid the ring in my
stocking.

"Should you ever marry, sell the
ring or the stone in it, and you will
not be portionless. Now off with
you. I have made a bundle for you.
The rest of your things you will give
me. Here is a photograph of yours—
you will let me keep it. I have
been happier here with you than for
years." She took me by the hand,
gave me one long kiss, closed the
door on me, and I never saw her
more.

My trip home was without a sin-
gle incident. My dear mother com-
forted me. Still there was some
vague feeling of dread. My mind
wandered—all I could do—toward
my room companion. Picking up a
newspaper some two weeks after my
arrival home, I read in the telegraph-
ic dispatches:

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 23.—An arrest of
great importance has been made. One of the chief
actors in the assassination plot, a Russian prince,
was taken, but only after she had killed one of
the police. Disguised as a sewing machine
woman, she had hitherto baffled the police.

—Romance.

General Vallejo and Fremont.

When the destiny of the province of
California hung in the balance, and Eng-
land and Russia, as well as the United
States, eagerly held out hands for the
prize, General Vallejo unhesitatingly
gave his allegiance to the stars and
stripes. Fremont doubted and impris-
oned him, but soon set him free.

One day during that imprisonment a
young American officer, doubtless a spy
sent by Fremont, rode up to the family
residence in Sonoma, and offering to
Mrs. Vallejo an English and an Ameri-
can flag asked in Spanish, "Senora,
which will let me keep it? I have
been happier here with you than for
years." She took me by the hand,
gave me one long kiss, closed the
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land and Russia, as well as the United
States, eagerly held out hands for the
prize, General Vallejo unhesitatingly
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AMERICANS' CRESTS.

WARD MALLISTER FAVORS A TAX ON COATS OF ARMS.

Mr. Mallister Also Advocates the Establishment of a Herald's Office as One of the Government's Departments—Right of Americans to Wear Crests.

The number of persons using crests and coats of arms in this country is very large, and there is no lack of ascertaining how large it is. The American who wants a coat of arms and has not got one usually adopts one which pleases his eye, without regard to any other considerations. In England supporters are seldom granted with coats of arms to any but members of the peerage. But Americans must have everything of the finest, and therefore they usually take supporters to themselves. There is one very rich and famous family in this city, though of humble origin, which displays a coat of arms with four supporters instead of the two which usually satisfy English ducal families.

There is, however, a great deal of dissatisfaction with this irregular state of things. Mr. Ward Mallister, the architect of fashion, said it should not be created. Coats of arms, he says, should be registered at a herald's office, as they are in England and other well regulated European countries. Then we should know who were entitled to them, how they got them and so forth.

"I propose," said Mr. Mallister, "that the American herald's office should be established as one of the departments of the federal government at Washington. This is a very practical suggestion. The government would be able to put a tax on armorial bearings and in that way raise a large revenue, as the English government does. It is one of the happiest ways of raising a tax I can think of. Members of fashionable society and all the other persons taxed would be pleased by it, and no one, I think, can show any good reason against it."

"I know it is easy for you to assert that Americans have no business with coats of arms and such things because they are relics of feudalism, but that is nonsense. They are not any more harmful relics of feudalism than many of our social customs. Fashion requires us to use them, and fashion must be obeyed. It is merely a matter of fashion. A man with a coat of arms is not likely to be a more dangerous plutocrat than a rich man without one. Besides, armorial bearings are ornamental and look well on silver and china. That is one of the best reasons for having them."

"I must say a few words as to who has the right to use them. It is not necessary that a family should obtain them by grant from the English or some other European king. It is enough if they have been used since the beginning of the country's history, for three generations. In England any respectable person not in retail trade can get a coat of arms by paying for it."

"Unquestionably many younger sons came over to this country who had a right to bear the arms of their family. Their descendants settled in different parts of the Union and are now in the fullest manner entitled to use arms. On the other hand, many men of wealth and high social standing, but not of aristocratic origin, have adopted them since the practice became fashionable, as they have a perfect right to do. These families will transmit their arms to their descendants until they become as interesting as those of aristocratic European origin."

"There are some interesting anecdotes to be told of the introduction of coats of arms into the general society of this city. Of course there are a few New York families who have used them continuously since the creation of the colony, but when the practice first became general it was received with a good deal of opposition. Gordon Hamersley used to say that his crest was useful to tell him which was his carriage. Colonel Thorne, who married Miss Janney, went to Europe 50 years ago and established himself in Paris, living as no other American had ever done. He took the British minister through his hotel, who, after viewing its interior and its stables, turned to Colonel Thorne, exclaiming, 'And you say you do all this on \$12,000 a year! It is marvelous.' On returning to America to live the colonel turned out in this city positions with his coat of arms embroidered on the left sleeve of each position. This created such a rumormongering, the population hissed him as he drove by, that he was compelled to withdraw them."

"Some of our best people were pilgrims and Huguenots, who on reaching this country and establishing themselves here abjured such vanities as coats of arms, as a monarchical institution. This was all very well in the beginning, but the blue laws have faded. No longer cultivate primitive simplicity, but with wealth and age we turn to luxury and find among its necessities the use of coats of arms. The necessity and love of the American for title or some designation of distinction, plain Mr. 'not filling the bill,' is illustrated in the west and south. For 50 years or more it has been a universal custom to bestow a military title on all men who have risen above mediocrity, such as governor, general, captain, colonel, it being purely honorary. Such titles men carry through life with this love of ours for individual distinction, which is one of our marked characteristics. When a man wants to seal his letters, mark his plate or decorate his harness, he wants a crest, and as Americans with money own the universe this crest must be forthcoming. Of course it is only an accessory to the arms, and now the question is, How shall Americans get them? And how shall they be able to keep them?"

"Let me repeat that society would welcome the establishment of a herald's office for the better regulation of these matters."—New York World.

"When you walk," says a Russian proverb, "pray once when you go to sea, pray twice when going to be married, pray three times."

A HAPPY MAN.

The Last Day of His Mental Balance. A Happy One. He Knows No Tomorrow. I have seen at last a happy man, the happiest I ever knew. He is perhaps 45 years old, and his happiness has been unbroken for two years or more.

Hear his story. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word. He has means, social position and a large circle of devoted relatives and friends. He has a fine physique, a handsome face. But we did not call him a happy man, such a happy man, until two years ago, when the great change came. He never married, and the Miss X. of whom I tell you, was no more to him than his lifelong comrade, his best of friends—an old neighbor, related to him in many ways, but never by the tender tie.

Perhaps he had been more of an invalid than he knew or than his friends dreamed. One summer day he went to the little lake not far from his native village, a popular inland resort, and spent what he called upon his return that night "a perfect day." Skies were never bluer, he said, nor flowers fairer nor the lake so lovely to him as upon that day. Only he had expected to meet Miss X. there and to have had their usual sail together.

He took her with him and so doubly increased the joy. He went to her house that evening to play whist as usual. It was Saturday. She had gone to spend Sunday at the lake. He was very glad she had gone, he would join her the next day. During the game he included many thanks to the happy day he had passed. And what is there in life after all like a tomorrow full of promise?

That night after reaching his room he had a paralytic stroke—not a severe one, only a slight shock, but it clouded his brain, if we can call that a cloud which fixed forever in his mind the happiness reigning there when it came.

Every day since then has been that happy Saturday to him. He has just returned from the lake. No matter if the snow is drifting or the rain is beating the windows, it has been a perfect day. He goes over to X's for a game of whist. Even if Miss X. meets him he asks if she is at home, as if he were addressing some one else; then he is so glad she is up at the lake; he is going back tomorrow; there is every sign of perfect weather, etc., all in his old time charming way. Then he takes up his cards and plays a capital game, and goes home in the sweet expectation of a happy tomorrow.

All else in life seems a blank to him. In that one fair niche of memory he sees all of the past, the present and the future. He appears to be reading off times when the book he holds is up side down. Death means nothing to him. When his friends die, he does not weep nor question nor miss them. He has had such a happy day, and he is going to repeat it tomorrow.

Naturally his case is of interest to specialists. He is never troublesome. He goes about the village and exchanges cordial greetings. Nor does he always speak of what is in possession of his mind, unless you hold him too long. Then he has excuse for breaking away. Question—If that last day of his mental balance had been an unhappy one, say a day black with anguish or remorse or embittered with rage and revenge, would he now be the opposite of what he is—a wild beast in tolls—the remainder of his life the horrible evolution of an accidental, who knows but an accident, mood?—Atlantic Monthly.

From Riches to Abject Poverty.

An old man with thin, bent form and a few locks of white hair peering from beneath a rusty old fashioned silk hat hobbled painfully through Broad street one afternoon last week and took his stand near the Mills building. He leaned wearily on his stout stick and appeared to be in pain. His manner was absolutely passive. He paid no attention to surrounding objects and spoke to no person. He simply stood still. Within half an hour after the close of business in the exchanges at least half a dozen well known brokers in passing this old gentleman slyly slipped a coin or a crumpled note in his hand. "Who is that old man?" asked the phase writer of a gentleman who is regarded as a landmark in Wall street.

"I won't mention his name," was the reply, "but he used to be one of the high rollers down here. He was probably worth a couple of millions once and was for years one of the best customers that the stockbrokers had. Some of those prosperous men who give him a quarter or a half dollar now and then have in time past made their thousands out of his skill as an operator."—New York Times.

To Tax Scenic Advertisements.

The practice of defacing natural scenery with great advertisements is not so prevalent in the United States as it is a generation ago, and public sentiment is steadily growing stronger against it. This practice has recently developed in England to such an extent that lovers of nature recognize that some definite action must be taken. The Thames valley, the most picturesque mountain spots in Wales and the loveliest corners of Devonshire have been greatly injured by large advertisements. The well known architect, Mr. Waterhouse, has proposed that if they cannot actually be prohibited they should at least be diminished by the imposition of a heavy license tax.—Chicago Herald.

English Hospitals.

As regards hospitals, the teeming millions of London can count upon only one bed per 1,000—a proportion which is unique among the large towns of Great Britain. Glasgow, Newcastle, Wolverhampton have 34 beds per 1,000; Edinburgh, 34; Dublin, 34; Norwich, Belfast, Brighton, Liverpool, Manchester and Bristol have an average of 24 beds per 1,000.—Exchange.

What Indeed?

Hunker—Do you propose to marry, Spatts?

Spatts—Well, what other object would I have in proposing?—Vogue.

A Terrible Threat.

A janitor in a blue shirt was cleaning the windows of a bank at Broadway and Park place the other day after office hours, when a tramp came along, who, after eyeing him a few moments with envy, yelled to him:

"Hello, there, you chap in the bank, can't you throw a fellow like me a little money? I'm clean broke, and almost anything would be welcome."

The janitor went on cleaning the windows. He heard what the tramp said, but wouldn't admit it.

The tramp paused a few moments and then yelled: "Come now, don't be a hog. There must be a million dollars in there, and all you've got to do is to chuck a bundle of it out. Are you going to do it or aren't you?"

Still no response.

The tramp began to chafe under the galling hauteur with which he was being treated.

"If you don't give me some of that money, I'll start a report that the bank's in trouble," he yelled. "If ever there was a first rate hog, it's you."

After 10 minutes had elapsed and no one had taken the least notice of the tramp he began to walk slowly away. As he reached the gutter he turned round, shook his fist at the window cleaner and muttered:

"When the commune is declared, any one who wants money will only have to walk into a bank and ask for it. I'll be there, my beauty, when the day comes, and I'll point you out to the fellow citizens as an insolent and bloated symbol of wealth. You just wait, my friend, till the call to arms is sounded, and you'll find me right on the spot ready to tell what I know about the enemies of the proletariat."—New York Herald.

A Theatrical Dresser.

There is one difference between American and European theaters marked as their schedule of prices and their ushering system, and that is in the matter of "dressers." The European manager employs about half a dozen dressers who act as body servants of the leading actors in his company and a regular employee of the house, like gas men, cleaners and scene shifters. The American actor, however, dresses himself or else hires a man to assist him. When he does hire a man, it is usually a fellow player who is "doing" small parts and is glad of the chance to increase his \$10 wages by \$5 from the leading or heavy man or first comedian.

The dresser has not only to assist in changing his master's costume, but performance requiring great expedition, but makes repairs, folds and puts away the clothing, packs and unpacks the trunks and sees that the dressing table is supplied with paints, wigs, combs and other needful articles. In the European theaters the dresser dresses the actors, though he is often an actor who has been forced off from the stage by illness, lameness or loss of voice. He is generally prompt, quiet, a little obsequious and hopeful of tips at the end of a run or of a season.—New York Sun.

They Did Not Go to Sleep.

"The itinerary of a Methodist minister may have its unpleasant features," remarked a well known divine to a newspaper man yesterday, "but it has its advantages too."

"There is one little dried-up Scotchman who used to be on the southern Ohio conference list who never failed to get even with his congregation. At one station he fared badly, and on the last evening he addressed the church, he began, as all settled preachers listen with ease: 'Now, brethren, he said, it is not fair to go to sleep as ye always ha' done until I get along with my sermon. This is my last one—so wait a wee till I get along, and then I'm not worth hearing sleep away, and I will not care, but dimut go before I ha' commenced. At this point the minister was interrupted by a loud snore. 'And they were all pretty well awake by that time, so he went on: 'I shall take for my last text among ye the two strong words "Know thyself," but I will say before I begin the main discourse that I would not advise this congregation to make many such prodigious acquaintances.'"

"I may believe that there was not a snore or a nod in the house that evening."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Prompt and Effective.

Detroit has a bachelor of the compulsory sort, but Detroit won't have him long. He has been disappointed so many times that lately he has been almost impetuous in his attentions. She is a widow and an improvement on all her predecessors in his heart. The matter was settled last week ago in a rather roundabout way. They had been talking on women in general.

"So you think," he said, "that woman is prone to jump at a conclusion?"

"I certainly do," she responded earnestly.

"And you are like all the others?"

"I hope so."

A great thought came to him then.

"Would I were a conclusion," he sighed, with such a sigh that within five minutes two hearts were consolidated.—Detroit Free Press.

Dancing and Early Art.

It may create some surprise that we regard the dance as the earliest form of art, or even that we allow it any place among the fine arts. To many it will seem a kind of sacrilege to combine in the same category, however broad, such extremes as a dancing savage and a painting of the last judgment, and if the connection must be made some one would choose to make it along other lines than those of art. But, in truth, the dance supplies us with the key, so to speak, of the development of the fine arts.—David J. Hill in Popular Science Monthly.

The Value of Women According to Sages.

"He who builds a house and takes a wife heaps heavy afflictions on his head," declares one Hindoo sage. Their relative value is fixed by other proverbs, such as the Venetian's, "If women were of gold, she wouldn't be worth a farthing."

Minnie's Yearly Expenses.

"Minnie can afford to marry a poor man," said a friend of Minnie's mother, speaking of the daughter's evident liking for an impecunious young lawyer.

"That is just where you are mistaken," answered Minnie's mother. "She has \$6,000 a year of her own, and she spends every penny of it upon her clothes. Her dresses last year cost about \$4,000, her hats and bonnets about \$500, her lingerie another \$500, and besides there are her jackets, gloves and all the other accessories of the toilet. And she is expected to marry a poor man!"

"If men did but know it—it is more expensive to marry an heiress than a girl who has been accustomed to manage with very little."—New York Tribune.

A Queer Business in China.

In China a baldheaded man of almost any age can within the space of 48 hours be transformed into a blooming youth, as far as the hair is concerned, by a beardless youth of 18 can be made to look like 60 within the same length of time by having planted upon his face a genuine gray beard four feet long; or an old maid without eyebrows can be transformed into a girl of sweet 16 by being fitted out with a beautiful pair of brand new eyebrows or eyelashes of any color.

It is not a very costly operation in any case, although it is a little painful, but then as it is only temporary, what matter does it make to have beauty restored to you if you do have to suffer a little pain for only 24 hours or even 48 hours. Without any more to be said, we have to say that only your life.—Wong Chin Fong in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hop Growing in England.

Hops are chiefly grown in Kent, which yields more than one-half of the annual crop. Nevertheless there has been a diminution in the acreage during the last 20 years to the extent of nearly 4,000 acres.—Gardener's Chronicle.

The Kiss and "Spectacles" of the Cobra.

It is a remarkable peculiarity of most poisonous reptiles that they seem to have a great reluctance of putting their deadly fangs into operation. Before inflicting the fatal bite the rattlesnake always gives his note of warning, and the same may be said of the cobra di capello, the most deadly of the many poisonous reptiles of India. The cobra warning is unmistakable—he dilates the crest upon his head and gives a hiss loud enough to be heard distinctly 50 feet away. The cobra's crest is a flexible membrane or hood with two black circular joined together

AT SEA IN A SAILBOAT.

BATTILING FOR TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS WITH ADVERSE WINDS.

Part of a Ship's Crew Undergo a Terrible Experience After Being Wrecked in the Pacific Ocean—A Brave Woman Was One of the Sufferers.

Captain Peterson of the bark Lady Lampton, his wife and five seamen arrived in Honolulu in an emaciated condition. They came in an open boat only 18 feet long and reported that they had been 28 days tossing about the Pacific. While the occupants of the frail craft were not entirely without provisions during their long battle with the elements, the effects of short commons and lack of sleep and shelter were palpably apparent. Mrs. Peterson, who was clad in a thin black gown, was worn nearly to a shadow, and her strength failed her completely as she was lifted from the boat and taken into the Eagle House.

The men were sunburned, leaden eyed and listless. Their heads drooped, and it was with difficulty that they could be got to speak, but Captain Peterson told in a few words that the Lady Lampton had been wrecked at night on a reef near Palmyra island when 44 days out from Sydney, and the crew were compelled to take to the boats. He was very weak and spoke in a whisper, at the same time begging that his wife be taken where she could get the most rest.

The Kanakas boat willing hands to help the waifs of the ocean into huts and carriages, and they were quickly driven to where they could command attention. The little boat in which they had journeyed over 1,000 miles became an object of curiosity to hundreds of people. It was partly decked in with canvas, and strips of the same material had been stretched along the gunwale on either side to prevent her being swamped. In the boat were a couple of nearly empty water kegs and a small quantity of biscuit and canned goods.

"I haven't had anything off for 28 days," said Captain Peterson when seen at the Eagle House. He was hollow checked and sunken and looked indeed as if he had suffered both mentally and physically.

"The Lady Lampton," he said, "was from Sydney, and we were on this trip to the coast of South America for Wilder & Co. We left Sydney last November and were 44 days out when the vessel struck. We had had bad weather near Fiji, having been in a hurricane for 24 hours, but after that we had no more trouble until we got near Palmyra island, when the weather became dirty. It was 9:30 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 16 when we struck. I had not had an observation for two days. The night had been dark and stormy, but the water was smooth then. I knew I was to the east of the island, and that there was a sunken reef somewhere around it. I was decked in with canvas, and two men on the lookout aloft. There is a strong westerly current there, and I guess we were going about five knots an hour with all sails set."

"Five minutes after she struck she began to break up, and I ordered the boats lowered. We looked out the two lifeboats, and I saw the mate, Harry Miller, took the other. In my boat there were, besides my wife and myself, Second Mate C. Brown and Seaman W. Carlson (both Swedes), Cabin Boy W. Hayden of Liverpool, F. Weller, the cook, who was a German, and E. Everson, a Norwegian sailor. The mate's boat contained a German sailor named Snyder, Oscar Magnusson, a Swede; J. Jorgensen, a German, and a seaman named Martin."

"We started for Palmyra island in company about 7 in the morning, having only five gallons of water for the two boats. The island is only 40 miles from the reef, but the current and tide were so strong that we were trying for nine days to make headway against them, but couldn't."

"We drifted to the westward, so I resolved to go back to the bark. We suffered greatly through want of water, and we had barely enough to moisten our tongues, which were swollen and dry."

"We found the bark settling down and the water washing over her, so we got aboard quickly and put some of our canned goods, biscuit and water into the boats. We rigged the boats with canvas and then started again for Palmyra island. We tried for two days to make headway, but the heavy swell and wind baffled us. Thinking I would lose sight of the mate's boat, I told him to go back to the bark and I steered for her myself. We lost sight of the other boat and have had heavy gales ever since. I have only had an hour's sleep at a time during the day, and have never laid down. At nighttime the spray came over, wetting us all to the skin, and in the day we dried our clothes in the sun, if there was any. The men have been quiet and uncomplaining, even though on short allowance of food and water, and, thank goodness, we lost nobody from our boat. It was a terrible experience, though, the worst I have met with during 11 years of seafaring."

"After we passed the island of Maui we struck a storm, and the boat half filled with water. We thought then it was all over after passing through so many other dangers, but we managed to bail her out and keep her right. The first vessel we saw since we struck, 28 days ago, was a steam schooner off Diamond head this morning. I hope the mate's boat is safe, and if he steered to the eastward I think they are all right."

The Lady Lampton was well known in San Francisco. She belonged to J. J. Moore. Captain Peterson owned a quarter share in her and had his interest insured for \$10,000 with the Fireman's Insurance company. He reckons that he has lost \$3,000 in instruments, furniture, charts and short insurance.—Cor. San Francisco Examiner.

An Italian Woman's Earnings.

Some persons profess to be able to guess approximately from what part of Italy a woman comes by the length of her earnings. Italian earnings lengthen as one goes southward, and in the extreme south of Italy the earnings of the women reach almost to the shoulders.—Exchange.

A manifest bit of wisdom is to refrain from criticism of food. The sauce may not be quite piquant enough, the salad may be wilted, but in the name of decency say nothing about it in either case.

The carnation by reason of its real merit has since 1890 rapidly forced itself into an important place in the flower trade of the northern and central parts of our country.

Professor Bell, of telephone fame, is a large, strongly built man who looks as though he enjoys life. He has a most contagious smile.

It was not until 1826 that the New England mackerel fisheries were prosecuted with any appreciable success.

so as to form a very good representation of a pair of spectacles. When the hood or crest is in position, its eyes seem to stare with a devilish glower, and the continued hissing gives the very air a noise some small.

According to the best authorities, the cobra never bites while the hood is closed, and so long as that particular membrane is not erected the creature may be approached and handled with impunity. Even though the crest be spread, if the creature continues in silence, there is no danger. One hiss, however, is a sure sign that the reptile is angry and searching for a victim.—St. Louis Republic.

The Winged Lion of St. Mark.

The famous winged lion on the column in the place of St. Mark in Venice—described by Mr. Ruskin as "one of the grandest things produced by medieval art, which all men admire and none can draw"—has been thoroughly examined and repaired under the direction of the Cavaliere Boni, a distinguished Italian architect, who has published a report on the subject. Originally the lion was gilt, and traces were found of gilding on the upper jaw. The eyeballs are of a vitreous material, white and pellucid, with triangular facets, but these do not appear to be the original eyes, which are supposed to have been of carnelian chrysoprase or other opalescent quartz.

The animal is constructed of small pieces of bronze about one-third of an inch thick, secured by screws to an iron framework. The framework and screws having oxidized, it became necessary to remove the lion from the column and to replace the iron framework by a frame of bronze. Signor Boni, for the reason that he gives, believes that the lion, as well as the capital which bears it, is a work of the 15th century, and therefore a century older than Mr. Ruskin's estimate.—Pall Mall Gazette.

For an Evening Party.

A bright table game is called "book title illustrating." Paper and pencils are dealt out. Each participant makes a mental choice of a book title and keeps it unconsciously concealed from the rest. Each then proceeds to make as telling and graphic illustration of his title as the limits of time and paper will admit. Much elaboration is not desirable, as that consumes time and makes the movement of the game too slow. Space must be left at the top of the paper for a list of guesses.

When time is called and work ceases, each passes his sketch to his next neighbor, who after a brief study registers his guess at the title at the top of the page and turns it down on the underside. Then passes it on to his next left hand neighbor, receiving in turn another sketch on his right. Each paper thus makes the round, returning finally to its original owner, who writes on it the correct title, which is then compared with the recorded guesses.—Harper's Bazar.

A Curious Change in Headgear.

"The derby hat is doomed," said Olin D. Parker of Boston to a reporter. "At any rate that's the way it looks to me. Here in St. Louis the derby appears to still hold its own, but in several of the largest eastern cities, where I spent some time, there was nothing to be seen on a man's head but soft felt hats. There is a general rush for the soft hat, with rolling brim and split top. It looks quite as dainty as the derby, and it is far more desirable, as it fits the head snugly and doesn't let the wind go careening between the hat lining and the base of your brain, which, I think, it does. A curious thing about hats is this: Not many years ago the stiff hat was all the go in the east, and the soft hat was characteristic of the west. Now the conditions are reversed. Even the Kansas farmers now sport derbies, and I wouldn't be surprised to find some of them plugging hats on."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Singular Experience of Mr. Cephas Giddio.

"Speaking of alligators," said Mr. Billings, "my friend, Mr. Cephas Giddio, the artist, who has just returned from Florida, had a singular experience with one there. He had long sought an opportunity to paint an alligator from life, and he was so fortunate one day as to find one asleep on the bank of a river. He set up his easel and began to paint. Mr. Giddio is a rapid painter, and he made quick work with the picture, but just as he was painting in the last scales of the reptile's tail the alligator woke up, and suddenly throwing back his upper jaw and sort of hitting forward at the same time, he swallowed the picture and man, all, and he came very near getting Mr. Giddio, too, at the same time. As my friend laughingly remarks, that is probably the only alligator in Florida that is going around with a picture of himself inside of him."—New York Sun.

Aluminum For Cooking Utensils.

It is believed that copper, iron and tin cooking utensils will be displaced by the use of aluminum. Many superior qualities are claimed for it. It is stated that utensils made from this metal are only one-third the weight of the ordinary utensils. It is superior to all metals in heat conducting properties, free from poisonous ingredients and is a great conductor of heat. It is also stated that there is 10 times more aluminum in the world than there is of iron, lead, copper, nickel, gold and silver combined. A process has been discovered by which this metal can be produced at 4 cents a pound.—New York Telegram.

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THE MONKEY'S SCHEME.

The monkey said to the chimpanzee, "In a monkey's original way, do you think we could make it pay?" "The boys would buy the nuts of you, as you set your tail beside them. And every boy would divide with me as he passed where I was tied."

"So you could sell, and I could feast, And I think we could make it pay, For you could sit and handle the cash, And I could eat all day."

—Harper's Bazar.

THE BLIND CHIEF.

Chikatabac, the blind son of the Indian chief Wahgunmunt, was born during a war between his father's tribe, the Wampanoags, and the Naticks. The Wampanoags had won the battle and were already shouting triumphantly, when the woods about them suddenly burst into a great blaze. Everything seemed turned to fire; it crept like reptiles among the dry grass at their feet and coiled around the trunks of trees, till, reaching the topmost branches, it formed a canopy of twisting, writhing flames.

Many of the warriors perished that night, among them Wahgunmunt. The survivors, after undergoing many hardships, reached the little camp where the squaws and children had been left for safety. There they learned that on the very night of their misfortune Nannashquaw, wife of their chief, had given birth to a male child. Instead of the usual rejoicing over such an event there were scowls and mutterings among the warriors. A child of ill omen they said he was, and to prevent his evil influence doing further mischief they determined to put him to death. But Nannashquaw pleaded for the life of her little one and was permitted under protest to keep him.

The child grew, but he was blind, and the Indians were filled with a superstitious fear of him. All sorts of misfortunes were supposed to fall on the unlucky individual on whom his sightless eyes might appear to rest. Nannashquaw died, prophesying unlimited disaster to the tribe if her sightless son should meet a violent death at their hands. So the boy, feared, shunned and despised, grew to manhood. He was about 21, tall, broad shouldered and straight, when there came a year of famine. The earth was barren, the deer and game apparently exterminated. Dark grew the countenances of the red men. They drew apart from the squaws and children, who cried piteously for food, and while whispering together pointed ominously at Chikatabac, the blind boy.

Then they pretended to have arranged a hunting trip, and soon the noise and bustle usually attendant upon this event was heard throughout the camp. Before this Chikatabac had always been left with the squaws, but now he was invited to accompany the braves, and his bosom swelled with pride. He imagined that at last he had reached his manhood. Dreams of taking his inherited right of being saganage of the tribe came to him.

For days they traveled out of their own land over hot sandy deserts till, reaching a dense forest beyond, they pushed their way through the trees, brush and tangled vines to its very heart. Here they paused, and after refreshing themselves greedily, all to rest. Chikatabac unsuspiciously lay down and was soon asleep. The bright eyes of his enemies could be seen sparkling through the darkness. The dusky forms arose noiselessly and stealthily retraced their steps homeward. In his dreams Chikatabac was a great warrior. The place about him echoed with the cries of his victims and the groans of his army. Onward, onward to triumph he was leading them.

He awoke. A great sense of loneliness oppressed him. He could hear no sound save the sobbing of the wind through the trees. Was it day or night? As if in answer a bird caroled forth its morning hymn, and thousands of sweet voiced songsters joined in the melody. One by one he called the names of his companions, but none answered him. What had happened? Had some terrible disaster occurred and were their dead bodies lying around him? Or were they all sitting near him, grinning at his misfortune?

Angrily he arose and gesticulated wildly, walking rapidly around and around, stretching his arms out into space. Then a feeling of helplessness and utter despair assailed him. With a loud cry he threw himself to the ground.

Chikatabac had been reared with the women of his tribe; they and the children had been his companions. Nothing had arisen in his life before this to develop the more rugged qualities of manhood. But when there broke upon him now a full realization of the enormous cruelty that had been practiced upon him, the fighting spirit of his ancestors burst its leash within him, and uncontrollable fury raged in his blood. He beat his head against the ground; he tore the sod with his fingers; he sprang to his feet, and waving his arms cursed his betrayers, the chiefs of his tribe, yelling mocking him from the depths of the forest.

Never before had the unrelenting cruelty of his blindness held him in bonds so galling. He darted hither and thither, clutching the air for his vanished foes. He tore away great branches of trees, and with these for clubs he lay about him with murderous energy, cursing and yelling. The stuporous strength which had lain sleeping in his muscles was now awake for the first time in his life, and with a thousand throats it clamored for exercise. This he furnished. He hurled stones at random and gleefully listened as they went tearing through the foliage. He tore up strong shrubs by the roots, dashed them to the ground and trampled upon them. For the man was mad. A scorching fever sent unaccustomed flashes of light into his sightless eyes and went into his blood like wine. From cursing and fighting he fell into laughter and dancing. He sprang hither and thither, a noisy and fantastic figure in the silence and solemnity of the forest.

Then nature asserted herself, crying aloud for water to quench his burning thirst. Declining himself the chief of his tribe and no longer laughing, he drew an imaginary robe about his commanding form, and with haughty imperiousness asserted his authority and demanded that water be brought. With superb dignity he received an imaginary vessel, drank unsubstantial water from it and threw it aside. Then, grown eloquent, he harangued his tribe on its achievements in battle and urged his people to foster the spirit which had led them to so many victories. At the close he reeled, his sightless eyes rolled vacantly, he clutched at the empty air, lurched and then sank unconscious to the ground.

Thus he lay until the middle of the following night. Consciousness returned slowly and painfully, and with his face still buried in his hands he compelled his memory to apply the tortures it had in store for him. Pains racked his frame, and groans forced their way out from the depths of his despair. At last he turned upon his back and opened his eyelids. His eyes were opened to the heavens, and his stout heart quailed to discover strange things, which warned him of his madness, for there were unnumbered burning points above him, such as never before had come to the visions of his blindness. As he would move his eyes they would spring in an opposite direction, whereas all the visions that he had had before remained fixed whatever direction he might look.

He came to a sitting posture, and, instantly the bright points disappeared, but other things, dark, shadowy and more terrifying, arose before him. These apparently reached from the level of his eyes all the way up to the bright, fierce points above, and they, too, would spring in a direction opposite to that in which he would move his eyes. This was madness, he reflected—a strange and distressing form of it. He closed his eyelids and then the visions disappeared. He opened them again and they returned as before. Then he closed his eyes in simple fear, and thus gained courage and relief, and not daring to reopen them he staggered to his feet and began to grope through the forest in search of water, for a bitter thirst was burning him.

Thus he proceeded, with closed eyelids and hands outstretched, and his fine instinct led him straight toward a stream a mile away. But to keep his eyelids closed was unnatural and irksome, so once he opened them, and instantly the terrible visions returned. He was now in a strange form, stood all around him, grotesque and formidable, but wonderfully fascinating. Almost convinced they were real, he put out his hand to touch them and was pleased to find that they had no substance, for he could not reach them. But he felt safer with his eyelids closed, for then he saw no alarming visions.

Before long a sensation—it had been growing for some time, and it happened contemporaneously with the advent of his knowledge that day was breaking—came upon him, and he halted in dread. It seemed more like warmth than anything else, and yet not warmth of the kind that he had known. It was in his head—no, it was in his eyes, which he dared not open. He sank to the ground in weak helplessness. Still keeping his eyes closed, he felt the warmth in them increase, and then it became so painful that he opened them. Instantly a tremendous heat burst forth within his head, racking all his sensibilities with excruciating pains. Trembling with fear and awe, Chikatabac fell to the ground and buried his face in his hands. The sun had risen.

Thus lay the helpless savage, filled with terror and agonies. His great frame quivered, and agonized moans issued from his burning throat. After a time his courage returned. He clasped his hands tightly over his eyes, the more securely to exclude the burning, blazing, terrifying vision that had appeared whenever he opened them. Onward he went toward water, and finally the presence of a mossy sod under foot warned him that a stream was near.

He now went forward cautiously, and then dropped to his hands and knees and crawled toward the stream till he touched the cool water. Then he eagerly stretched himself at full length upon the bank and was about to drink, when unguardedly he opened his eyes. So strange a vision at once appeared to him that he started back in dismay. A strange vision indeed, and immeasurably unlike the others, for that which he had seen as he bent over the still water was much like the spirit of one dead, as he had imagined it. Then a great comprehension came to his soul, and so swift and heavy was the shock it brought that he was stunned, but after that a gentle peace fell upon him and tears of happiness rolled down his cheeks. Rising to his feet, and with calm courage opening his eyes to the dazzling visions which confronted him he raised both arms to heaven and reverently said:

"O thou Great Spirit, I know now that I, thy child, have died and am now in the happy hunting ground of my kindred who died before me. Accept thy humble child, O Spirit. Teach him to understand thy will and to bear with courage the blazing glories of thy habitation."

No sound but the strangely familiar singing of birds and the rustle of the trees in the morning breeze came in answer to his prayer. But though oppressed with a sense of loneliness and wondering that no other spirits came to greet him, he faced the new world with a manly front and open eyes, and turned again to the stream. Once more the spirit which he had first seen confronted him, but he was not afraid. As he brought his lips nearer to the water, the face of the spirit came close to his. He drank, seemingly from the mouth of the spirit itself, whose features became strange and awful and distorted.

But, oh, the sweetness of the water! It was only in spiritually surely that such water could be found. He drank deeply and was refreshed as he had never been before.

In the reports of a white missionary among the Indians appears the following quaint narration of a legend which had been handed down through generations of the Wampanoags, a warlike tribe of great power and prosperity in those days of their peaceful ministrations among them: "I trust your reverence will not deem it trivial in me (but rather a manifestation of my zeal that your reverence will have an understanding of these strange people) if I relate a curious legend cherished by these simple savages. It goes to the following effect:

"Upon the death of a great chief in battle his squaw gave birth to a blind son, whom, when he had come into manhood, the young men of the tribe took away into a distant forest and left there to perish, believing that by reason of his blindness and his total lack of skill as a hunter he must perish, for to what they supposed had been a curse sent upon him in the form of blindness they ascribed the dire sufferings of the tribe and the imminence of its extinction. Well, it is related that the tribe, some time after the supposed death of the blind chief, mustered its energies for a final resistance against the Naticks, its ancient enemies, who, finding that the newly elected chief of the Wampanoags was merely a loud braggart, without the true metal of a great warrior in him, determined to fall upon the feeble Wampanoags and sweep them from the earth.

"The battle was a very unequal one, for the Naticks were greatly outnumbered by the Wampanoags. But it is related that in the fiercest part of the fight, when the arrows of the Naticks were raining upon the Wampanoags as ripened wheat, and despair and consternation sat upon the weaker tribe, there suddenly sprang forth a stalwart young man of great size and strength, who, with commanding voice and gesture, swinging aloft a club which he had wrenched from a tree, cried, 'For your lives, my people,' and leaped to the front.

"I feel constrained to inform your reverence that, according to the legend, this valiant dropped from heaven, but your reverence will understand that I believe nothing of the kind, having, through the mercy of the Son of God, received a clearer light than that which illumines the minds of these benighted savages, and that I am constrained to believe that this savage young chief, left by his comrades so bereft and ragged as to move broken up knotted and tangled places within him, to the end that the slight cause which had held his vision in abeyance had been removed, but upon this matter your reverence, with superior wisdom, may be able to pass a more intelligent opinion. It is my function solely to report affairs as I have heard them, and in this pursuit I report the following:

"The Wampanoags recognized in this strange comrade the spirit of Chikatabac, the blind young chief; you and I, your reverence, recognized in him Chikatabac himself with sight restored. Be that as it may, his superior presence, the calm majesty of his bearing, the indomitable earnestness of his glance and the superb daring of his movement inspired the Wampanoags with an almost forgotten courage, to the end that they followed their strange leader, despite the frantic warnings of their newly elected chief, and moved to extraordinary daring flung themselves upon the enemy with incredible ferocity.

"Foremost in all their bloody enterprises was the new leader, his great frame towering above all others, his club swinging with deadly regularity and crushing out the lives of hapless Naticks with every blow, and his clear voice ringing far above the din of strife, crying, 'For your lives and your children, my countrymen! Follow me! I trust you will not think I am too deeply stirred by this narration. I give the legend merely as it has been told to me.

"It is related that the Wampanoags carried the field and won the day, and that this was but the beginning of a series of victories which restored them to their original glory and sent the Naticks into another part of the world. That which more directly concerns this legend is a matter of simple record. The new chief, it is said, after placing his tribe upon the old footing by means of numerous valorous battles—maintaining always the extraordinary reticence and solitude which followed his advent among his people—kept apart and silent until all had been finished. Then one evening, as the sun was setting, he was seen upon an eminence with arms outstretched toward the west and eyes uplifted to heaven, his lips moving in silent invocation. And after that he walked slowly toward the west and was never seen again by his people. He had faded forever into the silent mysteries of the twilight."—L. O. Harton and W. C. Morrow in San Francisco Examiner.

Chilian War Steamer. The Captain Pratt, the last of the three iron clads ordered in Toulon by President Balmaceda for Chili, was finished a few weeks ago and has just been armed and is shortly to start for Chili. The total cost is about \$900,000. It is 7,000 tons, is 100 yards long by 20 yards wide, draws 20 feet of water and is of 12,000 horsepower, has 12 canon and 20 hotchkiss guns and 5 gatling mitrailleurs, a Fiske telescope and an antitorpedo netting. The crew numbers 450 men.

Hopelessly Dependent. The masters in some colonies of ants in which slaves are kept have become so hopelessly dependent on their slaves that they not only will not seek food, but are incapable of feeding themselves and will starve with food before them, unless a slave is present to place it in their jaws!—Leisure Hour.

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THE MONTH OF MARY.

Month of Mary, blessed days!
Time of justice and peace,
Month of Mary, season when
Cyprian grace descends on men
From the Sun of her on high,
Whose throne is his own most high
At her side the saying shower,
Gracious sometimes her flower,
Daughter, Mother, Spouse is she
Of the Holy Trinity.

That month in which poets have ever
delighted to sing the charms of imma-
nate nature decked in all the wealth of
vernal and floral splendor, glowing with
the fresh fair beauty of springtime, is well
chosen by Mother Church as a season fit-
ting for particular veneration of the first
and fairest of her children—the Queen
Rose of Sharon, the Spotted Lily of
Israel.

In these days heaven seems nearer even
to the worldling. Is it any wonder then,
that for the man of Faith, during our
Lady's month, the birds are chanting the
brooks are murmuring, the flowers are
illustrating, and the clear, starlit heavens
are telling that ineffable story of the Babe
born of a Virgin at Bethlehem, the
preacher of the Sermon on the Mount,
the Saviour of the world?

Al! dull must be the ear which cannot
catch an understrain of praise in this
melody, for her who kept all these things
in her heart, and to whom that Divine Son
was bound by such ties of filial affection
as never before or since did or could sub-
sist between parent and child.

For Catholics, the definition of the
doctrine of devotion to the saints is im-
parted with the catechism in childhood.
Much less is any statement in the nature
of apology or defence needed here. For
non-Catholics, the best source of informa-
tion on such subjects is found in doctrinal
treatises approved by the Church as
correct expositions in substance and in
form of her infallible teaching.

In these times of what seems almost to
be material witchery, when the subtlest
agency in nature has been reduced to the
position of a drudge in the performance
of offices of every-day life; when the ap-
pliances for economizing time and labor
have reached a stage approaching perfec-
tion when artificial wants, or what, not
very long ago, were considered to be such,
have come to be regarded as necessities;
and when investigation presumes to ex-
amine the realm of the source of life
itself, in a vain endeavor to define and
measure it—when all this has been or is
being done, and yet among us misery still
not a feeling of disgust at times takes
possession of the reflecting man, and make
him cry out from the very depths of his
heart, "Empty, empty, empty." For in-
deed the eye is not filled with seeing, nor
the ear with hearing, unless the objects
of contemplation be the glories of heav-
enly land and the harmonies of the angelic
choirs.

Indeed, during all the month of May,
the devout child of our Blessed Mother
might traverse the whole world, and in
every place and in every clime, with
kindred spirits everywhere to be found,
keep unbroken that stronger than "the
bond which nature gives," a bond transcend-
ing, but including, and not destroy-
ing, the ties of human nature.

This is the homage rendered on earth
by her subjects to the Queen of Heaven—
a homage superior to that which is the
due of any other mere creature, and is in-
ferior only to that to be paid to the
Almighty and Everlasting of Days, and to
Mary's own Divine Son.

In hymn and canticle, in litany and
rosary, the Queen of Christians is re-
ceiving ascriptions of praise from those
who in this manner keep inviolate a bond
uniting earth and heaven.

The unthinking or uninformed without
the pale of Holy Church may be inclined
to think that all this savors of unreason-
ing rhapsody—the effervescing ebullition
of unrestrained enthusiasm. Let
such consult the writings of the clearest-
minded and most dispassionate of theo-
logians, and they will learn that it is a
monstrous impossibility to overstate in terms
of human thought or speech, the glory of
the Mother of the Eternal Word, if only
the immeasurable distance be kept in mind
which separates the Infinite and Omnipotent
from the most exalted of His creatures.

Who has ever spoken of her dignity in
terms more unqualified than did the angelic
messenger? "Hail, full of grace!"
The Lord is with thee. Did not her kin-
dness, St. Elizabeth—whose son, sancti-
fied from his mother's womb, was to
become the precursor of our Lord—when
speaking under the control and by the in-
spiration of the Holy Spirit, declare of
her, "Blessed art thou amongst women?"

What scripture, the pages of Holy Writ
excepted, so teems with thoughts promp-
tive of love, reverence, piety and awe, as
are contained in the Ave Maria. In the
rosary and the Litany of Loretto? Is not
the regular recital of these a liberal edu-
cation, even for the literature? In the
things of Martha's choice, which were de-
clared by the Author of Truth to be the
better part? Can the mind of a Socrates,
to whom the whole expanse of the starry
heaven was as familiar, one might almost
say, as the way to the playground is to
the schoolboy; or the mind of a Newman,
crystalline clear, penetrating to the heart
of metaphysics and the heart of ethics, or
can the mind of such a scientist as is St.
George Minard, find subjects worthier of
contemplation? These men and others
of their like find no inconvenience or im-
pediment in their progress toward the ulti-
mate of human science and learning from
time devoted to the study and practice of

this highest kind of sentiment—to dis-
tinguish the devotion by no vainer term.
They would themselves be the first to tes-
tify to its profitableness and helpfulness.

There is this thought which should
quicken the affection of Americans for the
Blessed Virgin: The Church in the
United States has been especially com-
mitted to her patronage under the auspices
of her immaculate conception.

Who can doubt for an instant that the
cultivation of this devotion would be both
helpful and profitable for the business-
rich and business-driven people of this
country?

For the average reputable, law-abiding,
assiduous, especially the successful,
American business man, in all too many
cases, what is the life which he is leading
in this his day and generation?

Is it not a whirl of excitement, a mad
rush, an incessant mental strain, an alter-
nation of seasons of fevered hope and
bitter failures, or of equally unsatisfying
realizations?

Is not this statement borne out by
patient facts?
Granted he has greater physical com-
forts, and in more abundance than ever
before. But if he have the capacity to
enjoy them he will not permit himself to
take the time, and if he have the time,
how often does it not happen that he has
lost all zest for them?

And this is your naturally good, your
benevolent, public-spirited citizen; he who
is fond and proud of his favored position
in life, and in a vague sort of way, too
is grateful for it.

Take a more extreme example of
thrillings to business. Is there a poorer
man to social than the one who has
sold time, social courtesies, frankness,
ingenuousness, confidence in fellow-
beings, the delights of art and literature,
leisure for humanizing family intercourse,
even his own self-respect, all for the sake
of having his name appear at the head of
the list of "our heaviest tax-payers?"

It is not the part of reason, certainly it
is not the part of reason enlightened by
religion, to despise God's material gifts,
secured through the exercise of the fac-
ulties and powers which He has conferred
on man. But these are not the highest
nor are they calculated in themselves to
subserve his truest and highest interests.

A contented and cheerful disposition—
is the statement necessary to be made—
will better stand a man in the pursuit even
of earthly happiness, than will any as-
sistance he may receive from labor, legacy
or inheritance. How much richer would
not the Crossings of our land become, if
by the sacrifice of the greater part of their
worldly possessions they could acquire
the true wealth which is the endowment
of every simply trusting Christian soul.
—Arthur O'Keefe in Donahoe's Maga-
zine.

METROPOLITAN SEWER.

Every now and then the sewer question
is raised in the Council and a little op-
position is sufficient to put back a measure
most pressing. Various methods of dis-
posal of sewage matter have been pro-
posed, and with just reason, to have their
property ruined by the discharge of the
drainage of Quincy at their doors. We
believe that a way can be devised that
will do no wise be a detriment to any por-
tion of the city, which will be offensive to
no one and which will thoroughly do the
work at comparatively small expense of
maintaining it. We suggest that it be
carefully considered by the authorities
and believe that it is the best method of
sewerage and the best qualified to settle
all disputes and objections now raised.

It is possible that the plan of connect-
ing Quincy's sewer system with that of
Boston may have been broached, but if so,
we have not seen it. The cities to the
north and west of Boston have joined
with it in the construction of a vast net-
work of sewers called the "Metropolitan
system," through which their drainage
runs into a common sewer. Quincy might
profitably imitate their example. Squalor
is only a short distance, and by run-
ning our pipes thence, a vast outlay of
money could be saved. A rental could be
paid to Boston for the privilege and ad-
vantage granted to Quincy, and the vexed
matter of disposal of sewage could thus
be easily adjusted. A sewer in our city is
a vital necessity. If one could compute
the loss suffered by reason of sickness and
death on account of diseases that may be
avoided and prevented by the removal of
the vast mass of filth that daily is cast
upon the land of Quincy, he would easily
find that it costs far more to be without a
sewer than it would to sustain a magnifi-
cent system.

THE HIGH SCHOOL LOT.

The Ledger seems to think that the
Council made a mistake in the selection
of the Butler land for the location of a
new High School building. Its objections
do not appear to us as very strong. It is
only a question of a few years when
Quincy will wake up to the fact that it
must pay transportation for the High
School pupils who live remote from the
school. That this is only a matter of
justice and equality which is recognized
and practised by many other cities and
towns in the state, with the result of
largely increasing the attendance on ac-
count of placing the means of higher edu-
cation equally within the reach of all,
rich or poor, near or distant. The sur-
roundings of the Butler lot are admirable
and when a fine building shall have been
placed on the lot, and the large piece of
land improved and graded, the city will
possess property that will be an ornament
and pride for hundreds perhaps of
years. It would be shortsighted policy to
stick away in a narrow and unfrequented
little street such an edifice as is required
for a high school to supply the needs of
the city for a long term of years. It
would also be very foolish to put a high
school in a business center. The noise of
trifle etc., would not at all be conducive
to the quiet and peace necessary for deep
and profitable study. The centre of
transportation if not far enough distant
to make any material difference, and it
seems rather strange to hear councilmen
and others who lately opposed transpor-

HOODLUMS.

The action of the Mayor in conjunction
with the railroad officials, to sternly re-
press and stamp out the rowdism that
has disgraced the cars as well as the name
of Quincy, calls for the emphatic approval
of the citizens. The amount of outrage
suffered so long by peaceably inclined pas-
sengers has been dreadful. The streets
have been rendered unsafe by the ruf-
fians who have been cast upon them from
the trains, numerous assaults, robberies
and even worse crimes have been com-
mitted by these drunken rascals, who
seem to imagine that the mere fact of
their intoxicated condition is a sufficient
reason to justify their blackguardism.

The police ought to stamp out the evil,
to show no mercy or favor, and if they are
not yet numerous enough to enforce the
law and preserve the public peace their
number should be increased until order is
established. The law must prevail even
if the violators find that the way of the
transgressor is hard.

Mr. C. F. Pettengill will open his new
store about the 20th of the month.
Miss Lucy O'Connell, book keeper at
the Boston Branch Store, has gone to
Chicago and Minneapolis.
This is the month of May. Services
in honor of the Mother of God, are held
weekly in our churches. Attend them.

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P. M.

tation of pupils on the argument that
walking from Atlantic and West Quincy
to the present school is highly beneficial
to the pupils' health and yet now oppo-
sing the Butler lot location because it is so
far from the transportation centre, when
it must be less than half a mile.
The location proposed or suggested by
the Ledger will be found, on second
thought, to be much inferior to the Butler
lot.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

Notwithstanding the bigoted and un-
scrupulous opposition of Tories, renegade
Liberals, and Orangemen, Mr. Gladstone
is forcing the Home Rule Bill through the
House of Commons. It is now going
through Committee, and the Premier is
determined that the obstructive policy of
the opposition shall not prevent its pass-
ing the Commons. The Orange fraction
resorted to the policy of irritation to en-
able the Tories to resort to bloodshed. In
this they were encouraged by Salisbury,
and Balfour, but these worthies have
called off their dogs, as the Irish proverb
has it, "Fear is a good thing," none of these
gentlemen are ambitious of wearing a
martyr's crown.

It would be waste of time to answer the
rhodomontade put forth by the opposi-
tion—a curious combination. The Marquis
of Salisbury, the Duke of Argyll, Jos. Chamberlain and Bonhamstead Saunderson.
It is said that they are preparing several
hundred amendments in Committee, but
they will be blown up by their own petard.
The Cloture, failed to check off debate on
Irish questions, is now a blackthorn in
the hands of Gladstone, and is not a man
to spare the rod. There is little doubt
of the passing of the Bill through the
Commons, the amendments contemplated
for by the Irish members, and some that
Mr. Gladstone indicates, will be settled
by the friends of the Bill, and be sup-
ported by the united strength of the
whole party. There is not a shadow of
dissension among the supporters of Mr.
Gladstone, and any compromise agreed
upon will receive the votes of the entire
party.

But it is said that the Bill will be re-
jected by the House of Lords. The Press
may be so blind to their own interests as
to defeat the measure, but they dare not
risk such a course. History repeats
itself, and the upper house as it is called
has never opposed the will of the Com-
mons, when the Commons are in earnest.

History repeats itself, twice in this cen-
tury the Lords have backed down, al-
though supported in each instance by the
influence of the King. In 1829 George IV.
was bitterly opposed to Catholic Emancipation, an extract from "Greville's
Memoirs." Mr. told me he had not seen
the King, but that he had heard he was
silly as a bear, and that he was sure he
would be very glad if anything happened
to defeat this measure, though he was
too much afraid of the Duke to do any-
thing himself tending to thwart it. "The
King still in hopes that the Bill will not
pass." Mr. told me that the majority of
the Bill was 36, and after a majority in
the Commons, it was a foregone conclusion.

On March 4th, the Chancellor, Mr. Peel,
went to the King, and when he refused to
give them his hearty support, they re-
signed. He could get no other ministers,
and then he yielded with a bad grace, and
the Bill went on. Greville says of Eldon
accepted office, the Duke would have been
out, and God knows what would have
happened."

In 1833 another conflict occurred be-
tween the two Houses on the Reform Bill.
Lord Grey had a majority in the
Commons. The Lords refused to accept
the Bill; Lord Grey insisted that the King
should create Peers sufficient to pass the
Reform Bill. When the King refused to
do so, the ministry resigned, and the King
being unable to carry on the government
vied with a bad grace and agreed to
create new Peers, under this threat the
Lords yielded and passed the Bill.

The Tories at that time were more nu-
merous and powerful than they are now.
The Orangemen were as noisy and truc-
ulent then as they are now. The Duke of
Cumberland—brother to the King, was
"Grand Master," and intended to throw
over Princess Victoria, and seize the
throne, but their courage failed, he backed
down.

If the same circumstances occur now,
all this bragadoocio will end in smoke,
and Col. Saunderson will fall back into a
loyal subject, drink the usual loyal toasts
on the 12th of July, denounce Balfour
and Lord Randolph for betraying their
unfortunate tool.

CHOOCHUMS.

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with the railroad officials, to sternly re-
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CHANGED HANDS.

Stephen A. Pierce, Registered Pharmacist, having purchased the City Drug Store, corner Hancock and School streets, will stock the same with the usual line to be found in all first class Drug Stores. The goods will be as fresh and the prices as low as any where in the city. All prescriptions will be compounded by the proprietor, who will be found in attendance day and night.
Remember we are at the service of all the public at all hours.

CITY DRUG STORE.

THE GRAND BAZAAR IN HANCOCK HALL.

It is hardly worth while announcing the Bazaar in the columns of a public news-
paper. It has already been so extensively canvassed that one may reasonably doubt if anyone in Quincy is ignorant of its coming. Yet there are some things in its regard that are not known, the publication of which will be useful.

This Bazaar will in some respects be like all others; and yet it will be in other respects quite unique. It will be like others in regard to the sale and disposal of its numerous useful and ornamental articles. Especial thanks are due to many storekeepers of Quincy and Boston for their generous contributions. When you go to the Bazaar take note of those storekeepers who have given something; you may know by that fact that they are wide-awake ones who know how to keep the best articles in their line and sell them to the greatest number of people. The Bazaar Bulletin will contain their names.

The young lady managers of the Bazaar have prepared a series of amusements for each night that will give this Bazaar a character that will make it unique. Being under the auspices of the Sunday School the managers will naturally belong principally to the corps of Sunday School teachers and each division of the children will have a separate table.

TABLE I. Perseverance Classes, under the charge of Miss Cath. Howley, assisted by Misses Elizabeth O'Neil and Jenny Welsh. Colors, Olive Green.

TABLE II. Altar Boys. Manager, Miss Helena Moynihan, assisted by Miss Julia Moynihan, Miss Meany and Mr. A. Mischler. Colors, Red, White and Blue.

TABLE III. Communion Girls, under the management of the Young Ladies' Charitable Society of Quincy. Color, Lavender.

TABLE IV. Communion Boys, under the management of Miss Nellie Ford, assisted by Mr. D. Green and J. Hayes. Color, Blue.

TABLE V. Prayer Classes, manager, Miss Nellie O'Brien, assisted by Miss Katy O'Brien, Helen Greany and Ellen Sweeney. Color, Pink.

TABLE VI. Refreshments, under the management of Misses Annie Cahill, Elizabeth Sullivan and Mary Connors. Color, Orange.

TABLE VII. Tonics and Cigars, under the management of Mr. William Sullivan, Mr. Ford, Mr. Henry Collins.

During the Bazaar entertainments will be given every evening as follows:—
Wednesday evening, May 31st, grand concert for the Communion Boys table supplied by Mr. Patrick Barry.

Thursday evening, June 1st, Varieties.
Friday evening, June 2d, Tableaux.
Saturday evening, June 3d, Instrumental.

Sunday Evening, June 4th. Grand Sacred Concert, under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Charitable Society. Introducing the best musical talent of Boston and vicinity.

Monday, June 5th. Concert under management of Altar Boys' table.
Tuesday, June 6th. Concert under management of the Perseverance Class' table.

Wednesday, June 7th. Concert under management of the Young Ladies' Charitable Society.

Thursday, June 8th. Grand Opera, entitled "The Three Princes," given by the Children's Choir, under the auspices of the ladies in charge of the Refreshment Table.

Friday, June 9th. Grand closing of the Bazaar, with concert and dance under the management of the Perseverance Table.

The particulars of these entertainments will be given later. At the present it will be enough to notice that the price of admission will be as follows:—
Admission ticket for ordinary nights, 10 cents.

Season tickets, 75 cents.
These tickets include all the evenings except Sunday, June 4th and Friday, June 9th. On these evenings the admission will be:—
Sacred Concert, Sunday, June 4th, Admission, 25 cts. Reserved Seats, 50 cts.

Friday evening, June 9th, Tickets, 50 cts. More detailed particulars will be given in the printed circular to be distributed later.

Grand Entertainment in aid of the Altar Boys' Table, at the Bazaar, given by the Young People's Catholic Literary Society, in St. John's hall, Friday evening, June 9th, 1893. Programme:—
1. Prize Debate: "Resolved that the condition of the Catholic Church is better in the 19th century than it was in the 13th century."

Introductory, Mr. William Sullivan, Affirmative, Mr. William Sullivan, Negative, Mr. Timothy Collins, Miss Jenny Griffin.
Address, Miss Katy O'Brien.
In the chair, Miss Ellen Greaney.
2. Orchestra.
3. Solo, Miss Annie Roche.
4. Selections by the Misses McLaughlin, Piano, Piccolo and Violin.
5. Solo, Miss Lizzie Sullivan.
6. Orchestra, Selections.
7. When Stars Even, Misses Annie Roche, Ellen Griffin, Annie Walsh, Fanny McNally.
Duet, Misses Mary McNally, Fanny McNally.

W. E. BROWN,

UNDERTAKER.

Cor. Canal and Mechanic Sts., Quincy.

Residence, 3 Fulton Ave.

Connected by Telephone.

BUY YOUR

Dress Goods,

—OF—

CLAPP BROS.

Agents for

Lewando's French Dye House and Standard Patterns.

FLOWER SEEDS, 30c. PER PAPER.

McCounty, assisted by orchestra.
10. Orchestra, Selections.
11. Boys' Chorus, Altar boys.
12. Girls' Chorus, Children's Choir.
13. Children's Frolic, Children's choir.
14. Grand March from Queen Esther.
15. Chorus, Children's Choir.
Admission 25 cts. Reserved seats 50 cts.

A Grand Burlesque Tragedy, in four scenes, entitled "In Babylon," will be presented. Cast of characters:
Mr. Adolphus White, an exponent of Virtue, Mr. William Welsh.
Mr. Jonathan Grey, an exponent of Vice, Mr. Timothy Ford.
Mr. Sophocles Black, an exponent of Villainy, Mr. Dennis Greaney.
Miss Arabella Green, and exponent of Veracity, Miss Helen Brennan.
Mr. Black's Ghost, an exponent of Roguery, Somebody Else.

An Indian. John Sweeney
A Horse. Supplied
Another Indian. From the same source
More Horses. From the same source
Scene I.—The Boogie Dance. Scene II.—The Author's Crime. Scene III.—A Foreign Climate. Scene IV.—A Grand Good Time.

Tickets 25 and 50 cents.

LOCAL NEWS

Measles are very prevalent among school children.

The Willard School children will hold a Parents' Day around Decoration Day.

It is expected that the new fire station will be ready for occupancy next Monday.

Mrs. Thomas Plummer of Hancock street has presented the City Hospital with \$25.

The Atlantic brass band intends giving its first public concert at Music hall on Decoration Day.

Owing to the continued illness of Mr. Francis Knibb, the Mayor will appoint a new assessor for Ward 4.

A testimonial concert will be tendered Mr. John J. Pichan, on St. Mary's hall, Wednesday evening, May 17.

Mrs. Michael Early of Cross street, is confined to the house with a very sore foot, having met with an accident.

Mr. Stephen A. Pierce has bought out the City Drug Store on the corner of School and Hancock streets. We wish him success.

Since our last issue, death has removed from our midst two well-known young men, Mr. John E. Burns and Mr. Frank E. Junot.

Mr. John Burns had been in poor health for some time and passed peacefully away at the home of his brother on Friday, April 14.

Miss Margaret Elcock died at her home on Furnace avenue, Monday, May 8, of heart trouble. Her funeral took place at St. Mary's church, on Wednesday.

Mr. William L. Sullivan of this city, who took part in the recent debate of the Fulton Debating Society of Boston College, deserves special praise for his excellent debating abilities.

Mr. Frank Junot died, with but a few days' illness of pneumonia, on Saturday, April 29. He was president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society and had been for many years a member of St. John's Choir. May they both rest in peace.

The Quincy branch of the Young Ladies' Charitable Association, connected with the Consumptive Home of Boston, will take part in the entertainment to be given in Mechanics Building, on Thursday, May 12. After the entertainment a banquet will be given the performers and their friends. A special train will leave Boston at 1 a. m., to convey the suburban to their homes.

DO YOU HAVE A Headache

IF SO USE Instantaneous Headache Cure, Sure Cure, Only 25 cents.

—FOR SALE ONLY AT—

WILLARD'S DRUG STORE, 27 SCHOOL STREET, SOUTH QUINCY.

BARGAINS That Are Bargains,

—CAN BE HAD AT—

C. S. HUBBARD'S,

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S SUMMER UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, CORSETS, GLOVES, LACES, RUCHINGS, AND EVERYTHING IN THE DRY AND FANCY GOODS LINE.

Also a Large Assortment of MILLINERY.

—AT—

C. S. HUBBARD, 158 Hancock Street,

Directly Opposite Post Office.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE To Buy

New and Second Hand Furniture

Hardware, Paints and Oils, Varnish & Dryers,

—IS—

Frank F. Crane's

4 CHESTNUT STREET, QUINCY.

NOTICE.

MR. DR. BAMFORD

THE FINE

CUSTOM TAILOR,

Will be in his new store opposite the Post Office June 1st, and you can get the latest styles of

Spring and Summer Goods,

at reasonable prices. He will also do cleaning and pressing and repairing in first class style.

Thanking the public for their patronage in

TRICKS SEEN IN INDIA

TWO REMARKABLE FEATS OF INDIA'S
CLEVER JUGGLERS.The Materialization of a Serpent From a
Glass of Water Which Afterward Was
Swallowed by the Performer—Slight of
Hand in Which a Babe Figures.

An article in a recent edition on the jugglers of India tended to throw discredit on the eastern wizards that have so long been held in esteem. Whether or not the tricks the jugglers perform are wonderful is a matter to be determined individually. At any rate, in a vague way they have the reputation. Histories and books are full of the accounts of the miraculous feats that these tricksters of India can perform.

And now comes Mr. Kellar, a nineteenth-century Broadway-up-to-date person, who adds his testimonial to all the rest as to the superiority of oriental over occidental magic.

Mr. Kellar, it seems, has also traveled in India in a search for the wonderful and succeeded in finding what he could not understand.

Professor Kellar isn't very old in years, although his hair has a very wide part in the center, but if you come to count up his experiences Methuselah isn't in it with him. There are few places on the face of this earth that he has not seen, and his travels in the east world are also quite extensive. He has pulled rabbits out of the pith of the beehive, chime on his native heath; he has wrung silver dollars from the nose of the Australian kangaroo and has made flowers grow for the Zulu belle attired in her sable costume of hare skin.

"Some years ago," says the professor, "I spent considerable time in India traveling through the country and visiting the principal cities. That is the land of the magician, and nowhere on earth is the art so thoroughly known. The Indian magicians appear to have been born for the business, and they have developed their natural abilities to such a wonderful degree that many of the natives believe them to possess supernatural powers. Indeed one almost finds himself concurring with the general idea after he has witnessed some of their feats."

"I have attended many wonderful scenes, but I can remember none that impressed me more than one which I saw in the rooms of the Chundermunnul club at Lucknow. I was a guest of the club and was invited to attend the performance of one of the native jugglers. I gladly consented to be present, and together with Captain Jenkins, the president of the club, and Captain Powers, an officer in the queen's native, who had just returned from the Zulu war, I took a seat near the stage."

"During the early part of the entertainment there were a half dozen jugglers who performed only ordinary tricks, and then the star of the evening was introduced. He performed one of the most wonderful tricks I ever saw. He took a board and placed it on four glass goblets, thus elevating it from the floor. A youngster sitting on the board was then requested to place his hands together palms up. Then the juggler took a glass of water and poured it into the outstretched hands of the boy. In the meantime the boy had been mesmerized, and his attention was fixed on a point indicated by the magician."

"Gradually the water turned green in color, and then it developed into a jelly which increased in density until it became as solid as any stone article you ever saw. Out of the center of this then appeared the head of a snake, which gradually developed until in the place of the water there appeared a hissing reptile. I was amazed, I can assure you, but the trick was not yet completed. Hitting the reptile upon the head with his wand, the juggler took it up carefully and placed it back in the glass."

"As we looked it became transformed into a jelly, which in turn transformed into a greenish colored water. Clearer and clearer became the fluid until it was of its original color, and then the juggler placed it to his lips and drank the entire contents. That was the most wonderful trick I ever saw performed, and it is as mysterious to me today as it was then. There was another trick performed the same evening which was not so wonderful, but was nevertheless remarkable."

"A woman with a baby swung in a bag around her waist entered the stage and endeavored to balance a ball upon her nose. This she failed to do on account of the hindrance afforded by the child. She repeated the attempt, but met with no better success than on the first trial. The juggler all the while was standing on the side of the stage, apparently furious at the repeated failures of the woman, and finally in a rage he rushed toward her and tore the babe away from her. The woman screamed as she realized the danger into which the child was thrown, and the indignation spread to the audience."

"Unconcerned apparently about the babe, its mother or the audience, the juggler took the child and threw it into a bag which he held in his right hand. Then taking a firm hold on the neck of the bag he whirled it over his head and brought it down upon the floor with a force that boled no good to the occupant. At the same time the woman screamed and fell on her knees, begging the juggler to desist, but he told her to keep quiet and repeated the performance."

"By this time Captain Jenkins and Captain Powers were on the stage and were struggling with the juggler, trying in vain to get hold of the bag. The juggler pushed them to one side and scowled angrily over their interference and then forced them off the stage. Then, bowing and smiling to the audience, he placed his hand in the bag and drew out a pair of white gloves, which flew on both shoulders of the juggler. A scream in the corner attracted our attention, and there in a cradle we saw the babe, whom we had supposed by this time had become an immortal, laughing and clapping his hands with joy."

"And yet some people wonder, if truth is stranger than fiction.—New York Herald."

Got the Wrong Grip.

I made my first trip through western Texas some time ago, and on my way to U— I asked some "commercial tourists" on the train where to stop when I got there. They told me to go to old S—'s place; that he kept a good hotel, but was a crank of the first water; would "cuss," but to pay no attention to him. I went there, had a good supper and about 10 p. m. took my grip and told S— "I was ready to retire. He was at least 65 and gray as a badger. He

stared up at me, and I showed, covered the room I was to occupy. The old man struck a match. As he was lighting the lamp, I placed my grip on the floor at the foot of the bed and stepped to the window, which was open. After lighting the lamp the old man turned around and saw a grip, left by some brother artist, on the bed."

"Take that grip off my bed! They are made to sleep on, not to put baggage on," was his command. I thought he would see my grip at the foot of the bed and said nothing. "Take it off!" he roared, "or I'll throw it out the window!" "Throw away," I said. Bang! it went in the yard. "There, I told you I'd do it," I remarked very mildly. "I do not care. It is not mine," and I picked mine off the floor so he could not send it after the other. The expression on his face was wonderful, but the way he swore was more wonderful, and downstairs he went, got a lantern and passed out into the yard for the still swearing at every step.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Most Direct Course.

At the time of the recognition of the independence of the United States a Frenchman named Lanch distinguished himself particularly at the memorable siege of Savannah. M. d'Estaing at the most critical moment of that sanguinary affair, being at the head of the right column, directed Lanch to carry an urgent order to the third column, which was on the left.

These columns were then within range of grapeshot from the enemy's trenches, and on both sides tremendous firing was kept up. Lanch, instead of passing through the center or in the rear of the columns, proceeded coolly through the shower of shot which the Americans and English were discharging at each other.

It was in vain that M. d'Estaing and those who surrounded him cried to Lanch to take another direction. He went on, executed his order and returned by the same way, while his friends watched expecting to see his instant destruction.

"Why did you choose such a road as that?" said his general on seeing him return unhurt. "You must have expected to perish a thousand times."

"It was the shortest way," answered Lanch, and without another word returned to his usual position. He was afterward promoted to the rank of lieutenant general.—"Memoirs of Count Segur."

An Ideal Union.

I have come to think that the highest reach of art will be the joint achievement of a man and a woman working together as a completed individual representative of the human race. This is the only collaboration worth trying, the collaboration of man and wife under circumstances of peculiar happiness, as when genius meets genius and when love, health and mutual confidence combine to urge their joint lives into a single bloom of art. Like two birds that are mates, building their nest in perfect community of labor, these happy married poets might blend their natures in a poem impregnated with the noblest and purest impulses and aspirations of humanity can mean.—Maurice Thompson in New York Independent.

A Suicide's Text.

A romantic suicide was committed by M. V. H. Cruse, a civil engineer of Russian nationality, but educated in England. The deceased, who put an end to his life by firing a revolver at one of his temples, wrote a letter to a friend shortly before the fatal deed asking him to advise the family at St. Petersburg of his suicide. In this letter he, however, offered no explanation of his action, merely enclosing a leaf from a French edition of Shakespeare with the words, "To be or not to be," in Hamlet's soliloquy, underlined.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A Singular Division of Religious Faith.

The women in the family of Minister Eastis are Catholics, while the men are all Protestants, an unusual division of faith to be carried out so completely. Miss Eastis told me once in speaking of it that there was never a discussion over the matter, although the ladies are all devout adherents of the faith in which they have been brought up.—Boston Globe.

Letters to Boston's Swell Set.

The postoffice people insist that letters intended for the Back Bay should not be addressed to the street and number in Boston, or even to the street and number "Back Bay, Boston," but to "Back Bay, Mass.," or, if you want to be scrupulously obedient to the letter of postoffice regulations, to "Back Bay, Suffolk county, Mass."—Boston Transcript.

ONE DAY'S SWIMMING.

How a Michigan Youngster Spent a Pleasant Day in Summer.

"I've just been swimming over the past," said Quinn Claremont. "Just thinking over the way we boys used to go swimming up in Michigan, and it does seem wonderfully amusing now. I remember one morning I awoke and saw the sunlight streaming through the window across my couch. Then I could not rest. I got up and stuck my head out. It was just pleasantly warm, but the pouring sunbeams promised a gloriously hot day. Over the way I spied my game companion, Mike McConnell, pulling weeds in his father's garden. I jumped Mike, because his father had a garden, and my father hadn't. I lashed him just to show him that I was aristocratic and didn't have to work. Mike looked up and hailed in return. 'I say,' he said, 'let's go swimming.'"

"That caught me exactly, and I decided that for one day I was just going to go and swim as much as I wanted to. When 9 o'clock came and the sun was getting dreadfully warm, Mike eased up and went in to say that he ought to get off now until evening. Then we beat about the fences and made good our escape. There was one day that I will always remember. The water was fine, and I staid in all the forenoon until I got hungry. I grieved to think that I had a stomach at that time. As luck would have it I met the Jones boy, who wanted to go swimming, but not alone, and so I ate at his house and went back. This lasted with proper mud slinging until dark. Going along the road toward home at dusk my rather drooping spirits were cheered by a convivial hubbub further up the road."

"Another crowd was going. I met them. Their spirits were high, and with little effort this hilarious indulgence brought to me the mature reflection that perhaps I had misled myself into the belief that I had had enough swimming for one day. I gave in and returned. About 4,000, 600 mosquitoes accompanied us. Something like 3,999,999 must have delighted in my company. That night I interviewed my father on various timely topics and retired some and weary. Retribution came with a blistered back, plasters, rheumatism and a headache. The next morning I weighed the heaviest though on the swimming side."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

English Axes at the Battle of Hastings.

At the battle of Hastings the corps of the English army were accompanied with sword and shield, and in addition to this they had hung "grat hatchets on their necks, with which they could strike doughty blows." Whenever a special deed of valor is credited to an Englishman in that battle, with one exception, it is due to the axe he bears. And now, what were these axes that dealt such deadly destruction on the Norman knight? As to this we are left in no doubt. Time after time does Waco call them "great axes." The head alone in one instance was a foot in length. And the Bayeux tapestry, out of about 20 axes, represents all except some three as having long handles. Hardly ever do we find in the tapestry the short ax for one hand.—Contemporary Review.

Napoleon and the Panama Canal.

The Panama canal was a scheme of Louis Napoleon when he meditated conquests of the countries in the southern part of North America. Without this the Panama canal would be of no more consequence to France than to other commercial nations of Europe, as it would not connect her possessions or constitute a necessary channel of commerce between her and her dependencies. There are those who doubt the practicality of the Panama scheme, and it is certain, if the opinions of engineers are to control, that the Nicaragua enterprise is by far the more feasible.—R. H. McDonald in California.

An Electrical Exterminator.

A Memphis man has a patent for an electrical vegetation exterminator, which is designed to kill the rank vegetation that grows along railroad beds and highways in tropical countries. The apparatus, including dynamo and engine or battery, is placed on a car and furnishes a current which is sent through all the adjacent vegetation by means of a brush when the car is moved along the track. The same principle is applied of course to the weeds and grasses of a cultivated field.—Chicago Herald.

The Result of a Threat.

When John L. Sullivan was here recently, he succeeded in thoroughly frightening the property man at Haylin's by telling him that if he didn't get a new value to be used in his play he would throw the "teater blokie" and the old gripsack out into the audience on the following night. The next night the stage was covered with all sizes and shapes of traveling bags for the big un to select a suitable one from.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Her Qualifications.

"Why do you apply for this position when I advertised for a French nurse? You are Irish."

"True for yez, mih. But I thought mebbe yez didn't know that 'Orish' people speaks better English than them French."—Harper's Bazar.

Some Clever Variations.

It is said that the first person to utilize a clever remark for quotation is entitled to as much credit as the person who wrote it, and often a play upon a phrase is as bright as the original. Oliver Herford, the talented illustrator and son of Rev. Brooke Herford, is noted for his droll variations upon old fashioned proverbs, and a few recent examples are worth repeating. Who that has ever been photographed, with all that it implies, could fail to appreciate this:

"You may lead a man to the photographer's but you can't make him smile." And what heartless assault will be given by many a man—and perhaps some women, too. "A little widow is a dangerous thing." Some what in the same vein was his characterization on the last day of the week of an egg that failed to please his taste, as "a Saturday night egg," explaining when asked, "Because it has tried all the week to be good." We may praise the stage, the concert platform, the founder of colleges and professors, but the real benefactor to mankind is he who goes through life with a jest in his lips.—Boston Advertiser.

Dangerous Ammunition.

A strange war story comes from New Zealand. Some years ago Sir John Gorst lived in Waikato and edited the Maori newspaper, Te Haki. The paper was printed and published near the scene of the hot test fighting of the war, then raging. During the struggle the Maoris ran short of ammunition, and having no

ball for their 14-pound guns they loaded them with shop weights confiscated from neighboring shopkeepers. This source of supply was soon exhausted.

Then a raid was made on The Hakioi office, and their guns were charged with type and stereo blocks. This new ammunition, so the story goes, proved very effective.

One of the white invaders was injured by a patent medicine advertisement, another was invalidated by a "church bazaar announcement," a third lost a leg through a solid leader on the land bill, and Sir John, who had taken refuge with the British troops, had a narrow escape from being hit with one of his own poems.—Exchange.

An Unjointed Snake.

St. Hawkins, he of Oak Hall, is not given to seeing snakes and especially on the Sabbath, but on Sunday afternoon while riding home from his farm he came upon a rare curiosity in the way of a jointed snake. The reptile was lying near the road, and a sharp cut from Mr. Hawkins' whip caused it to fall in a dozen pieces some 3 inches in length each. The head, with about a foot of the body attached, ran into the bushes and escaped, while the remaining sections lay in the road apparently dead. Mr. Hawkins waited some time to see the snake come forth and couple himself together again as jointed snakes do, but this one failing to make his appearance the sections in the road were picked up and brought to town as curiosities. This is the first jointed snake that has been seen here in years, and the piece attracted attention.—American Times Recorder.

Transportation on the Pacific Coast.

Cost of transportation is the crying evil in California. The people feel embarrassed and cramped in their energies and are struggling for relief. The railroads across the continent were constructed at great cost, and their maintenance and operation are and always will be expensive. Complaints of the excessive rates of transportation are universal. Our grain and especially our fruits and wines are cut off from the markets of our own country by the competition of foreigners, who can produce more cheaply and are subject to less cost for transportation. The transportation problem is among the greatest which now confronts the American people.—Richard H. McDonald, Jr., in California.

An Aromatic Disinfectant.

Pine oil and pine cones are now being imported from Norway, to be sold as disinfectants against a possible cholera scare. The cone is placed in the mouth of a sort of lamp, and the latter contains the oil. A wick communicates with the cone, and this is sufficiently porous to permit the odor of the oil to escape. Pine oil is much used in Italy as a disinfectant in cases of roman fever. Its penetrating odors is so pleasant to most persons, though some learn to like it.—New York Sun.

Studies in Natural History.

"Children," said the teacher, "tell me the name of something belonging to the animal kingdom." Carl instantly raised his hand. "What is it, Carl?" "A little wurrum," said Carl. The teacher smiled. "Who can give me the name of another animal?" Carl's hand fairly "wiggled" with excitement. "Well, Carl?" "Another little wurrum!"—Youth's Companion.

An Interesting Experiment.

A New Braintree (Mass.) farmers' club, composed of men and women, is a progressive and admirable organization. It is evident. It sets apart a woman a day when all the addresses, essays and music are prepared by women, and the dinner is cooked and served by men.

A Difficult Name.

Perhaps the most difficult geographical name in the United States is Youghiohony, or geny as it is sometimes spelled, the name of a creek in western Maryland and Pennsylvania. Few besides natives of the region pronounce it with the chief accent on the penultimate, and who so says it with the accent else where finds his mouth filled with a meaningless confusion of vowels and consonants. The first syllable is "Yough," pronounced "Yo," with a short "o." The second is "i," short, the "o" following is almost if not quite unaccented in the mouth of the native, while the last two syllables are those made familiar in "Alleghany," though there is even here a question of "a" long or "e" short.

The pronunciation of Youghiohony is, however, a simple matter with the modern spelling compared to what it must have seemed to the stranger who met it with the old spelling. On an ancient map of the region the name is spelled "Yoghiohony." Doubtless this spelling came nearer than that now in use to indicating apply the Indian pronunciation of the name.—Chicago Herald.

A Brave and Daring Blackbird.

Early one morning I was called to the window by a great noise among the bird people of the garden and saw the following scene: A young blackbird was standing fascinated by a cat who was crouched under a bush ready to spring on him. An old blackbird on an elm close by was uttering loud and agitated cries, and there was a general cackle of anger and sympathy from the birds all around. After a few seconds the cat sprang on the young bird and held him down. At that instant the old bird came down on them.

There was a moment's struggle, the bird beating her wings violently in the cat's face, and I think pecking at her eyes. Then I heard jumped back to her bush, the young bird made off with long hops, and the old one flew up to the elm amid a jubilant chorus of commendation which lasted quite some time.

Dessert Plates With Faces.

Plates for dessert with miniatures of dear friends in medallions upon them is a late caprice with some of the persons who are for anything it is new. This may be well enough for the beginning of the course, but the last impression of a cherished face looking through various sticky or liquid "remains" is not a pleasant one.—New York Times.

never saw this before, though I have seen a robin come quite close to a cat stalking another bird and scold and flap its wings in her face.—Cor. London Spectator.

The Wrong Turn.

Among the many stories told of absentminded people, there is one about the dreamy mother of a young American author, which is well authenticated, but seems almost incredible.

One evening when her son stopped at the door of her room on the way to his own, to deliver a message which had been sent her, he discovered the old lady in the pitchy darkness holding a match under the cold water faucet.

When she "came to herself," in response to her son's heavy laugh, she admitted that she had lighted five other matches and treated them in the same way.

"I was thinking about something else," she said naively, "and all I knew was that I had to turn something on before I could light the gas."

And then she added, "I don't think it was such a queer mistake after all!"—Youth's Companion.

An Electric Loom.

An electric weaving company of Lynn, Mass., has secured control of an electric loom which will revolutionize the present manner of weaving all kinds of textile fabrics, and the cost for labor will be much cheaper by the new method. The loom will be run by electricity and will weave fabrics from the coarsest carpet to the finest linen. There is no noise perceptible when the machine is in operation, as each shuttle and moving parts work independently. The present power looms operate at the rate of 140 to 180 picks a minute, while the electric loom picks 250 to 300 a minute.—New York Telegraph.

Joe Bird and the Bull.

Joe Bird had an experience with a Jersey bull near Land that he couldn't take near dollars for. The negro went into the barnyard where the bull was standing around thinking, and the animal made at him and ran him against the wall of the barn, baring a horn in the logs on each side of the negro. In his struggle he broke off one horn, and the other one had to be saved off to free the darky. The negro wasn't much hurt, but was so badly scared that Dr. Cavender was called in.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. Holmes' Invention.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes confesses that the convenient little cheap stereoscope that has served as an adjunct to the family album as a means of entertaining visitors in countless unpretentious front parlors was invented by him. He declined to patent it because, as he says, he "did not care to be known as the patentee of a pillow or peeping contrivance."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Teachers Are Not to Blame.

After all that has been done, and well done, no one but a most willful optimist can be blind to the lamentable defects of our schools. The cause for these defects usually falls upon teachers, but does not primarily belong there.—Popular Science Monthly.

Judging Wholly by Appearances.

That things are not always what they seem is shown by the following incident which actually occurred at a well boarding house over on Broadway. Not long ago there arrived a new boarder. He was a man of striking appearance. He had the face and head of a genius. The girls were very much taken up with him, and speculations were rife as to whether he was a poet or a musician. His long locks led them to the conclusion that he must be a poet. He was of a retiring nature and said little, but they were all on tip-toe of expectation, feeling sure that when he did say something it would be a rare treat. One day they were at dinner, and no one was saying a word, when the new boarder said:

"Miss Ella, will you please pass them dumplings?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too High for Jumping.

A Detroit young man, who is very careless in his expenditures of money, spent a week in Chicago recently at a swell hotel, and when the time was up he was in the straits.

"I'm in a hole," he said to a friend. "I've got a ticket home, but I haven't got any money, and I owe the hotel a week's board. The account has just been presented."

"Well, why don't you jump the board bill and settle it when you make a raise?"

"Jump nothing!" he exclaimed in disgust. "They've made it so high I can't jump it. Look at that!" and he handed over the bill to his sympathizing friend.—Detroit Free Press.

A Blow at Woman's Rights.

In our own country concealment of age is regarded as a harmless fiction, and the practice is supposed to be rather prevalent among women who are more than 25 and under 75. In Austria a more serious view is taken of this offense. By a recent decree of their courts of law a marriage was annulled on the husband showing that the bride had concealed the exact number of years that had passed over her head. She pretended to be 15 years younger than she really was.—London News.

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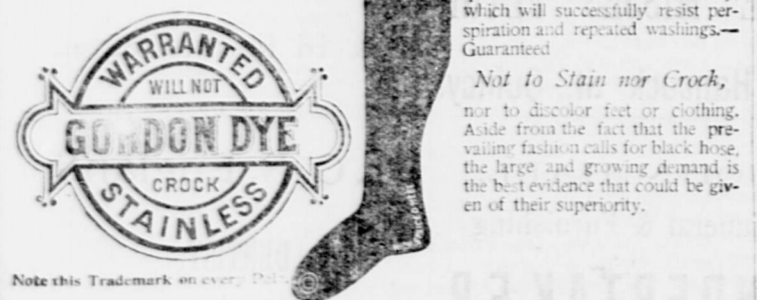
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Helper of every grief and pain to bear,
Though friends be false, thou'rt staunch and true, I find.
Let others sing of woman, wine and song,
Or follow cold Minerva's stately throng,
Most joyfully I leave their noisy throng
For thy embrace and spring to thee—my Bed!
Forth from thy arms I roam in heavenly dreams.
Cast off the fetters of this earthly state,
Glide through ethereal glades by murmuring streams.
That have the purple hills of life and fate
Free from the confines of the rugged Real
Through Fancy's realms my bounding feet are led.
And all the joy that mortal soul can feel
I owe to thee, my magic working Bed!

I long to praise thee in Miltonic strain—
An epic were the deed that is thy due—
But all my poetry efforts are in vain,
And every line goes lagging I construe.
Yet truer homage than mere words I give;
No sinner by his deeds more humbly gives,
I'm doing to thee, my mistress, while I live,
And in thy arms thou'lt find me when I'm dead!

—Joe L. Hendrick in Brooklyn Life.

A LUCKY SHOWER.
When I was about 14 years old, my father, who had been a widower since my birth, took for his second wife the widow of his old friend, Captain Spinner. My father was quite an elderly man already, and the widow was nearly his own age. The terms of his offer were these: Mrs. Spinner, I have a fine old house with no one to keep it. You are the best housekeeper I know and have no house to keep. You have hard times, I know. So have I, in another way. Think it over."

You see, it was not a romantic wooing. As for the widow—a portly woman with a high color, who refused to let her hair grow gray as long as there were dyes in the drug stores—she replied frankly: "Oh, I don't need to think long over it. It's too good an offer. But I never do anything without consulting the captain."

As Captain Spinner had now been dead 10 years this might have started a new acquaintance, but my father knew very well what it meant and said: "Very well, ma'am."

Then Mrs. Spinner brought forth a little triangular candle stand and drier, and would beseech her an hour. Mr. Maddler came at once. He was a remarkable youth of the neighborhood, in whose presence tables danced and raps were heard—not a professional medium, Mrs. Spinner used to say with a sigh, they came too expensive for her."

But a gifted amateur. Under his long, white fingers the table danced about beautifully and these words were spelled out:

"Ship ahoy, my hearty! Shiver my timbers if I could choose a better mate for my late consort. Take her, with my blessing!"

Now, Captain Spinner had never said "shiver my timbers" or called my father "my hearty" in life. But no one's attention was called to that fact, and the result was that Mrs. Spinner became Mrs. Hardman very shortly and fulfilled my father's highest expectations. She looked very well in the rich black silks and satins she could now afford to wear, made us very comfortable, petted us as if we were babies and kept the house in apple pie order. In return my father made no objection to a seance in the library every Friday, where we heard the three legged candle stand dancing away at a great rate.

Mr. Maddler always attended these meetings, but my father did not ask him at other times. He was a mere youth in those days, but I did not like him either, so he gained no foothold in the house.

On the whole, we were very happy for four years, and my father had slowly grown very fond of his Jane Eliza—whom he had married because she was a good housekeeper—when death stepped in and struck him a fatal blow.

When he died, I thought at first that I should never be myself again, but at 18 one is elastic. As for my stepmother, she mourned in the deepest of grief and cried a great deal.

Then "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream." I detected a curious alteration in her manner, and started into curiosity looked for its cause and found it in Mr. Maddler. That young man, now our constant visitor, was evidently paying his addresses to my stepmother, who was hard on her way to 60.

I liked her, for she had been kind to me. I detested Maddler, who seemed to me a very sneaking and contemptible person. I had read the papers sufficiently to know that such unions generally ended very badly for the lady in the case.

As my father had made his will, I had only a sufficient sum for my expenses until I came of age, and my stepmother could do what she pleased during her lifetime.

Poor father never dreamed that his second wife would marry again, and had wished us to make our home together and be as mother and son. I had never doubted the wisdom of the will before, but now I saw that once married to Maddler my stepmother would soon be induced to place everything in his hands.

I determined to speak plainly to her, and I did. She was "confused and simpered a little, but confessed that I was not wrong."

"For heaven's sake, consider what you are doing, mamma!" I cried. "Can't you see the man's motive?" "He adores me," she said.

"Do you believe that?" I cried. She simpered again. "He's young enough to be your grandson," I said.

"Not quite," she replied. "But, at all events, years make no difference. The spirits that hover above me, Mr. Maddler says, and so does his particular friend, Mr. Tucker, preserve my youth by making me inhale flower essences in my sleep. Really I waked up the other night with the smell of lavender all about me. They say I don't look 30. Mr. Maddler and Mr. Tucker do."

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"You don't believe all that, do you, mamma?" I asked.

"Well, yes, I do," replied my stepmother. "And then Mr. Maddler is wildly in love with me."

"It's all nonsense," said I, with the brutal candor of youth. "You look every day your age. I'm a young man, and I assure you that though any one could respect and admire you as a mother or an aunt, you know, you're entirely past falling in love with. Why, your common sense must tell you that. And the table tapping Maddler does with his fingers. I don't say all of them do, but he does. He is a rascal, and all he wants is your money."

I saw rage, mortification and indignation in my stepmother's face as I ceased speaking. Though every word I had uttered came from my heart, even then I began to see that I should have set to work differently. To be successful I should have told my stepmother that she was wrong to throw her charms away on Mr. Maddler or paid a medium to counsel her to beware of him. But I had done what seemed to me best.

My stepmother could not for some time find breath to speak. At last she said contemptuously: "Money! Oh, yes, that is what you think of! I should have been careful of your interests if you had behaved decently, but now—"

she paused and added: "The sooner we part the better."

The end of all this was that the next day I took board near the college and began to think seriously of the future, since probably I should have only my profession to depend on when I came of age.

In a month I heard that the day was set for my stepmother's wedding. She had insisted on waiting a year and one week after the date of her widowhood before she changed her name.

Maddler went about smirking in arm with his great friend, Mr. Tucker. From his spruce appearance I fancied that my stepmother had already been generous to him.

And so my father's money was to pass from me, for I should refuse to enter into any legal conflict, and the foolish woman who had been so good to me once would end her days miserably.

If the ground had opened and swallowed Mr. Maddler, or an evil spirit carried him up chimney, I do not deny that I should have rejoiced thereat, but nothing happened.

Time went on. The last week of my stepmother's freedom had arrived, and she had bloomed out in colors suited to her idea of her well preserved beauty and wore costumes unsuitable to any but a girl in her early teens.

One day I saw her coming up the street thus attired and stood still to look at her.

In past days my stepmother had had a certain dignity about her presence that became her age. Now she reminded me of the clown in the circus dressed in female attire and pretending to flirt with the ringmaster. Her very high heels and very short skirts had much to do with it; the cut of her gown more.

It was at the time when "Dolly Varden" costumes had just been introduced. She wore one of flowered foulard—brightest pink. The jaunty hat had roses in it. We had been members of one household, and she still bore my father's name. A sense of shame crept over me, and I was about to turn away when one of those April showers—not so common now, it seems to me, as they were then—came suddenly upon us.

The elderly butterfly had only a white parasol with pink fringe with which to protect herself from the wild torrents of rain. Elevating this, she began to run. Her high heels betrayed her, and she slipped, fell flat and lay upon the sidewalk, evidently unable to rise.

I was not brave enough to leave her thus. Hastening to her aid, I found that she had sprained her ankle and broken her parasol, crushed her bonnet and ripped the stitches that fastened the "pannier" of the costume. She was weeping bitterly and was a pitiable object.

It still poured. She was unable to walk, but shelter was close at hand. Under the shed of a carriage maker was an old omnibus which was waiting its turn for repairs. Into this I helped my stepmother, piled cushions under her ankle, pulled down

the shades and made her as comfortable as possible.

"As soon as it stops pouring I'll get a cab and take you home," I said.

"You're very kind," she answered. "Oh, I'm in such pain, and if any one should see me!"

"I'll take care of that," I said, and as the rain began to drive in at the door I closed it. The next moment two men came running into the shed.

"Whew!" cried one of them, "we're lucky! High and dry after all that Tuckering!"

"You're a lucky fellow anyhow, Maddler," answered his companion. "Good to know a sort of mascot."

"Oh, dear, it is Mr. Maddler!" whispered my stepmother. "And such a quiet as I am!"

"Keep quiet, and he won't guess that you are here," I said, and silence reigned within the stage—but not without. Tucker was fazed of talking.

"How is the wider?" he queried.

"Fat as ever," replied Maddler.

"The sacrifice is not at hand now. Well, I guess she'll be easy to manage. I was afraid of the cub."

"Meaning Tom Hardman?" queried Tucker.

"Of course," said Maddler. "But a quarrel between the two tried me from him. The old man never dreamed Mrs. Hardman would step off again, and everything is left just the way that suits me. Between my fascinations and the raps I can make the old lady do just what I please. How do you suppose I manage now for cash?"

"Don't know," said Tucker.

"The spirits advise her to give me a certain sum. I say, 'No, no; pray don't.' I declare that I'd rather not take it. The table insists, bangs frantically. There are knocks everywhere. She draws a check, I put it in my pocket, kiss her hand, call her an angel."

"Can you keep it up though?" asked Tucker.

"No need after I've got the ring on her finger and her signature to a paper or two. I think she'll let me have my own way, but if she kicks I'll show her who is master," replied Maddler.

"Maddler, I don't see much of her these days, you and I don't desert fast friends. You've helped me considerably with the old woman."

"It's stopped raining," said Tucker.

"So it has," said Maddler. "Come along."

We were alone again, my stepmother and I. I looked at her. She was white as a ghost.

"I do feel so sick, Tom!" she said.

Poor woman! Between pain and shame and anger and the sudden murder of her vanity she was a wretched case, and I felt very, very sorry for her.

I did my best for her. I interviewed the carriage maker, got him to allow me to put two horses to the omnibus and so conveyed the sufferer home. Having been put to bed and the doctor sent for, I waited to see if I could be of any use, but it was not until twilight fell that my stepmother sent for me.

"Better!" I asked kindly as I entered the room.

"Yes, Tom," she answered quite in her old way, "and very thankful. I think good spirits—you poor pa maybe—made me fall down and sent you to put me in that old bus just to save me from the awful fate I was rushing on."

"Certainly it happened providentially," I said.

"I see what a goose I've been," she continued, "and how honest you spoke, though very plain, that time when I was so vexed, Tom. I see it as you did now, and, thank goodness, it's not too late. Tom, won't you come back and be my son again? I seem to need taking care of."

For all answer I kissed her, but I did not think my whole duty done to my stepmother until I had kicked Mr. Maddler down the steps which I did promptly the next time he called.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

The Cigar Was a Good One.
A man whose face was intelligent, but whose clothes were shabby and whose bearing was unmistakably that of a man who had shed every responsibility and was taking life as easily as he could—a city tramp—walked comfortably along in Union square. As he walked he saw upon the ground the discarded end of a cigar. There was more of it than a smoke usually throws away. While he made no particular demonstration over it, the tramp was evidently pleased to find it. He placed it in his mouth and walked on with just a trace of elation added to his manner of habitual unconcern.

After walking a few steps he thought he would smoke it. He paused in front of a man who was sitting on one of the benches reading a newspaper and asked him for a match. He lighted the cigar carefully. And when he had it fairly alight and going he took it from his mouth and held it up and looked at it calmly but critically with the air of a bon vivant, and then he lifted his face slightly and blew the smoke into the air. It was clear that he enjoyed his end of the cigar and approved the taste of the purchaser.—New York Sun.

Washington's head, the look barrier

There is a piece of wood from the birthplace of Napoleon on the island of Corsica and one from Napoleon's writing desk at St. Helena. Other pieces of the cane came from the Charles Oak, from the home of John Adams, from a chair of Oliver Cromwell, from the home of John Hancock, from the Mayflower, Roger Williams' pew, from a desk of Abraham Lincoln, from a penholder of Gladstone, from a ruler that Garfield used at school, from a penholder of Longfellow, from a trunk that Lafayette used during the Revolutionary war, from the bed upon which John Wesley died and from the guillotine upon which Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were beheaded.

Mr. Yale spent years and much care in collecting the relics. He has been offered \$2,000 for the cane, which is truly a wonder. He will leave it to the historical department of Cornell university when he dies.—Pomona (Cal.) Progress.

Only a Little Thing.

This little story will serve to illustrate that it is a good thing to know something of the little things, the trifles that make up the sum of life's profit and loss. A west side girl made a trip down town one day recently for the sole purpose of exchanging a pattern that her mother and the dressmaker were waiting for to cut a new gown. The pattern had never been opened and was wrapped up carefully to be returned, but the west side girl was not quite satisfied that it was all right and investigated matters to make sure. She discovered a bent pin, and commenting on her mother's carelessness in placing it there removed the pin and threw it away.

Arrived at the store the attendant refused to accept the pattern since it had been opened, and the west side girl went away indignant and carried the pattern and her woes to a friend she knew. This was her experience and abuse was brought to a knowledge of what she had done when the friend, wiser than she, observed that she had taken out the pin, and that one little act had caused all the trouble.—Buffalo News.

An Old Family Dining Room.

America is getting on certainly. There was a time that when we wanted to make our houses fine we had to bring over doors and wainscoting and panels and pillars from world wide palaces and castles. But now we get them from our own architectural halls. Every patriotic American should feel a thrill of pride on entering the small dining room at the Waldorf, which is not a reproduction, a copy or a facsimile, but the actual family dining room of the old Adams mansion which stood on the site of the hotel.

The skill of the builder was only required to raise it one floor, and there it is set just over its former place, complete in every detail, from gaudy painted walls to polished rug covered floors as when it offered a feasting place to the fur dealer's family. It is of course not yet hoary with age and tradition, but it is the thin edge of the wedge and is doing well—very well for so young a country.—New York Times.

Dangerous Admissions.

It is dangerous to make a confession unless one really means it, and we may add that it is sometimes dangerous to take a confession as honestly meant. A husband and wife, between whom a little unpleasant passage had occurred, had made the matter up, and the wife said as if to clear her conscience:

"Oh, well, I suppose that I have my faults."

"Yes, my dear," said the husband.

"What?"

"I simply said 'yes.'"

"That I have my faults!" exclaimed the wife indignantly. "What are they, I should like to know?"

"Well, to begin with"—

"No. I don't want to hear."—London Tit-Bits.

The Way of It.

"What boots it?" demanded Reginald Fitz-Ashetub defiantly.

And sweet Alfreda De Hopsackgazed proudly at the noble figure before her and softly whispered:

"Papa."—Detroit Tribune.

Colleges at Work.

At 6 o'clock this morning I saw a student shepherd standing at a gate in the hilltop. Seven sheep were on the outside of the gate—six of the shepherd's flock, the other a strayer. The man wanted his own sheep in, but before opening the gate he quietly said, "Rob, catch the strayer." An instant Rob pinned the sheep, and holding him in check and wild as he was, as though he were in a vice, and then by another word Glad was told to bring the others in through the gate now opened for them. Although Glad brought his six wild sheep right over Rob and his strayer, the sheep was held securely till the gate was closed and the order given "let it gang."—Cor. London Spectator.

Always So.

Cass (to Bass, who has perpetrated witticism)—Rather an old joke at Bass.—Did you ever know a really old joke that wasn't an old one?—Boston Transcript.

Re-form.

Tompkins—You don't believe in reform, do you, dear?

Mrs. Tompkins (tartly)—When I am compelled to make one gown do for three seasons, I rather guess I have to believe in it.—Truth.

The ways of birds are delightful, and in a small garden you can have, and by keeping earthenware saucers full of water for them to bathe

TO THE VETERANS.

The sound to arms is over.
The shout, the rolling drum:
Sweet breezes, like a lover,
Kiss graves where lie the dead.

The cannon—oh, hammer,
Thou glorious and dear,
Aid with stars, the stars
Still proudly floating here.

This jubilee, the golden,
The royal battle call:
This glory of the dead,
The battle river, wash.

Of souls the loyal heart,
Of warriors the great;
This splendor never parted
From valor's own estate.

When a new race arises
With the swift passing years,
Will heaven lend low to bless thee
Over the engorged in tears?

For freedom left immortal,
And sealed with blood, the red,
Shall never know the portal
Of palace or the dead.

We cannot find the phrases,
Nor can we find the words,
To star the robes of praises
For thy imperial hours!

But, oh, with faith we leave thee,
That faith of human kind,
Victims of glories and of tears,
With laurel wreaths to bind.

With rising suns of dawn
Formed far along the line,
When liberty, the grand patrol,
Shall give the continents!

—E. S. L. Thompson in Muncie Times.

It Never Varied a Second.

As they passed the city hall they all pulled out their watches to compare them with the municipal time. The Price bill man slipped his hunting case into his pocket again and remarked, "You may say what you please about fine timepieces, but I've got a cheap clock up at the house that I bought 20 years ago that has never varied a second from the day I bought it to this."

"What?"

"That's right—I bought it 20 years ago for \$3, took it home, placed it on the mantel, set its hands and wound it up—and from that day to this it has not varied a second."

"Wonderful!"

"Amazing!"
"Not a second?"

"No, sir; not a second," said the man from Price hill. "The main spring broke when I wound it up, and it has never varied a second from that instant."

It was surprising the number of citizens he got out of that crowd.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

How to Pronounce Iowa.

Why do effete customs prevail in mispronouncing the name of this states I-o-wah, accentuating the second syllable? No resident of the state pronounces it that heavenish way, but correctly, I-o-way, the first syllable accented. In fact, the name was sometimes spelled "loway" on old maps, noticeably one accompanying a report of Lewis and Clarke's expedition, published in 1814. In the body of the report the name is also spelled Ayanway, a French spelling of the same sounds. In order to secure a firm establishment of our syllable, I, as it were, have written for a tablet sustained from one of the hooks at the top of the car at a convenient angle in front of the traveler by two cords passing around its upper end. The lower end of the board beneath the arm is held up by a cord passing under it and around the arm. The board so sustained will yield to every motion of the train, and one can write upon it almost as easy as upon a desk at home.—Writter.

Attraction to Window Gazers.

In Paris a novel apparatus has been fixed in front of the windows of a few shops, pioneering the way for the introduction of the invention. It consists of a small pipe laid along the interior of the show window, and from this through numerous holes is emitted a gentle current of warm air, slightly scented, which is very agreeable to the shop window gazers to sniff, while it keeps the windows clear and bright, thus more effectively displaying the contents.

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence, and it takes the deepest root and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.—Cicero

In some parts of Russia the snow actually is preserved in great straw, sand and manure covered heaps as a means of irrigating the land during the summer heats.

An attachment for screwdrivers by which a screw may be held tight to the end of the driver until firmly fixed in the wood is among the latest inventions.

An Electric Hand Lamp.

Russian engineer officers have been experimenting with an electric hand lamp of Russian invention. It seems to be well adapted to the inspection of mines and trenches at night. The lamp or lantern is in the form of a tube 2 feet long, the interior being made of tin. Tiny cells forming a battery are placed in this tube and connected in a special manner. The light is inclosed in six plates of glass at the top of the tube, and the brilliancy is regulated by a screw at the lower end.—New York Telegram.

A Reasonable Supposition.

"That's a fine, solid baby of yours, Newpah," said a friend who was admiring the first baby.

"Do you think he's solid?" asked Newpah rather disconsolately. "It seems to me as if he was all hollow."—Detroit Free Press

DOINGS OF WHALES.

SEA YARNS SPUN BY AN OLD EX-WHALE OF SOUTH STREET.

Milking She Whales Before Harpooning Them While They Are Asleep on Top of the Water—Whales Very Dangerous When Sleepy Mad or Harpooned Mad.

"That's the best reading I've had for many a long day," exclaimed the bronzed old ex-seaman in his dingy little "sailing office" in South street, and his bright eyes twinkled. The reading that pleased him so was the Victoria dispatch giving an account of the attack of an enormous whale on the schooner Merman off the Japan coast.

"You don't know what sleep mad is, do you? It's just the kind of mad that big whale had on him, and the same kind of mad that any big whale is sure to get on him when he has just had his dinner and is taking his after dinner nap. The whales of the waters where this schooner Merman was cruising are great sleepers. They turn over on their sides on top of the water and let the waves rock them to sleep, especially if they have been doing pretty heavy. They sleep sound, and I have more than once milked a she whale when she was sleeping like that without waking her up, just as you might milk a cow. A good, healthy she whale, with suckling cubs, will give down a barrel of milk, and then we'd have a feast after a hard day's work."

"But suppose that besides being sleep mad this big whale had pitched into the schooner Merman had also been harpooned mad. If he had been, the Sun wouldn't have had that story to print, for the schooner Merman or her crew would never have been heard from again."

"Did I ever have any close call from an infuriated whale? Did I? Well, remembering a few of 'em, I think I did! For instance, what would you call this crew of the whaler Mary Pilgrim of Nantucket. We started in April after sperm whales in the waters around the Cape Verde islands."

"We picked up a whale now and then, but they were not plentiful, but one day we discovered a tremendous bow head sperm whale asleep close off our port bow. Three boats were lowered. I was the harpooner of the captain's boat, and the mate and second mate were in charge of the other two. We got to the whale without disturbing him, and I gave him the harpoon. That woke him. I can tell you! He was the maddest whale I ever saw, being both sleep mad and harpooned mad. He turned on our boat and came at us with a rush. Instead of striking us head on he passed our bow, and as he was passing struck the boat with his flukes. He cut us square in two and turned the boat bottom side up quicker than ever any boat had been capsized before. My leg became fouled in the harpoon line, and in a second I found myself being towed through the water at about 20 knots an hour, and several feet below the surface. The line was wound about my leg just below the knee and had cut deep into the flesh."

"I knew my end was not more than a minute ahead of me unless I got loose from that rushing whale. My knife was in my belt, I got it out and somersaulted. I never knew just how I managed to reach down and sever the line. The next second I appeared on the surface, popping up in so sudden and startling a manner that I almost scared the mate and his boat's crew into fits. For I came up right alongside of their boat. It seems that just as the whale struck our boat and wrecked it the mate fastened a harpoon in the enraged monster and was being towed by it to the windward, and I had come to the surface just as they were passing that spot. They took me in the net as it were, but I was very little better than dead. The second mate had picked up the captain and the rest of the crew."

"As the whale was tearing along with the mate's boat in tow he discovered our vessel lying to, and making up his mind that there lay the source of all his troubles he turned and charged like a tornado upon it. He hurled himself against the vessel three different times, knocking off the cutwater clear to the wood ends and starting a bad leak. While he was thus engaged the mate's boat got under way, and the furious whale turned on it. The mate thrust his lance against the whale's head and threw all his weight upon it as the whale rushed forward, while the crew backed the boat for their lives. At that critical moment the captain, with the second mate's boat, came up. He had a bomb home of all his guns at the whale. The bomb struck the great head of the monster on the bone above the left eye and exploded on the outside, doing no damage except to momentarily stun the whale. He soon recovered and charged on the captain's boat. That boat being free avoided the rush, and then the whale made again for the mate's boat."

"Three different times the captain's boat drew the whale away and saved the mate and his crew. At the fourth time the whale didn't turn aside from his furious rush on the mate, and I thought our fate was sealed. With a less experienced and true handed sailor than our captain it would have been sealed, too, in a very few seconds more. The whale charged right upon us, and his giant flukes were in the air, to swoop down and crush us beneath their mighty and irresistible sweep, but that gave the plucky captain the chance he wanted. He drove the hand lance into the whale clear to its seizing, and the monster fell back in the water between the two boats, neither one escaping by more than a yard."

"The captain's plunge with the hand lance had been true to its mark. Both boats backed away from the struggling whale. He lashed the sea into foam and bewildered manner. Presently he sent up a spout of water that was red with blood, and a lusty shout went up from a score of throats. Every man knew it was all over with the ugly foe. We had a good two days' work ahead of us, but we got 120 barrels of oil and 3,000 pounds of bone out of the whale, and our victory was a great one."—New York Sun.

The Glory of Rome's Prizes.

We may still stand on the tower of the capitol and survey that glorious panorama bounded by Tuscan Sabine and Alban hills and dream what that scene was some 1,700 or 1,800 years ago. The Forum below was no radiant avenue of temples, triumphal arches, triumphal columns, colossal statues, monuments and votive shrines—the senate house, the rostra, the sacred way on the one side; the circular temple of Vesta, the temple of Castor and the basilica of Julius on the other; above on the right the temple of Jove; on the left that of Juno, and the

towering palaces of the Palatine and the Circus Maximus beyond the valley. Far as the eye can reach would be vast theaters, enormous baths, colossal sepulchers, obelisks, columns, fountains, equestrian statues in marble or in bronze.

The walls of these sumptuous edifices are all of dazzling brilliancy in oriental marbles, bright with mosaic and with frescoes, and their roofs are covered with plates of hammered gold. In the far distance, across terraces and gardens shady with the dark foliage of cypress and stone pine, might be seen the aqueducts which bring from the mountain whole rivers into the city to fill its thousand baths and its hundred fountains.

And between the aqueducts and the porticoes, far as the eye can reach to the hills beyond, villas gleam in the sun with their terraces, gardens, statues and shrines, each a city in itself. This earth has never seen before or since so prodigious an accumulation of all that is beautiful and rare.—Frederic Harrison in Nineteenth Century.

The Girl Left Behind Me.

The fame of the song "The Girl Left Behind Me" is worldwide. No British man-of-war leaves harbor, no British regiment leaves its station for foreign service, without the plaintive air being heard by the men who are leaving and the girls—their mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts—who are being left behind. This song, like many another that has stirred the British heart at home and abroad, that has given valor in the fight and brought the soft recollections of the motherland amid the horrors of the battlefield, is one of Irish origin, but no one can tell who wrote either the words or the music. It has been found in a manuscript dated about 1770. "The air was also taken," says Bunting, "from A. O'Neil, harper, A. D. 1800, and has since been sung by him."

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READY FOR THE BORE.

CONVERSATION OF A MAN WHO WAS PRINED FOR A DYSPLECTIC.

A Chronic Invalid, Bent on Relating His Own Case, Heats of a More Remarkable One and Is Able to Get In a Few Words the Course of a Long Talk.

"You are so 'burly and robust,'" said the enormous dyspeptic, with secret scorn to his casual traveling acquaintance, "that I presume you are never troubled with dyspepsia. You have much to be thankful for. I am often in such a state that—"

Was the burly acquaintance to endure the curtness of a chance dyspeptic? He was not.

"On the contrary," he immediately replied, for never having suffered a moment in his life from any physical ailment, his mind was active and vigilant. "It is no doubt, I have suffered much torture from dyspepsia, and as you are interested in the subject I will willingly give you my experience. I began with the first digestion in the world, but while engaged in the military service of the country, being 10 years settling on the frontier, the character of the rations, together with the quality of the confectioes of soldier cooks previously engaged in driving hicks and slugging castings—"

"Oh, my trouble was not with cooks," interposed the dyspeptic loudly, but the burly acquaintance prepared to talk on the subject. "As I was about to tell you, I am often in such a state that—"

"And the irregularity of the meals," hurried on the burly acquaintance, "served, you understand, in camp, to feed the army, I went to the front, threw me into such disorder that I had indigestion, then dyspepsia, then non-assimilation. I submitted my case to the army surgeons. They advised me—"

"Doctors are of little use. I will tell you—"

"To confine myself to the simplest and most digestible edibles and esculents to be found in the military commissary. But I grew worse, and the surgeons ordered me back to civilization, where I could obtain the delicate nutriment which my disordered and seriously impaired system required. I went to Chicago and began a diet of chicken broth, fresh fruit, stale bread made from newly ground Graham, steamed oatmeal—"

"Oh, I tried all those. Five years ago—"

"The result was that I grew worse, as before, and the local doctors advised me to go to—"

"To go to New York, where I should be able to find foods better suited to my peculiar case. Accordingly I went to New York and laid out a diet of the finest and purest of the selected foods that that metropolis affords—"

"Plain country food taken as the system requires—"

"My physician advised exact regularity. I had two ounces sea food, two ounces farinaceous food, two ounces of the juice of fresh imported fruits and two ounces coagulated albuminoids every four hours. Growing steadily worse, I consulted higher medical talent. One doctor kept me on clam broth, another on tannic acid, another on shrodded broiled frogs' legs, another on distilled alfalfa—"

"Five years ago—"

"Growing steadily worse, I consulted still higher authority. I was now told that my diet was at variance with nature. The doctor told me that nature was proportion, rhythm, music—foods must be taken in harmonious proportions. He prescribed the same sea foods, cereals, meats and fruits as the others, but in the scale of the decrease of the seventh, throwing in occasionally a few vegetables by way of variation of the fugue and double extracts as overtones—"

"Of course you recovered, your case being merely temporary—"

"Growing steadily worse, I consulted a doctor who had had great success among the millionaires—financial success. He was a man of blunt speech and plain common sense. He said I had overworked my stomach and must give it entire rest. What I was to do for a fortnight he did not say, but he took a large fee with great scorn, rightly despising me for the small amount of money that he left me. My stomach was now worse than ever. It refused to be cajoled and despised my offers of peace. Excuse me a moment. I then drank two drams of soda mint with four ounces of aqua pura—everything was now drams, scruples and ounces with me, and the zigzag symbols of those distressing quantities appeared in my nightly nightmares like a procession of Daniel Quilps and Humpbacks of Notre Dame—"

"I saw by the paper that the secretary of the navy had ordered one of the warships to be docked," said the foreman to Mike Delany.

"An apt call that be for, I dunno," replied Mike. "Maybe she was was that be behind time an come in too late in line the day ax the pressium."—Mount Vernon News.

A Case For Maternal Slippers.

When a boy of 14 elopes with and marries a girl of 16, who runs away with whom? This is the condition of affairs up in Clyde. And what shall be done to the runners? Referred to the home committee on judiciary and the maternal subcommittee on appropriate and usual punishment.—New York World.

General Packages.

Packages are divided by Mrs. Grundy into three classes—gentle, vulgar and nondescript. Gentle packages are such as can be carried through the streets by well dressed persons without causing the slightest desire to dodge around a corner or slip into the nearest store when well dressed friends are seen approaching. A book neatly done up in brown paper and surrounded by a string of some aesthetic hue or a magazine wrapped in an untidy cylinder are eminently gentle packages.

One is naturally rather proud of them than otherwise. They argue literary tastes and the possession of a certain amount of available cash over and above one's monthly stipend to butcher, baker and raiment maker. For a lady a bonbon box is a very desirable package, or any small, tissue covered purchase from the jeweler's, or a cardcase from the stationer's.—Kate Field's Washington.

Testing Iron Castings.

"Have you ever noticed," said a St. Louisian yesterday, "those massive iron pillars now standing erect in the basement of the new Plaster's House? Well, did you ever stop to think of the immense weight they will be compelled to support steadily for many, many years? Oh, you have. But I suppose you have thought the manufacturer just made these pillars and sold them without knowing anything about how much weight they would bear or how long they would bear it. Let me tell you about that."

"Those pillars are cast in the same manner as cast iron stoves—by running the liquid metal into sand molds, but alongside of each pillar is cast an iron bar from the same metal. The bar is precisely an inch square and 14 feet in length. When cold, it is subjected to a very simple test. Each end of the bar is placed upon a table and weights are suspended from the center by a rope. It must bear a tensile strength of 500 pounds to the square inch. The test may begin with 400 pounds and be gradually increased until the bar is found to be perfectly supporting the required weight. If it breaks, for instance, at 480 or 490 pounds, then the pillar cast from the pot of metal which cast the bar is discarded, broken up and put into the pot again, with more pig iron added. The pillars, you know, are largely made from scrap iron, and the manufacturers cannot know the strength of the cast until it is tested. The addition of pig iron in the event of failure brings the cast up to the standard."—St. Louis Republic.

In British Honduras.

British Honduras is a crown colony, and of its 30,000 population there are about 200 whites, mainly English. There is an American colony of about 20 people at Toledo engaged in sugar growing and rum making. They are mainly from Kentucky, and it is a prosperous colony, and the country is healthy for a tropical country, and there has not been a case of yellow fever in several years. The principal product is mahogany, and it will be years before the forests are exhausted. Great quantities of logwood are also shipped to Europe. The ship only has been last year 728,000 bunches of bananas to New Orleans. The great problem with us is labor, and we import natives from the West Indies.

We need immigration, and Sir Alfred Maloney, the governor, is a very progressive man and is doing much to bring the notice of the world. We have no railroads beyond a tramway drawn by mules, penetrating the plantations for about six miles. There is not a telegraph instrument or line in the province and only a short telephone line between government buildings. We have no money of our own, but use the silver of surrounding republics, which is so depreciated that \$5 in American money is equal to \$8.60 of the money in use.—Interview in Washington Star.

He Was a Nobleman by Nature.

Don't tell me now that men are callous and selfish when the woman is an old one, for I won't believe it.

We were hurrying to catch the elevated train when a poor old Irish woman stopped, and directly in the way of all other would be passengers endeavored to readjust a strap that had slipped from the package she was carrying.

Her hands were cold, and she seemed unable to loosen the buckle, when a good looking man came up and seeing her difficulty laid his own packages down on the platform while he asked:

"Can't you manage it? Here, let me do it for you."

Of course "time and tide" and elevated trains wait for no man, and we hurried away from the station just as he had completed his self imposed task.

We saw him pick up his bundles and walk toward the waiting room to get warm—for the wind was cold—never seeing to thank the train for his kindness for doing a kindness for "some one's mother."

I found myself hoping that his wife, if he had one, would not scold him for coming home late.

Oh, the world is full of charity if we only stop and look for it!—New York Herald.

For Weary Feet.

"My old colored cook," said a woman recently, "keeps a pad of her own manufacture, and she keeps the kitchen sink. It is made of several pieces of old carpet tacked together with strong thread, the whole being made over and renewed quite frequently. When I asked her the other day why she kept the rather unsightly rug on her neat linoleum covered floor, she explained that it was a great rest to her feet to stand on the unyielding floor."

"And when my attention was thus called to it I could see that it must be, and the idea was worth handing around."

"I have heard saleswomen and men, complain to one another in the shops of the news which they suffered from constantly standing on the wooden floors, and I presume this condition would be much relieved if a strip of rope matting could be stretched for their use."—New York Times.

Brightened Hope.

Teddy Vanderclump, a young society man, has been paying his addresses to Miss Rose Bondclipper of Madison avenue. His visits have been very frequent of late, and last night Tommy, Miss Rose's younger brother, said:

"You've come to come and see us every evening, Mr. Vanderclump."

"Why, Tommy?"

"Because it makes Sister Rose so happy to have you go away you ought not to miss an evening."

They missed Teddy for the rest of that evening.—Texas Siftings.

East Indian Families.

Millions of men in India live, marry and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above fifty cents a week and frequently sinks to half that amount.—Exchange.

The Importance of a Decision.

The secret of getting through work is method. Order, it has been said, is God's first law; let it be yours. Do not let your work accumulate upon your hands. It is not work that kills, but arrears of work. Work put off is work put on with heavy interest. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It becomes intolerable if it be laid upon tomorrow.

If I may recommend you three rules for saving time and economizing strength, they shall be these: Answer letters, keep your appointments, make up your minds. In the affairs of this life a prompt decision is often more important than a right decision. One man makes up his mind and acts, it may be, wrongly, but if so he finds out his mistake, corrects and retrieves it before another man has acted at all. It is possible to waste a great amount of time by thinking, and still more by talking over actions. First thoughts are sometimes wiser than second and generally wiser than third.—Contemporary Review.

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Confectionery and Fine Cigars, Fruit,
Nuts, Ice Cream and Cool Drinks

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VOL. VII. NO. 4.

QUINCY, MASS., JULY 1893.

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A Mild, Efficient Cathartic, purely Vegetable.
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With Ice-water, makes a Delicious, Cooling Drink.
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And in fact everything to be found in a first class Grocery & Provisions Store.
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CORRUGATED,	5.25	"	75	"
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BRIDAL VEIL,	5.50	"	80	"
PASTRY,	4.50	"	65	"
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RYE FLOUR, Best	4.50	"	65	"
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Our Pure Olive Oil Soap

5 cts. Per Cake.
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ABSOLUTELY PURE

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We are still PUSHING our
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We do it because about every one is wearing a Russet Shoe; and then you know
ours is right from the

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And people say "How ever do you sell them for

\$2.00?"

One man said: "Between your \$2.00 Bluchers and your 9 cent. Hose you must be
getting all the trade.

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QUIET WAYS ARE BEST.

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying,
And scurrying.

Everybody hurrying,
And scurrying up their rest?

When everyone is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and rest the fuss.

For quiet ways are best.

The rain that trickles down in showers
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers,
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup
The gentle zephyrs gather up.

There's ruin in the tempest's path;
There's ruin in the voice of wrath;
And they alone are blest
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate,
And prove by their serene estate
That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying,
And scurrying.

With fretting and with hurrying
The temper's often lost,
And in pursuit of some small prize
We rush ahead and are not wise,
And find the unwanted reverse
A fearful price has cost.

Is better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along,
Reluctant they to raise a fuss
Or make themselves ridiculous,
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
Their strength is always in reserve,
And daily stand each test
And every day and all about,
By scenes within and scenes without,
We discern with never a doubt
That quiet ways are best.

—Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette

HENNESSY'S ESCAPE.

How He Avoided the Penalty of
Flirting with a Mexican Girl.

A sunburned, athletic-looking man,
with a broad-brimmed felt hat shoved
on the back of his head, sat in the cor-
ridor of the Metropolitan Hotel, one
night swapping stories with some New
York drummers. He was Walter Grove,
of Monte Vista, Col., who was in town
working up some irrigation schemes
for eastern capital to be invested down
in Mexico.

"You very often hear it said that the
revengefulness and treachery of the
lower class of Mexicans is overrated,"
said Grove, "but to one who has lived
in that country and studied the people
carefully there are very few tales that
can be told of them too remarkable for
belief. I remember particularly one case
of a young fellow who is working with
me down in old Mexico now who came
very near passing in his checks through
not appreciating the kind of people he
was dealing with.

"In the state of Chihuahua, on the
western edge of Madrid's desert, we had
put in a big dam for a storage reser-
voir to irrigate the mesad land lying
above the level of the Rio Conchos val-
ley.

"It was right at the entrance of a
big box canyon running up to the bar-
ren hills that ran along the edge of the
desert. The only thing that grew
there are pinon trees and jack rabbits
with a small sprinkling of chalmisa
and grease weed. But there are peri-
odic rains, when the water comes down
through those bare canyons in a wall
ten feet high, and enough water goes
to waste in twenty-four hours to irri-
gate a whole country for a season.

"We got in our dams all right and
about twenty miles of main ditch, and
everything went very well, considering
the fact that we were working a new
venture in a country where it usually
takes an innovation a couple of centu-
ries to settle down and feel at home.

"I put this young fellow, Nick Hen-
nessy, in charge of the dam. He had
his office of a couple of rooms there,
with a Mexican to cook for him and to
help around and about. All he had to
do was to ride the line of the ditch and
look after the state of things at the
dam which he had helped to build.

There was a little telegraph line from
the office down to the land company's
home ranch, about ten miles below the
dam, the nearest settlement of any
sort, and Nick used to take signal ser-
vice observations to help pass away the
time. But as I said, he didn't know
the people.

"In the first place, he got himself
disliked for remonstrating with the
Mexicans for loading two hundred and
fifty pound of stuff or thereabouts on
their poor little burros. They haven't
any home societies in that country.
Then he got into unpleasant relations
with the sheep herders, all of whom
are embryo murderers by nature, by
chipping into a fight and helping a
couple of lonely cattlemen the herders
were trying to bushwhack up in the
hills the evening.

Of course, for the cow-punchers hap-
pened to be Americans, but Nick
winged a couple of the sheep men, and
they naturally had it in for him after-
ward. Finally he did the business for
himself by flirting with the alcalde's
daughter over in the adjoining plaza.

She was the only marriageable girl in
the county, and he couldn't have found
a better way to get into his coffee, or
to secure some order of the delicate at-
tentions in other in such a case.

"The dam was a big masonry one,
built pretty much after the Roman
model, with a scowling statue at the bot-
tom and a lateral passageway through
the center, with valve doors at each
sluice gate to shut when the dam
is full, while the passage that ran into
the length of the dam opened up to the
top through a man hole at each end—
one of these right by the door of the
office and the other on the abutment
across the river.

"Well, by the time Nick had been
down there three months and got these
three separate fights on his hands, his
pudic life insurance policy would
have been a good speculation. He did
not appreciate that, of course, for the
Mexicans were polite, knowing they
would soon have their innings.

"There was always more or less of
them that had nothing to do save hang-
ing around the dam, chinning with
Hennessy's man. Their time came one
evening when there was a big thunder-
storm coming up in the mountains. It
was on toward the end of

of surprise,

when nearly all of the bed of the dam
was dry except a little trickle of water
trickling off into the main ditch, and
Nick was in the habit of taking a book
and a blanket in the afternoon and

crawling into one of the sluices, where
it was only about half as hot as it was
outside.

"He told me afterward that he had
seen it getting dark as the storm came
up, and looking up toward the moun-
tains saw the upper edges getting an
indigo blue and melting up into the
black part of the sky. He knew a
cloudburst was likely and was just
thinking of crawling out and looking
after corralling the water when it came
down, and all of a sudden he heard the
windlass rattling upon the dam and the
valves came down with a bang, caging
him up inside the dam.

"It flashed upon him in a minute
what the Mexicans had done—trapped
him in the dam and were going to let
the water back up and then flush him
out down stream.

"He thought a minute, and then got
up and stepped into the lateral passage,
closing the sluice door after him. He
went along the passage till he came to
the well at the end, climbed up the lad-
der to the manhole and heard the Mex-
icans in the office talking. He eased up
the cover a little crack and saw them
much to his disgust, drinking out of his
private whisky bottle, rolling cigarettes
out of his Turkish tobacco and congrat-
ulating themselves on the good job they
had done. He had no gun on him, so
he waited, and pretty soon the storm
broke. It struck the hills first, shut-
ting them in with a veil of mist. Then
the torrent came roaring down the can-
yon four or five feet high, tearing up
sticks and logs in front of it.

"It backed up at the foot of the dam
and commenced lapping up the wall,
creeping higher and higher. After
awhile, when it had covered in the top
of the sluice doors, the Mexicans rolled
themselves some fresh cigarettes and
went over for the grand finale. They
got a combined pull on the wind-
lasses and drew the gates all wide
open. The water went howling out
down the valley below, with sticks and
rubbish tossing about. The fellows
caught the sight of Nick's blanket in
the water and took a few shots at it for
luck, supposing he was under it.

By that time night had come down,
and they went into the office out of the
rain and sat down for an all-night
orgie. Nick heard them coughing each
other as to the story they were to tell,
how the senior was crossing the river
at the time the water came down,
and how they shouted to warn him,
but he was caught by the flood and en-
raged beyond their help, the gates
being open and none of them knowing
how to close them. They would grieve,
because he was a good young man,
though he was a heretic, but it was the
will of God, and perhaps they might re-
cover the body for his friends when the
water went down. Of course there
would be a reward in that.

"Then they returned to the whisky
and the cigarettes. Just about this
time it had got so dark as pitch except
for the lamp the Mexicans had inside
the office, and Nick crawled very quiet-
ly out of the hole and let the light down
again. All of his guns were inside the
house, but he slipped around to the tool-
house and got half a stick of dynamite,
rammed a cap into the end of it and
coupled it up to the lever box with a
couple of long wires. He laid it out be-
hind the office, where it would do no
damages. Then he touched his face
up with a little chalk and vermilion
of the paint supplies till he made a
first-rate blood-stained corpse of him-
self and slipped around to the front
door of the office. The Mexicans were
playing monte.

"He gave a long-drawn blood-cur-
dling groan to attract their attention
and then pulled the lever and let the
dynamite go behind the house. There
is no telling just what the Mexicans
thought, but probably it was that Nick
had come back with the help of his
elder namesake, to fly away with them
all. The way they went out of the win-
dows, taking the glass with them, was
a caution.

"Nick never attempted to take any
legal action over the affair, but he con-
tinued to hold down the job at the dam
a couple of years after that, and the
Mexicans never did get it settled to
their own satisfaction as to whether
Nick was really Nick Hennessy or an
alway agent of the devil come to
keep an eye on them for fear they
would repent and get away from him
eventually."—Washington Post.

Poverty.

He found his wife in tears. In an-
swer to his frantic appeals she could
only bury her tear-wet face upon his
shoulder and sob tumultuously. After
an hour or two, however, she became
sufficiently calm to be partially en-
lightened in her discourse. "Edwin—"
Her countenance was full of agony as
she was the memory of a horrid dream—
"To-day for the first time I have realized
our poverty. For the first time—"
A shudder convulsed her fragile frame.
"I have felt the hand of poverty at my
heartstrings." He stroked her throbb-
ing temples and murmured, soothingly,
"To-day, Edwin," she wailed,
"there came and stood in front of
our humble home, one of those
hand organ men who play until you
give them something, and Edwin—"
She pressed her hand over her eyes.
—"I hadn't a cent in the house." And
the loving husband vowed that she
would never again suffer want if he
had to steal for her.—Detroit Tribune.

Clearly Her Right.

"You have trifled with me, Miss Gripley,"
said Dr. Newcomb. "You have
been warm and cold by turns. You
have led me on by your coquettish arts
to make a fool and a laughing-stock of
myself for gods and men. I will stand
it no longer. Miss Gripley, permit me
to recall the offer I made to you six
weeks ago. I have come. I went on
with meanness."—Chicago Tribune.

draw from the utterly unreliable sav-
ings bank of your fascinations one
heart placed there on deposit April 22,
1892.

"Hiram," softly replied the young girl,
with a look that brought the wretched
young man to his knees, "I shall
take advantage of the time limit. You
will have to let it remain on deposit,
don't, sixty days longer."—Chicago Tri-
bune.

MEN OF AMERICA.

"A MAN forms few friendships after
the age of forty, and none at all after
fifty," said Channey Depew the other
day.

GEX. HARRISON has not gone into so-
ciety in Indianapolis, and is rarely
seen on the streets. The ex-president
has a desk in the office of his old con-
fidential clerk, Howard C. Cale, and
transacts his private business there.

SENATOR SHERMAN has recently
moved into his new \$50,000 house at
Washington. It is one of the finest
residences at the capital. He made
much of his money out of Washington
real estate, and evidently has faith in
it yet.

SENATOR JOHN W. DANIEL has ac-
cepted an invitation to deliver the ad-
dress Virginia day at the world's fair
August 7. Senator Daniel is one of the
finest orators in the country and is par-
ticularly happy in the delivery of ad-
dresses on great occasions.

A LARGE proportion of the 1,200 to
1,500 letters a day received by the
president are marked "private and
personal," and are found to be from
total strangers who want some pre-
tense advantage entirely personal to them-
selves or their friends. Those epistles
are always referred to the depart-
ments.

THE WORLD MOVES.

STREET CARS run by gas motors will
soon be seen in Chicago.

PAPER has been made of almost
everything, not excepting iron.

A PATENT has been granted in Auck-
land for a net to catch whales. The
mesh is big enough for a calf to pass
through, and it is said to have been
used already with great success.

A BALTIMORE horse lost some time
ago one of his eyes. This so spoiled
his beauty that the owner resolved to
get him an artificial one. But the eye be-
came warped and cracked, until he got
one from England that is perfect and
sparkles as brightly as a living eye.

The collection of postage stamps has
brought into existence a professional
stamp dealer, who, for a small fee,
electrotype or repairs misshapen stamps.
His specialty is restoring the margin
to envelope stamps that have been cut
to shape, and have thus lost much of
their philatelic value.

THE ENGLISH NOBILITY.

QUEEN VICTORIA is especially skillful
in making omelettes, while the prin-
cess of Wales excels in making tea and
buttered toast.

The queen's favorite author is Sir
Walter Scott. Of modern authors, her
majesty is most fond of William Black's
novels, and it is said that she reads
everything written by Walter Besant.

The wedding present from the cor-
poration of the city of London to the
duke of York and Princess May will
consist of a diamond necklace for the
princess and a service of silver for
household use.

The duke of Edinburgh, it is un-
derstood, is among the heaviest sufferers
in England by the recent bank suspen-
sion in Australia. As the duke is a
very wealthy man he will not be em-
barrassed by the misfortune.

SCIENTIFIC SELECTIONS.

The breaking weight of one foot on
east iron one inch square is 5,781
pounds, the breaking weight of a piece
of hickory of the same dimensions is
270 pounds.

Mr. JONES, an English scientist who
believes that the earth is, construct-
ively, a huge balloon, says that if the
drilling for natural gas is kept up un-
limitedly there will be a collapse of our
sphere.

The light of the sun is equal to 5,563
wax candles, held at the distance of
one foot from the eye. It would re-
quire 600,000 full moons to produce a
day as brilliant as one of cloudless sun-
shine.

The measurement of the earth in
miles is given as follows: Diameter at
the poles, 7,926; mean diameter, 7,911;
diameter at the equator, 7,924; circum-
ference round the poles, 24,815; mean
circumference, 24,853, and circumfer-
ence round the equator, 24,866.

APENDICITIS, the medical term for
inflammation of a small intestinal ap-
pendix, the use of which no one has
been able to discover, has become so
common that physicians are advocat-
ing its removal from all infants, as a
preventive measure, like vaccination.

FOR STUDENTS OF NATURE.

CAST IRON melts at 2,479 degrees F.,
copper at 2,545 degrees, gold at 2,590 de-
grees, silver at 2,233 degrees, lead at
617 degrees and cast tin at 492 degrees.

It is said that dew will not form on
some colors. While a yellow band
will be covered with dew a red or a
black one beside it will be perfect-
ly dry.

HENRIOLD and Cuvier estimated the
number of species of mammalia, or
creatures which suckle their young, to
be but little short of 600; of birds,
4,000; insects, 44,000; reptiles, 700; in
all, 50,000 species.

Dr. Newcomb, of Cornell university,
kept snails shut up in a pill box for
seven years, which were resuscitated
by a very little moisture. (Mr. Ernest
Ingersoll, in his book entitled "Friends
Worth Knowing," says: "Snails are of
ancient race, vast variety, graceful
shape, dignified bearing, industrious
and peaceful habits, and possess edible
and curative properties.")

QUINCY MONITOR.

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—BY—

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The Next Needed Improvement.

The widening of Water street seems to be in a fair way of completion, and notwithstanding the determined opposition to the forty-five foot line, no one now can be found who will say that the street is too wide.

As soon as the street is open for travel, the necessity of completing the improvement by widening the remainder of the street to Quincy avenue will become once apparent. This street has become one of the main thoroughfares of the city, it is entirely inadequate to the wants of the community being less than twenty-one feet wide in the travelled portion of the street. The heavy travel on this portion of Water street has increased immensely, and as soon as business becomes lively, will further increase. Very little attention has been paid to this part of the city but it will be forced on our notice by force of circumstances, and the sooner it is attended to the better for the city, for every day's delay will add to the cost of the work. The men who laid out our streets had no idea of the changes that were to take place in the social condition of the community, and evidently thought that their time would last forever. We have too much of that narrow minded policy left in Quincy, and it has cost the city thousands of dollars to pay for the old time mistakes and will cost many thousands more in the future, before the people of Quincy learn the wisdom of doing their public work when it is needed, and doing it in such a manner that it will not need to be done again at a greater cost.

"We can't afford it," cries the old fogey, "the taxes are too high; we have no money." Of course these things cost money, bread and butter cost money, coal and wood cost money, but people must find money to pay them. The widening of Water street cost money, but it had to be procured, and the improvement of the street to Quincy avenue will cost money, and it must be found for the work has to be done.

This expense could have been avoided had our Quincy Town Fathers been wise in time. Water street could have been laid out fifty or seventy feet wide for very little extra cost at the time, now it will be an expensive job. Every day's delay will add to the expense, and become more in proportion to the delay.

We hope the councilmen from Ward 3 will pay some attention to a subject of such vital importance to the ward they represent; it certainly is of as much consequence as to try to stop the tide at Hough's Neck, or preventing Taber's wooden horses from sweating too much.

Pave New Road and Marsh Street.

The condition of the New Road, (which by the way ought to have a street name) that extends from Quincy avenue to South street, is simply abominable. It ought to be paved. The travel over it is very severe, and consists largely of heavily loaded coal or stone teams. Hitherto it has been impossible to keep it in even fair condition. There seems to be no remedy but to pave it. The councilmen from Ward 2 cannot perform an act more beneficial to the large business interests of their ward.

Marsh street which leads from School street to Quincy street, also ought to be paved since most of the granite shipped from Quincy Adams station is hauled over it. Marsh street is bad, very bad. It is a short street and the cost of paving it would be comparatively small. The durability of streets that have been paved, and the extremely small sums (if any at all) spent on them, show that paving a street that is much travelled is the cheapest and most economical way of maintaining it.

Playgrounds.

The city is to be congratulated on the passage of the order appropriating fifty thousand dollars for the purchase of land in each ward to be used for playgrounds. The benefits of this legislation will be best seen after the parks shall have been opened to the public.

At last sight and progress seem to have visited this hitherto befogged community.

Now if the council should appropriate another fifty thousand dollars for good sidewalks built under a systematic plan looking forward to an annual expenditure of fifty thousand until the whole be provided, it would show wisdom more than ordinary. It is pleasant to consider that long ago the Monitor proposed this very plan of a play ground in each ward, and that at a public hearing, Rev. A. F. Roche with Dr. Faxon, Hon. Josiah Quincy and Mr. Rupert F. Claffin strongly advised the City Council to provide these parks. It did not then seem to the council that the city should spare the money; but time has removed this obstacle and we should all rejoice.

That Fire Committee's Report.

The report of the City Council investigating Committee of the fire department is causing much talk which is decidedly adverse to the action of the committee. Many of the brightest citizens totally deny the right of the Council to investigate any department which is responsible only to the Mayor. They consider the whole course of the Council in this matter as illegal, as entirely foreign to the intent and meaning of the City Charter, and as the first step on the part of the Council to usurp the powers which belong exclusively to the Mayor and to delegate to him matters over which they have not the slightest jurisdiction. Everybody can see that the whole thing is a shallow political trick. Anything to discredit the adminis-

tration, anything to wrong faithful officials, so that others who want their places, may obtain them. Chief Ripley has brought the fire department to a high state of efficiency and receives due credit from all unprejudiced citizens. With the small means which the Council grudgingly allows him, it is a wonder that his work is as good as it is. Some of these fresh and turbulent councilmen ought to read frequently and carefully in the pages of the City Charter, which defines the limits of their power and jurisdiction, and then consider their own great defects in the proper intelligence of the duty which they owe to the whole city, before they attempt to play such shallow political bluff which may yet turn and torment themselves.

Abolish Grade Crossings.

The hearing before the City Council upon the matter of abolishing the grade crossing on Water street developed some new ideas. To us the most feasible plan seems to be to elevate the street and to build a bridge over the track. Without doubt any other plan would meet strenuous opposition. There are other grade crossings fully as dangerous and even more so, not on account of frequency of trains, but because it is impossible for a driver to look up the track and to see approaching trains. We refer especially to the West street and the Cross street grades. Both of these are simply terrifying to men who drive over them. West street could be very easily bridged, on account of the hill on each side of the track. Cross street might be more costly, but it can be and should be abolished.

Now let West Quincy councilmen not lose this opportunity to do a splendid service to their constituents. Let them work hard and unceasingly to have both West street and Cross street grade crossings abolished. They will be fully sustained in such a course.

The Woodward Academy.

It is reported on good authority, that steps are being taken to commence work on the Woodward academy. This will be pleasant tidings to all who wish to see in Quincy an institution of this kind, intended for the advanced education of young ladies. The vital necessity of proper diffusion of knowledge extensive and thorough, is admitted by all who sigh for intellectual advance among women, and the result to the city must be highly important in the destiny of young ladies who at some time in the near future must take up the duty of practical life in branches that will exact cultivated intelligence of superior quality.

We are satisfied that the course of studies at the new Woodward academy will commend itself to the citizens; and that its superior advantages will be appreciated by a large number of students.

OUR SCHOOLS.

It has long been a subject of general remark, the small proportion of boys, that graduate from our High Schools annually. This year out of a class of eighteen graduates only two were boys. This need not cause much surprise when it is considered that so large a proportion of the citizens of Quincy are working people, and many of them can ill afford to allow their boys to go through a full course of studies in the High School. This being the case, it needs no argument to prove that the studies in the Grammar schools should be of the best possible character in that grade, as the grammar school is the only channel a poor boy has of getting an education.

There has been considerable controversy in the city of Quincy about what is called the new system of education as practiced in our Grammar schools. Many of our citizens, and some good educators who have studied the "Quincy System," do not hesitate to declare that the schools of Quincy have not been benefited by the change; that our schools are not equal to schools of the same grade, in Boston or New York, and points to the results of their examinations as evidence of the fact.

Dr. William Everett, whose position as a ripe scholar no one can question, and whose experience as an educator, make him an authority on this subject, is decidedly of the opinion that new systems are not the best. In taking his farewell of the pupils of the Adams academy he is reported as saying, "he was an old fogey who believed in going back to the educational methods of years ago." This short sentence covers the whole ground, and it will be well that those upon whom depends the education of the rising generation of Quincy should pay more attention to the Grammar schools.

We have no disposition to cramp the action of the School committee. The people of Quincy are liberal to a fault in appropriating money for school purposes, and the scholars in Quincy schools are fully up to the standard in natural intellect with any in the state, and they should get a fair chance. We are building splendid schoolhouses,--Aristotle taught in the open air.--

We repeat that more attention should be paid to the course of studies in the Grammar schools, and that the advice of Dr. Everett to "go back to the educational methods of years ago," be heeded.

A step backward is a vital necessity when forward steps lead to precipice and destruction. The Quincy High school will never rank where it ought to until the grammar schools send properly prepared scholars to it. And many of the best informed citizens consider that the Quincy system is responsible for the superficial smattering possessed by the applicant for High school work.

Streets.

It is to be hoped that sometime in the near future there will be streets in Quincy that will be safe to travel over. The new street from Quincy avenue to South Street, now laid out without good intentions and a solid foundation put in to start on, the foundation is still there as anyone who drives over the streets can see and feel, but--

Marsh street is another glaring example of what a public street ought not to be. I call attention to these two instances as being short streets that could be kept in good order at small cost by a little care at the proper time.

The fearfully and wonderfully constructed sidewalk on Hancock street between Mr. Hodges' bake house and the Brook is a marvel to people who visit the City. Some fine evening a lawsuit against the city will be the result of the criminal negligence of our authorities, which will cost more than would make a good sidewalk on both sides of the street.

These suggestions may be entirely useless, the people at South end have no push. It seems as if all the energy of the city was concentrated at Wollaston. Ward 5 knows a good thing when it is going round, and their representatives go for it, and get it, or will know why. It is time the other wards wake up.

RAMBLER.

AWARD OF ARTICLES

From the Bazaar of St. John's Church.

N. B.—Some articles remain yet.

Those to whom they are to be awarded will receive notice.

Album, Patrick O'Brien, Somerville.

Sofa pillow, Mr. Ford, 45 Walnut st.

Bronze plaque, Julia Ford, 45 Walnut st.

100-ride ticket, Josephine Daley, Water street.

Tray cloth, Nellie C. Cahill, Phipps st.

Pillow slips, Katie L. McGrath, Pleasant street.

White lawn apron, Emma Biganess, Quincy street.

Two shawls a week for a year, Thomas Gilrairie, Common st.

Lady's shoes, George A. Robinson, Boston, P. O.

Fancy dish, Margaret McCormick, Hancock street.

Sunday dinner, Mrs. Walter Packard, Chestnut street.

Foot rest, George H. Ferguson, Franklin st.

Toilet soap, J. H. Goodhue, Water st.

Fur rug, Joseph Fahey, 56 Quincy avenue.

Pair of vases, Elmer W. Baker, Centre street.

Soap dish, Kate Curtyn, Garfield st.

One year subscription to Advertiser, Patrick Sullivan, Brockton.

Box of stationery, Peter McConarty, Pearl street.

Chest of tea, Mrs. Kenly, Walnut st.

Box of stationery, Mrs. Rongaski, Water street.

White night lamp, Mr. J. Plondre, Adams street.

Silk bag, Annie Sweeney, 31 Main st.

Match safe, Mrs. Mand Dion, 119 Copeland street.

Silk tidy, Mrs. W. Hill, Braintree.

Handkerchief case, Father Cunningham, Han-

doll, Ambrose Warner, 19 Penn street.

Spread and shams, Freddie Molong, 54 Walnut st.

Paper weight, Anna Smiddy, 15 Smith street.

Blue night lamp, Mary Doran, Water street.

Bureau scarf, Allie Singleton, 240 Washington street.

Boy's cap, John J. Avery, Washington st.

Glass set, Miss Dolan, Bigelow street.

One-half dozen handkerchiefs, Lucy Connetton, Braintree.

Rosary, George Gavin, 13 Main street.

Card receiver, C. L. Hayes, Mt. Pleasant street.

Box of stationery, Helen Guess, 12 Newcomb street.

Opal night lamp, Mary Lyons, 60 Quincy avenue.

Jewel case, Miss Turner, 22 Spear st.

Pen holder, Katie Moran, Quincy ave.

Table scarf, Mrs. J. H. Goodhue, 25 Water street.

Table scarf, Peter Nelson, 63 South st.

Prayer book, Annie Driscoll, 53 Baldwin street, Charlestown.

Sofa pillow, G. M. Wight, Steamer house.

Mirror, Fred Newcomb, Washington st.

Table cloth, Patrick Gilmartin, Hancock st.

Necktie, Willie Keanan, South street.

Trousers brush, Mrs. S. Hartney, 68 School street.

Ladies' slippers, Maggie Desmond, 40 Chestnut street.

Pair of vases, J. H. Goodhue, 25 Water street.

Pin cushion, Mary Burns, Wharf st.

Cup and saucer, Mrs. Meaney, 37 Walnut st.

Cake, Miss Heath, 25 Water street.

Child's jacket, Allie Thompson, 4 Main street.

Tidy, Mrs. Swain, Mt. Pleasant.

Head rest, Edith Little, Quincy ave.

Tea set, Mr. Peter McConarty, Pearl st.

Picture of Mary Magdalene, Annie T. Connor, 7 Paine st.

Picture, (Lady Good Counsel), Timothy O'Brien, Liberty street.

Silver thimble, Joseph Moran, Quincy avenue.

Sofa pillow, Mary Bennett, 6 Water st.

Gold ring, John Nelson, 15 Brackett st.

Dozen tumblers, Annie Griffin, Phipps street.

Lamp mat, Ernest C. Donovan, 98 Webb street.

Statue (B. V. M.), William Mullaney, Oak street.

Statue of Saint Peter, Frank Taylor, 23 Union street.

Table cover, Eva Michler, 43 School st.

Child's skirt, Mr. Brooks, School st.

Gent's slippers, Mr. E. Burns, Common street, West Quincy.

Table cover, Jerry Deasey, 33 Fabin street, Boston.

Box of cigars, Mrs. A. B. Dole, South street.

Book mark, John Dwyer, 76 West st.

Chest of tea, Thomas B. Pollard, Edison street.

Ham, Edward Powers, Franklin Place.

Father Cunningham's cabinet, Mary Lyons, Quincy avenue.

Tidy, Jenny Welsh, Water street.

Pair of tidies, Mabel Cunnibuck, 15 Baxter street.

Pipe, Charles Rhodes, Quincy.

Table cover, Jerry Council, Springfield, Mass.

NOW IS THE TIME

That Women need an invigorating and refreshing tonic.

Pierce's Beef, Wine and Iron

Will increase the appetite and tone up the system generally. Don't wait until you are completely run down but get a bottle at once.

Price 50 cents a bottle.

PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY,

CORNER HANCOCK AND SCHOOL STREETS.

Silver spoons, Thomas Mackin, 649.

Fourth street, South Boston.

Easel, Joseph Doherty.

Table scarf, F. R. McCormick, Gilmore street.

Lace tidy, Daniel Hartney, 38 Phipps st.

Mirror, Mary McDonald, Bridge street.

Pair of vases, Miss Katie Wright, Minot Place, Neponset.

Picture, (Adrift), Mary V. Durant, West Quincy.

Handkerchiefs, Matilda Wall, Brackett street.

Box cigars, Mr. Wright, Minot Place, Neponset.

Sofa pillow, Mrs. Murphy, Summer st.

Pair of vases, Father Francis.

Silk chair cushion, Maurice Cantill, Madison ave.

Photograph case, Willie McCabe, Penn street.

Fr. Cuffe's Crayon, M. E. Moynihan, 21 Water street.

Quincy Granite for New High School.

At the last meeting of the School Committee Rev. A. F. Roche moved that "it be the sense of the School Board, that as far as possible Quincy granite should be used in the exterior walls of the new High School building." The School Committee unanimously endorsed the proposal. It is surely time that the money taken from the people of Quincy should be spent, if possible here in the city. It seems too bad that the public buildings should be erected of materials elsewhere obtained and that all this money should go out of town. The circulation of the large sum necessary for these schools, would greatly benefit the workingmen, the landlords, the storekeepers, in fact everyone with whom the wage earner has dealings. Fr. Roche stated that for nearly fifty years Quincy has not erected a single public building of the granite which makes her famous all over the country. Now that the movement has been started, let it be urged and sustained. Let Quincy have pride enough to encourage her own citizens and to use her own rich possession.

The Mammoth Tent Festival.

A beautiful day, splendid entertainments, and great zeal of the Sunday School teachers, made the Tent Festival of St. Mary's Sunday School a brilliant success. The expense was great but as usual, the income was exceedingly generous. One of the most pleasant things of the whole was the complete absence of the slightest disturbance. On the great and glorious Fourth, even steady going people are sometimes too jolly; but to the praise of West Quincy it must be said that order and enjoyment went hand in hand. Not the least sign of an intoxicated person was witnessed anywhere near the tent, at any time during the 3d, 4th, or 5th of July. This is a record which can scarcely be paralleled. In consequence of the success of the Festival the Altar boys and Children's choir will soon have an outing at Nantasket or Downer Landing, and the Sunday School teachers will visit Newport, R. I., or make an ocean excursion, as they may choose.

NOTICE.

Quincy is shortly to have a Historical Society and it is our earnest desire that a file of the Monitor, (the only paper of its kind ever published in Norfolk County) shall be deposited with it. Will any of our readers having back numbers, please be kind enough to aid us in making a complete file. Any one having back numbers of any date will confer a favor by communicating with W. G. Spear, Quincy, Mass. The following numbers are desired. All of the first year 1886. 1887—Feb., March, April, May, June, July, Aug., Nov., Dec. 1888—Jan., Feb., March, April, May, July, Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec. 1889—Jan., Feb., March, April, May, June, July, Aug., Nov., Dec. 1890—Oct., Nov., Dec. 1891—Oct., Nov., Dec. 1892—Jan., March.

LOCALS.

The Tent Festival of St. Mary's Sunday School was a grand success. The several tables presented a neat appearance and were liberally patronized. The afternoon entertainment, given by Boston talent, consisted of music and variety and was very much enjoyed particularly by the children. In the evening Prof. Williamson gave views of the late Civil War and delivered a lecture with them. The views were handsome and well worth seeing. After the entertainment a large party enjoyed the lawn party till 2.20 a. m. The Atlantic Brass Band furnished music during the afternoon and evening.

Plans have been received at City Hall for the new High School.

The 10 o'clock outward train from Boston on the night of July 4, carried 1300 passengers.

Misses Lizzie Elnock, Josephine Flynn and Mary Elnock of Quincy, and Miss Mary Elnock of Boston, left on Wednesday for Milwaukee, Wis. They will visit the World's Fair during their stay.

The Quincy Point mails are to be carried hereafter by the Q. & B. St. Ry.

Do You Ever Drink Soda?

IF SO

TRY A GLASS

—AT—

Willard's

He sells 20 different kinds of flavors.

27 SCHOOL STREET, - - SOUTH QUINCY.

Ladies' and Children's Cotton Underwear.

We can show you the best assortment and the lowest prices in the City.

Ladies' Night Robes, Chemise, Cotton

Drawers, Corset Covers, White

and Colored Skirts, etc.

Children's Night Robes, Drawers, etc., at

C. S. HUBBARD'S - - 158 Hancock St.

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

HOMERIC

Read before the Young People's Club of St. John's Church.

Soda?
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Hancock Street.
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VICT.
by Telephone.

HOMERIC HYMN.
BY WILLIAM L. KULLIVAN.
Read before the Young People's Literary Society
of St. John's Church.
Hail! Consecrated Greece—Majestic Queen
of Song! Hail! Splendor, whose full glory
[seen
Although the pale-starred night of age,
Still brightest on the soul-thrilled page
of high, divinest Art hath ever been.
Hail! Laureate Land, whose gloried worth
First chose thee, the elect of earth,
The first to catch the raptured fire,
That poured from Heaven's Pieric lyre,
And, e'er it fell thy groves among,
Attuned the moving spheres to song!
A Gode, to thy sacred shores,
A Votary of the Muses' lore,
Have come to worship at thy shrine,
And, hark! on thy brow divine,
A wreath of humble song entwined,
O blest Hellen! to thy strand
By Glory's annuities breezes fanned,
To honor him thy greatest son
I come, who brightest of the splendor won
Ye strains Orphic that thrill
The very air, whose raptured echoes still
Adown the Doric meadows sweep
O more my lowly need to cadence deep.
Full raptures I call from high
The sacred Nine and bid them sweep the
[string
And of their foster-child high glory sing:
To thrill with Heaven's perfumed sigh
Strains whose welling ecstasy
Should flow in full intensity
Till all the rapture-freighted air
Might witching showers of transport bear.
But not in music smooth alone
Is reverence whisp'ered and great love;
And notes that flow from Sunlithean founts
Who pour enchanting strains above,
May less true worship testify
Than haply some rude song that 'dimes the
[singer's yearning eye
And so, great bard, I tune to thee
This wandering note of minstrelsy:
Not music such as thy high art,
From living lyre erst taught to start—
Not such as danced from transport's heat
When singing Hion's great defeat,
But, Grecian bard, to notes of love
Mine offered strains now humbly more—
Do thou, fair Hellen! brightest ray
Accept thy due disciple's lay.
Oh say ye sportive satyrs who still play
Although the Doric shade-strewn woods
[and lanes,
Ye wafton ones that sing away the day
Among your copses brown till darkly
[twines
The sinking day o'er far Aegean's tide,
Sav, if of old when loud your joyous folk
Made ringing mirth all through your
[forest's wide,
And high your reed's elfin music spoke,
No wizard sound then trembled through
[your trees,
Than which no witchery of elvish art
E'er quivered to so ravishing notes
Of pure, ethereal, liquidness of note?
Oh say if not such strain in elder time
Smote gently this upon your captive ear?
For well methinks such Hellenic holism
[bleed
Announced thy birth, thou Poesy's mighty
[seed!
And sweet fair Greece her welcome smiled
For thee her grandest, great-souled child.
Sweet smiled for thee her shaded vales
Thee fond caressed her perfumed gales
That brush from Loric's mountain-side
Or sweep from warm Laconic tide,
So sweet Achaia's greeting spoke
That all her thousand echoes woke
When forth through her spacious bowers
With soul all rapt in Music's power
He Homer paced—his every thought—
With great magnificence of high, sublime
[grandeur fraught.
O Homer! here in Hellen's shaded rest
Where peace and beauty deck fair Nature's
[breast,
And inspiration's incense sweets the air,
Here first thy mighty soul the counsel bore
Of striking from the stately epic lyre
A march of song to pulse with all thy own
[great spirit's fire.
Here while yet youth's golden day
Still shed its bright, meridian ray
Thy great mind at its concept grand
First labored; and high thought still
[seamed
The starry height where placid reign
Calliope and heroic train
Here sought 'till then Bard's modest theme
To wake from transport's restless dream
Thy deepest soul; and tune a-lich
Thy vast heart's living lyre to notes of
[deepest ecstasy.
Till memory of the Trojan strife
Fired all thy song-filled soul to life,
And Heaven descended whisper smote
Thy impassioned harp to widest note.
Then leaped to Music's sweetest call
Thy whole great self—in burst the thrill
That held thy soul in anxious quest
Of theme to suit thy lofty breast.
Then swept the mighty range, thy hand,
Of man's heart feelings; heights were
[seamed
To which none other ken might look
And depths of human hearts as o'er look
Were read, that might save darkness seem
To e'er lit by thy clear beam.
A chieftain's anger first sang'st
To wrath thy early music rang'st
And to discordant hatred's shriek,
Then did thy quiet numbers seek
The laureled bower of Friendship mild,
And sang the praise of Heaven's child.
Then did thy battle-spirit ery,
And lightning note of transport fly,
And danced from Valor's kindling glee
The tidal hymn of victory.
But softly wove thy latest song
A note that sadly wove along
To move with pensive whisper low
The cloud that shadows Grief's dark brow
And pain of Sorrow's aching wound
Fulfills thy last sad echo's sound.
Such strains thy harp O singer! spoke
To such thy living lyre awoke.
Thus Homer, dearest child of song,
Thou sweetly lived'st and e'er along
The path thy wandering years had kept
The purest breath of Poesy swept.
And sweetly, gentle Bard, the shade
That life's calm even softly laid
Upon thy ever-blissful heart,
Serenely didst thou see depart
The warmth of youth, the vine of years
That knew not Age's sighs and tears.

And nobly, with contentment fond
The crown that Age with silver wand
Had lightly touched thou bare'st. For still
Sweet Poesy charmed thy docile will
And Soan's consoling worship held
Thy heart from all complaint of Eld
Till, hero-soul, soft breezes came
That fanned full out thy vital flame.
Great Bard! farewell; the reverent lay
Of charmed childhood nears its end
And slowly, sadly, fade away
Notes that the heart's deep greeting send.
O simple soul! In realms above
Enthroned in fadless majesty,
Accept the filial note of love
The heart's full worship choirs to thee.
And thou farewell! thou regal Greece!
That light'st the student's placid way
Long has thy gentlest breath of peace
Made sweeter thoughtful study's way.
Pen of the far Aegean tide!
Thy harp for ages hath been still,
And none to take it from thy side
And all its ancient rapture thrill!
Nay! silent are the strings that sang
To thy immortal praise of old.
And voiceless is the harp that rang
In mighty Homer's passionate hold
Yea lovely Greece, are silent now
And songless is thy golden lyre—
But not the notes that on thy brow
First cast the rays of Genius' fire.
Oh they pervade the whole of Time
And thrill their primal life full force
And ring an ever deathless chime
In Queenly song's harmonious course.
Then safe great Greece thy gloried fame
And safe thy star from blighting night
For thy thy ever-sacred name
Shine on with immortal light.

ESKIMO LEADERS.
Peculiar Traits of the Foremost
Dogs in the Tundra.
An Animal That Is Very Sensitive and
Wears an Air of Vast Superiority
Among His Canine Companions.
The leader of an Esquimaux dog
team, says Mr. Alfred Schanz, who has
recently returned from an exploring
expedition in Alaska, is a dog of much
consequence, and gently aware of his
abilities, and the privileges which
should accompany them. He is the
superior of his comrades, and he
knows it. He exerts from them sub-
mission and deference, and feels that
even his master owes him a certain re-
spect.
This claim, according to the Youth's
Companion, the master usually ac-
knowledges to the extent that while
the other dogs are whipped for laziness
or misconduct, their leader, even
when in fault, is spared the disgrace of
physical punishment.
It has become a recognized tradition
among drivers that leaders shall not
be whipped, but they have no difficulty
in finding suitable penalties for a de-
linquent without doing so. The most
effective is to reduce the offender tem-
porarily to the ranks, and a leading
dog taken from his honorable position
is as miserable and abject an animal as
can be imagined, nor will he ever be-
come contented until restored to his
leadership.
Among his mates the leader wears a
sly and exclusive air. He goes to
sleep curled up apart by himself, and
grows if approached. No inferior dog
dare dispute with him any choice bit
of food or sheltered nook to which he
may lay claim. His master often feeds
him separately, and encourages his
sagacity for the purpose of inducing him
to make greater efforts to maintain his
distinctive excellence. He is thought
to work harder and develop greater in-
telligence than his favored.
But a good Eskimo leader is really a
wonder, and fully carries his little in-
dulgences. He is guided by his work-
master by line nor whip, but by the
voice and motions of the hands. He
understands with marvellous clearness
and quickness what is required of him,
and executes his orders with super-
canine intelligence.
In suddenly halting a rapidly moving
team, for instance, he knows perfectly
well that if he stopped in his tracks at
the word of command he would be run
over by the other dogs and the sleds,
while if he slowed abruptly to one side
there would be a snarl. He therefore
makes a curve to right or left, and
halts with his face to the rear.
The other dogs swing around after
him in turn, and the sleds are stopped
safely and surely, but heading in the
opposite direction to that in which it
had been moving, while the clever
leader turns his bright eyes upon his
master, and waits alertly for the next
order to be given.
The endurance and fidelity of the
best Eskimo dogs are as great as
their intelligence. One of Mr. Schanz's
leaders, crippled by short rations and
overwork, was reluctantly abandoned
by the party after refusing to submit
to the indignity of being carried upon
the sled which he felt it his place to draw.
On leaving him behind they hung
him as a chance for his life, the last
piece of life among them, which they
could ill spare themselves. Three days
later, while they were in camp at an
Esquimaux village, this gallant dog,
emaciated, staggering and with bleed-
ing feet, rejoined his company, having
followed its trail in this pitiable con-
dition for eighty-five miles, of which
forty-five consisted in crossing the frozen
surface of a lake in a poorg—a kind of
winter tempest of wind, sleet and snow
more violent and dangerous than a
blizzard.

SUMMER FASHIONS.
SKIRTS covered with ruffles from hem
to waist line are much liked.
Lace flounces around the lower edges
of the skirts are increasing in popu-
larity.
Sleeve ruffles, outlined with enor-
mously full ruffles of the dress mate-
rial or of lace, are very popular among
dressy young women.
SMALL girls' dresses have enormous
wide collars or shoulder ruffles that
extend over the full sleeves in such a
manner as to suggest wings.
A hat with medium width brim,
made with handsome lace-straw band,
faced with black velvet and with a
trimming of loops and bows of lace
and a quantity of fine aigrettes, has
been very much admired.—N. Y. Led-
ger.

PROGRESS OF THE DAY.
PAPER stockings are the latest nov-
elty in Germany.
A SPEAKING watch has been invented
by a Geneva artisan named Casimir
Livan. A little photograph inside an-
nounces the hours, half-hours and
quarter hours, like the human voice.
One pair of kid-button shoes was
made complete and packed in a Lynn
factory the other day in fifteen min-
utes and forty-five seconds. The pre-
vious record was twenty-five minutes.
A DEVICE for attaching rolls of paper
to type-writing machines has been pat-
ented by F. L. Clifford, a Brooklyn
man. This will render unnecessary
the putting in of a fresh sheet every
few minutes.
The first sea-going vessel of alumi-
num is being constructed in the dock-
yards of the Loire. It is a cutter which
would weigh, if made of the usual ma-
terials, 4,500 tons, instead of its actual
weight of 2,500 tons.
EDITOR GRONZ, W. CHILES is fitting
up the Philadelphia Ledger with a
band of trained pigeons to act as mes-
sengers and carriers of "copy" from
distant reporters. It is expected that
the scheme will be a great success.
A NEW material, called rubber vel-
vet, is made by sprinkling powdered
felt of any color over rubber cloth.
The result is like felt and soft, the
result looks like felt cloth, but is elas-
tic, waterproof and exceedingly light.
ONE of the latest uses of aluminum
is for cooking utensils. An expert of
the metallurgical laboratory of Lehigh
university says, after two years of ac-
tual experience, that in point of light-
ness, cleanliness, durability and all
around advantages, vessels of alumi-
num are the perfection of cooking
utensils.

ARTISTIC ETCHINGS.
VAN DYKE brought portraits to the
highest degree of perfection.
The best specimens of alabaster
carvings have been exhumed at Nine-
veh.
MISS ANNE WHITNEY has completed
a fine portrait-hunt of Miss Frances E.
Willard.
THE ear has sent as a present to
the pope two superb vases, each eight
feet in height, with pedestals of jasper.
AGUSTUS ST. GARDENS has been se-
lected to design and execute the bronze
statue of the late Bishop Phillips
Brooks.
MR. MADAME LEMAITRE and Mlle.
Bresson, who are lecturing on the
of the Salon of the Champ de Mars,
are the first women who have held
that position in any salon.
It is reported that the foundations
of the ancient temple of Juno, near
Mycenae, have been discovered, and
many priceless works of art have been
unearthed. The discovery has been
made by the American school of
archaeology at Athens.
Is a recent life of Murell's that artist
is described as a man apart from his
age, violating its prejudices, tramp-
ling on its prudery, yet encouraging
by the force of his genius. His chief
characteristic is a painter of self, of
devotion, of miracles and spiritual
mysticism.

UNDER THE SEAS.
THE sea contains in solution 2,000,000
tons of silver.
During the most violent gales the
sea is disturbed to a depth of 500 feet.
At a depth of more than four miles
the ocean is without life, without vege-
tation and without light.
At the bottom of the ocean the tem-
perature remains practically constant
at any one spot throughout the whole
of the year.
The route from England to India is
strewn with treasure, owing to the
many shipwrecks. An industri-
ous statistician reckons that fully \$500,-
000,000 worth of gold and jewels lies
at the bottom of the sea on that fre-
quented way.
SCIENTISTS say that if the bed of the
Pacific ocean could be seen it would
be like a vast sea of molten lava, with
truncated tops scattered over it.
These mountains would be perfectly
bare at their bases, and all around
their tops they would be covered with
a beautiful growth of coral polypi.

MUSICAL MATTERS.
M. SAINT-SAENS, who is a doctor of
music of the University of Cambridge,
will come to Chicago this summer to
direct concerts of French music.
SEVERAL relics of the composer Boni-
facio, including a set of his hair, are
to be sold in Italy next with the object
of helping on a subscription to erect a
monument to him at Bergamo, his na-
tive city.
His highness the Thakur Sahib of
Gondal, India, has offered a prize of
\$50 for a satisfactory national anthem.
Composers are required to send in their
music, properly arranged for a band,
not later than next October.
The original manuscript of "Sweet
Pie and Bye," just as it was written
in 1801, at Eldridge, Wis., by S. B.
Bennett, is on exhibition at the
world's fair. An affidavit to its genu-
ineness, signed by Mr. Bennett, goes
with it.

PICKINGS IN EUROPE.
TOWN lots on the corner of Oxford
street and Oxford circus, London,
brought at auction the other day a
price equal to \$115 a square foot.
LONDON letter carriers find a good
many empty purses in letter boxes.
Pielpockets think it safer to drop
them there than on the pavements.
THE Russian government proposes to
convert a commission of Jewish exhibi-
tion in September next to take the whole
Jewish question into consideration
and insist in bringing it to a settle-
ment.
In Sweden and Norway the peat bors-
cover many million acres, the depth of
the turf varying from three to thirty-
seven feet. It is used in iron works,
wood-pulp factories, glass works, brick
works and as fuel for steam engines.

AN AUCTION EXPERIENCE.
A Belle That Puzzled Some Very Smart
People.
A red flag fluttering opposite the door
of an old farmhouse draws a crowd.
Even the victims of former auction
sales cannot stay away, though they
know from experience that the who en-
ters leaves his wit behind. A public
sale at a pre-revolutionary house, into
which had drifted a "big game" chest
and a bed upon which Washington had
slept, attracted the attention of Dr.
Abbott, who tells in "Recent Rambles"

how he ventured inside and what was
the result of his temerity.
While willow-pattern china was be-
ing sold he discovered a curious piece
of polished, crooked mahogany lying
between two turners and a tray of boots.
On picking it up and examining it close-
ly his first thought was: What a curious
paper-knife!
"What is it?" asked an inquisitive
old lady, as he tucked it behind a pile
of plates.
The wooden wener was brought to
light again. "It's an old-fashioned
wooden butter-knife," said she. "I've
seen 'em afore this. Don't you know,
in old times it wasn't everybody's ad-
vice, and mahogany knives for butter
was put on the table for big folks. We
folks used our own knife."
"What is it?" asked a still older
lady.
"A colonial butter-knife," replied
the doctor, with an air of antiquarian
lore.
"A butter-knife! No such thing,"
naveered this lady. "My grandfather
used just like this, and it's a prun-
ing knife. He wouldn't use a steel
knife cause it poisoned the sap."
The auctioneer at last took it in his
hand, looked at it with a puzzled ex-
pression and cried:
"What is bid for this?"
It started at a dime, and the doctor
seemed it for twenty-five cents. He
took it, rubbed the crooked mahogany
faces with kerosene, polished it with
flannel, rubbed it with warm water and
a tooth-brush and then gave it a long,
dry polishing. Then he showed his
beautiful prize to his family, with a
triumphant "See there!"
"Why, papa," cried his youngest
daughter, "it's the back of a hair-
brush!" And it was.

WOLVES IN INDIA.
The Voracious Animals Show Almost
Human Cunning.
One strongly marked characteristic
common to dogs and wolves is their
skill in trailing and running down
game in couples or packs. Such a
wolf hunt in India is described by an
English traveler in Pearson's Weekly,
who, while with his telescope watch-
ing a herd of antelope feeding in a
large field, observed six wolves en-
gaged in concerting how best to secure
their breakfast.
Having decided on their plans of
campaign they separated, leaving one
wolf to keep the antelope steady in the
outer edge of the field, and one lay
in ambush at each corner, while the
sixth crept through a furrow in the
middle of the field, and there lay down
unobserved.
When all were thus posted, the first
wolf suddenly sprang himself and, el-
uding the antelope's guard, drove them
right across the great field, where they
were headed by another wolf, who
chased them in a fresh direction, while
the first hunter lay down to rest. No
sooner had the frightened herd reached
the further end of the plain than lay
sprang a fresh wolf, who again turned
the antelope back upon the pursuit, leav-
ing his punting accomplice to take breath
preparatory to another chase.
Thus the hickies, terrified antelope
were driven from corner to corner of
the great plain, till starved and ex-
hausted they crowded together, ralloping
in ever-sending circles around the
corner of the field, where the sixth
wolf lay hidden, evidently waiting un-
til they should be so effectually tired
out as to fall an easy prey.
His calculations were, however, at
fault, not having reckoned on the hu-
man presence, and just as he was prepar-
ing for the fatal spring lay-directed
shot, proved fatal to the name, wolf,
whereupon all the confederates took
the hint and scurried off with all pos-
sible speed.

THE CHAMELEON SPIDER.
An African Insect That Changes Its Color
at Will.
Almost all travelers in tropical re-
gions have wonderful stories to tell of
the strange manner of leaves and
flowers by insects. Sometimes the pur-
pose of imitation appears to be con-
cealment, and sometimes the laying of
a snare to catch other insects. A curi-
ous instance of this is related by Mr.
H. H. J. Bell. While traveling on the
Gold Coast of Africa last year, he no-
ticed in the bushes a singular-looking
insect, which he called the chameleon
spider. It was a small, round, spider-
like creature, with a body like a small
pebble, and a long, thin, jointed leg.
Stopping to examine it, he found to
his astonishment that it was not a
flower at all, but a spider's web, and
that the supposed light blue heart of
the flower was the spider itself lying
in wait for its prey. The legs of the
spider were so fine as to be almost in-
visible. The whole thing had the ap-
pearance of being a single flower, and
it was a very curious deception.
When Mr. Bell knocked the spider
from its perch into a white gnat net,
his surprise was increased upon seeing
its captive instantly turn from blue to
white. Its former mimicry had been
guaranteed as a snare; now it was play-
ing a single game for the purpose of
concealment.
But the end of the performance was
not yet reached. When Mr. Bell shook
its captive's body again changed
color, becoming this time a dull green-
ish-brown. Later he captured another
specimen of the same species of spider.
This flower web resembled an orchid.
This spider exhibited the same remark-
able power of changing its color.

DAUGHTER PASTORAGE.
A Curious Custom That Prevails in Hol-
land.
The Zuyder Zee is kept back from a
number of little villages on the coast
of Holland by a great dike that con-
nects sand-dune with sand-dune. Dur-
ing the last week of summer the sea
retires for a long distance and the un-
covered shore becomes fine pasture,
giving the farmers a chance to convert
their own meager grass patches into
hay for the winter. In "Artist Life by
the North Sea," printed in the Century
Magazine, the author gives a curious
bit of local history and custom.
Unfortunately this provision of na-
ture, he says, cannot be enjoyed by all.
It is a bequest to these villages from
the countless who died in the year 1612.
To speak exactly, each descendant of a
resident of the villages of Laren, Bland-
and Huisduyn, has the right to pasture seven cows
on the dike. This privilege cannot be bought or
sold; it can be acquired only from an
ancestor of the village of that date.
When the spring comes the cattle are
driven to the pastures, where they re-
main for the summer. Their owners

commonly live miles away, and it neces-
sitates two daily milking trips, on
which they jog over in a cart with the
cans and pails in midday and at mid-
night.
The pastures are hundreds of acres
in extent, and for a long time it puz-
zled us to see how an owner could find
his cows on a dark night; but we dis-
covered that they have trained their
animals to come to a certain place at
the same hour each day and night by
always carrying to them some dainty
in the shape of salt or potatoes.
During the summer months these
pastures are used without danger, but
in the autumn the succession of north-
easterly gales, in conjunction with a high
tide, will put the land many feet under
water. Sometimes the inundation is
so great that the cattle are swept by
the rising waters and drowned. So
at the beginning of September watch-
men are always stationed on the dike
to keep a sharp lookout upon the sea.
The church towers of the villages
are all in sight of one another, and the
villagers who are in the communi-
cation with the dike. With a ring of
sea the man on the dike hangs up a
lantern; if the sea rises more he hangs
up two, which is a danger signal; but
if it rises fast, three, which says: "Great
danger, come quickly."
Similar lights are flashed from tower
to tower, watching in the bellies,
and at the lights the alarm bells are
rung. This was the alarm we heard,
and in ten minutes the roads were
thronged with people on foot and on
horseback, rushing to the rescue of the
herds.
This year none were drowned; but it
was perilous work, and the peasants
looked long sights of relief as they
saw the details and announced that the
cows were safe in the stables for the
next six months.

POSSIBLY IN POTTER'S FIELD.
A Starting Story of the Wreck in Which
Margaret Fuller Was Lost.
The name of Margaret Fuller-Ossoli
is still a name to conjure with among
the literary people of the older gen-
eration in New York. She is mentioned
in the New York Herald, supposed to
have found her tomb in the ocean, but
there is some reason to suspect that
her disordered remains rest in the old
potter's field of New York. Thereby
lapses a curious tale. I met a weather-
beaten old boatman at Fire Island last
summer, who captivated a fishing craft
with comestive skill, and there is a
sharp tingle of Attila's in his stories
and reminiscences. Among other
things he told me he was on the beach
that June night in 1850 when a disas-
trous storm wrecked the bark Eliza-
beth, which was bringing home from
Europe a cargo of furs, and the ship
was on two continents, her husband
and child. The ship foundered off
Fire Island beach in plain sight of land,
and only a few of the crew succeeded
in passing the breakers. Some bodies,
not many, were washed ashore a few
days afterward.
Among these was a woman's corpse,
"slenderly, dainty, water-beaten, fish-
eaten, a pretty horror to the eye. But
it had two very curiously shaped teeth
stamped with gold in a peculiar fash-
ion, which were 'known to have char-
acterized Margaret Fuller. And be-
sides this had been the only woman on
the bark. When her friends came
down to look, as soon as the report of
bodies washed ashore reached New
York, and they saw the awful thing
vomited up from the jaws of the ocean,
they recoiled shuddering, and utterly
refused to admit that it could be
Margaret Fuller. Not their Margaret
was so cruelly somewhere in the
eastern sea depths, and the captain
only think of her in the words of Ariel's
song:
Of her bones are coral made,
These are pearls that were her eyes,
No farthing had her death nor change
Into something rich and strange;
So, dishonored and rejected of all,
The re-buffed remains of what had
probably been Margaret Fuller were
sent to New York and buried in the pot-
ter's field among paupers, tramps and
outcasts.

A WOMAN BEAR-KILLER.
The Wife of a Woodsman Kills a Bear
with an Ax.
A desperate battle took place a few
days ago between a famished she bear
and the wife of Amos Corey, a woods-
man on the upper Beaverkill, near
Turnwood, N. Y., says the New
York Times. For several days bear
tracks had been seen in the neighbor-
hood and once a good-sized bear had
been seen crossing the road near
Corey's cabin. The other morning
Corey started with rifle and dogs to
hunt down the animal, and had been
gone about an hour when his wife
heard a great commotion in the door-
ward. Just then a little dog ran into
the house yelping with terror and
covered with blood. Mrs. Corey, thinking
of the bear, seized a keen-bladed ax from
the rack and, shutting her baby and
little boy in a bedroom, ran into the
yard. There she saw a huge she bear
rolling and tumbling in the sawdust
and chips of the woodpile, while over
it hovered a swarm of honey bees. The
bear had upset half a dozen hives of
bees and the little creatures were hav-
ing their revenge. Mrs. Corey watched
the battle for awhile and then she
made a stroke at brain with the ax, in-
flicting a severe wound in the animal's
side. With a howl the bear rushed
upon her, unmindful of the bees. Ris-
ing upon its hind legs it advanced
toward the woman and tried to hug her.
Mrs. Corey plied the ax with energy,
and after several blows struck the ani-
mal in the head, killing it instantly.
She received during the battle a blow
from one of the bear's paws, which
badly lacerated one of her arms. After
the bear had been killed the bees
swarmed about Mrs. Corey, stinging
her severely. They finally retired on
the bushes near by, where she suc-
ceeded in driving them. Afterward she
was surprised to find that two little
cubs had come out of the brush and
were smelling about their dead mother.
She captured them and after feeding
them with warm milk they became
quite tame. She will keep the cubs
and raise them.

A Curious Grass.
Lemon grass, known only in Ceylon,
grows to a height of six or seven feet
and ignites spontaneously. At first a
single curl of smoke or bright tongue
of flame will be noticed. Soon, how-
ever, as the water runs down the stalks
and mingles with the oil and acids
contained in the pith of the curious
herb, fierce fires burst into view here
and there every place, soon covering
the whole mountain in a sheet of flame.

UNLEARNED.
He is lovely just to look at,
With his thoughtful, dark brown eyes,
His gentle face and shining curls,
But he isn't very wise.
Two birthdays he has counted,
Two dimes he can show,
Yet he's ignorant of many things
That many babies know.
Though he talks in childish fashion,
He knows but pretty words,
And he says them in a voice as sweet
As the cooing of the birds.
He smiles at everybody,
But he hasn't learned to fess,
And angry looks and angry words,
He doesn't know them yet!
Oh, everything contents him,
He has never learned to tease;
And folks and screams, he's sure
There are such things as these.
But he's lovely just to look at,
And to cuddle and to pet,
For to wriggle out of loving arms,
He hasn't learned it yet.
Oh, as at first I told you,
He isn't very wise, but
Yet we're all as ignorant
Earth might be Paradise
—Emma C. Down, in Toronto Truth.

WAYS OF A BIG TOWN.
Four Phases of Life in the Eastern
Metropolis.
A Queer Old Man Who Deals in Emblems
of Luck—Meals on Trust—New York
"Gawpers"—Playing on Hu-
man Nature.
I was aboard of a big sailing vessel
in this port of New York the other day,
and in rambling about for an hour how
many horseshoes do you think I found
malled up to give Jack Tar good luck?
The number was eight, and three of
these were about the mast. I have
boarded square-riggers, barkers, brigs,
schooners, smacks, sloops, tugs,
canal boats, liners, coasters, dredgers,
and every other sort of craft
moved by sail or steam, and I always
find the horseshoe in sight. Sometimes
there is but one, but the average is
three. I don't believe you could get a
craft out of this harbor without the had
at least one horseshoe nailed up
in plain view of the crew. A
new shoe won't do—oh, no! There may
be luck in a new silver dollar, but
there is none in a new horseshoe. It
must be a shoe which has seen service
—the more the better. If there are
three, four nails and a bit of wood at-
tached to it the price is way up. Down
in Pearl street the other day I found
the queer old shop of the queer old man
who has dealt in horseshoe luck for the
last quarter of a century. The news-
boy who finds a horseshoe on the street
makes a bee-line for this old junk shop
to sell it for a nickel. When a craft is
fitted out her owner sends to the same
place for the necessary charms. The su-
perstition is not confined to sailors
alone, but truckmen, expressmen, rail-
road men, lawyers, brokers, doctors and
others believe in the luck of the horse-
shoe over the door. There is hardly a
sailor in New York in which you can-
not find the emblem, and even the Ital-
ian pedicure peddlers want all the
luck there is in it. "Uncle John" told
me that he had a sale of five thousand
old horseshoes every year, ranging in
price from ten cents to seventy-five
cents, and he certainly had three thou-
sand in stock the day I called. He is
the only man in New York who makes
a specialty of this superstition, and has
been in business so long that a relic
from his shop is supposed to possess
more power than any other. Queer
thing, isn't it, and yet we are all built
that way, after all. We laugh at the
idea of charms and luck, but the notion
of the horseshoe. We send the fortune-
teller up for sixty days for reading the
cards or consulting the stars, and then
feel friendly toward the barber who uses
his new razor for the first time on our
chin.
"Here's my meal check, but I have no
money today."
"Very well, sir—some other day will
do."
You will hear these words repeated
thirty times a day in a certain down-
town eating house here, and they mean
that a total stranger has had a hearty
meal, can't pay for the same, and the
proprietor is willing to accept his prom-
ises to settle the bill some future time.
I don't if you can find a similar insti-
tution in the world. In all other places
the man would be looked upon as a
dead-beat and either kicked out or
turned over to the police. Here he is
treated as a gentleman and put on his
honour. When a friend told me about
the place I went in, ate after dinner's
worth of well-cooked food, took my
check to the cashier and said:
"I'm dead broke to-day."
"What name, please?"
"John Smith."
"Very well; come in any time: glad
to see you. Good day."
He recorded name, date and amount,
and I departed. Three days later I
called to pay. He did not look at all
surprised as he hunted out the slip and
made change. Indeed, it was just what
he expected, for ten years' experience
has taught him that ninety-five per-
cent of "dead-broke" return and
square up. If all the vagabonds of
New York could get credit at an eat-
ing-house business would go to the wall
in a fortnight, but that class are not
admitted. There is a man at the door
who "spots" them and warns them off
when they appear. A decent-looking
man will pass most every time, how-
ever, and, though now and then one
fails to square up, the loss is a mere
trifle. The proprietor of the place told
me he had more trouble with dishonest
waiters in his employ than with the
thousands who feed at his place every
year. He loses a dollar through a
waiter for every time lost by trusting
an entire stranger.

"What's the matter?"
"Someone killed, I guess."
It was a great crowd in front of a
store on Broadway. I looked for the
"man" but it was not to be seen. I
tried to crowd my way to the front
and crowd would give me no inch. I
tried to crowd, asking this one and that one
whether it was a murder or an accident,
and at last I found an opening and
reached the front rank. What do you
suppose a thousand men and boys were
staring at with bated breath and held
deafening the efforts of three or four police-
men to keep the walls clear? Simply
a line of cheap-colored engravings—a
dozen pictures in all—and all marked
"ten cents." Such a show would have
attracted ten people in any other city,
but New Yorkers are half-grown children.
I'll put a bag of potatoes or a bushel of

turnips in a Broadway window and in-
vite to keep a crowd in front of it all
day long. On the other hand, if there
is a big fire raging within a block
of Broadway it will not attract one pedes-
trian out of ten. The other day there
was a smart fire in Canal street, with
at least six fire engines on the ground.
A block away a street car horse had
fallen and broken a leg. I made an
estimate of both crowd and fire, and I
think the one about the horse was the largest
by hundreds. Hezekiah Beapole has
been satirized and ridiculed because he
"gawped" while on a visit to New York.
The truth is, the average New Yorker
spends half his time "gawping." If he
can find anything more interesting he
will put in half an hour watching the
antics of the automatic bug making
circles on the top of a dry goods box or
the flagstone.
I was in Barclay street the other day
when a big suspicious-looking man
touched my elbow and asked if there
was a policeman for a moment. When he
had stopped he looked all around to see
if there was a policeman in sight and
then whispered:
"Please don't give me away. I am
an unfortunate man and have been
detained to do wrong. Can you make use
of me?"
He held out a pair of eye-glasses
which looked to be worth four or five
dollars, and continued:
"I may as well tell you the truth. I
stole these, to get bread for my family.
You can have them for a dollar."
"No, thanks."
"Seventy-five cents?"
"No."
"Take 'em at fifty? Just try 'em on
and see if they are your fit."
"Don't want them at all, my dear
boy. Your game is at least a year old,
and I was initiated months ago. Go
and be dishonest and may luck attend
you."
He winked and smiled and passed on.
They were cheap glasses, not costing
the manufacturer over twelve or fifteen
cents a pair. An agent here has one
hundred men at work selling them on
the "lay." I have described. Each ped-
dler pretends to have stolen the glasses,
and in that way he finds customers who
would otherwise look upon him as a
faker. As stolen glasses they are con-
sidered a great bargain at seventy-five
cents. If offered in an honest manner
nobody would take them at twenty-five
cents. See the human nature in it?
I've seen a gray-haired old chap from
the country who has preached honesty
all his life slyly pocket a pair of glasses
and get out of the neighborhood almost
on a run, fearing the police might get
hold of it, and I've seen a Wall st. get
broker buy an extra pair to send to his
old mother and disappear around the
nearest corner like a non-day shadow.
"Yes, it's a good lay," replied one of
the peddlers after we had drunk a bit
been, "but I shall drop it for a better
thing next week. I'm going to peddle
laces around the suburban towns."
"On what line?" I asked.
"Oh, stolen goods, of course. I can
buy lace at nine cents a yard wholesale
which I can take out and sell at twenty
or thirty cents. All I've got to do with
the average woman is to drop a hint
that I smuggled or stole it, and she'll
take up her last penny to buy with.
I've got a sister who clears twenty-five
dollars a week right here in New York
on kid gloves. Buys 'em at wholesale,
goes from house to house as a single
glove, and makes a profit of from thirty
to fifty per cent. So long, old man, get
to rope in three more suckers this after-
noon."—Detroit Free Press.

Disillusioned.
He was a dreamy, romantic young
fellow from Tacoma and he was doing
the fair thoroughly, entering into the
spirit of the thing, so to speak, with
all his ability. When the purple shades
of twilight were falling he stepped
gayly into a picturesque gondola,
adorned and propelled by a real, live
gondolier attired in blue and white,
with every detail of the Venetian cos-
tume complete. Our westerner revelled
in the charm of the hour and the sur-
roundings. He drew his hand from the
spirit of ancient Venice and fancied he
saw the bride of the Adriatic lying
ghost-like upon the sunset-tinted
waters. With a woman's artifice he
tried to tempt the gondolier into song.
It was in vain, however, for the soli-
tary boatman and stern was evidently
thinking of the Venetian Venice. The
young man from Tacoma at last sighed
terra firma, and as he soared rather than
walked away he heard with horror the
mystical gondolier distinctly remark to
his fellow in the bow:
"O! say, Mollie, lend me a match,
please."—Chicago Mail.

An Editor's Mistake.
The editor of a weekly journal lately
lost two of his subscribers through
accidentally departing from the beaten
track in his answers to correspondents.
Two of his subscribers wrote to ask
him his remedy for their respective
troubles. No. 1, a happy father of
twins, wrote to inquire the best way to
get them safely over their teething,
and No. 2 wanted to know how to pro-
tect his orchard from the myriads of
grasshoppers. The editor framed his
answers upon the orthodox lines, but
unfortunately transposed their two
names, with the result that No. 1, who
was blessed with twins, read

THE OLD SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

O, the old school exhibitions! will they ever come again.
With the good, old-fashioned speaking from the girls and boys so plain!
Will we ever hear old "lars" with his rapid roll and sweep,
And "Pilot," his fearful right; there's danger on the deep?

Sweet Mary doesn't raise her lambs like Mary did of old.
Their fleece is not "as white as snow;" they're wandering from the fold.
The boys upon "the burning deck" are not one-half as true.
He was not "born at Bangor, at Bangor on the Rhine!"

The girls don't speak in calico, the boys in cotton jeans.
They've changed the old-time dresses long with the old-time scenes.
They smile and speak in ancient Greek; in broadcloth and in lace.
And you can't half see the speaker for the color 'round the face!

O, the old school exhibitions! it is gone forever more!
The old schoolhouse is deserted, and the grass has choked the door.
And the wind sweeps round the gables, with a low and mournful wail.
For the old boys "born at Bangor—at Bangor on the Rhine!"

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A WHITE KITTEN.

The Important Part It Played in a Pretty Romance.

Miss Lucia Marsh was walking down to the gate, between the beds of bright pink standing still, erect on each side of the path, and the air, and she picked one up and stuck it in her belt.

As she reached the gate, a man passed carrying a basket from which issued faint meowing sounds. He looked aside hastily, and as for Miss Lucia, she caught her eyes quite the other way. He went by, and entered the iron gate next door, shutting it with a clang. Miss Lucia looked after him with a scornful sniff of her small nose.

"He could as well have gone round the other way instead of coming past here," she said.

A shrill mew came over the fence, another and then another wail.

"Come, kitty," she heard him call.

"Here, kitty, kitty."

Miss Lucia was listening intently.

The calling ceased, and she heard the sound of his footsteps walking briskly on the planks laid around the house.

"I suppose 'twas a cat he had," she mused. "And what will he do with a cat?"

Miss Lucia picked up her skirts daintily and tripped down the street to her grandmother's, giving her neighbor, Reuben Spofford, and his new pet not another thought.

It was evident that Miss Lucia Marsh and Reuben Spofford were not the best of neighbors. The ill-feeling dated back to her father's time and his father's time, and now both fathers were dead, and Miss Lucia's mother, also, yet still there was no cessation of hostilities. Miss Lucia remained in the old homestead quite alone save for the two old servants, Martha Spinks and her husband, Reuben Spofford's sole living relative was an invalid aunt whom he cared for as gently as if she had been his mother. And if Reuben Spofford had been asked the cause of the unneighborliness on each side of the high division fence, or if the same question had been propounded to Miss Lucia Marsh, they would have looked at you in wonderment for the cause of the feud was an old tale.

Miss Lucia was not especially young. She was younger than Reuben Spofford, and they both had been children when the courthouse was built. But there had never played together, and there were no merry cries across the high division wall, no games of ball nor blackberrying together like other neighbors' children. And they grew up in this fashion, and had been girl and boy, and now were maid and man, yet the division fence was as high and uncomproising as ever.

When Miss Lucia stood at the kitchen door next morning she was humming a snatch of a hymn and shaking the tablecloth at the same time. Fat old Aunt Martha stood laughing in the yard.

"Does yer see him, honey?" she said.

"Jes' look at dat," she pointed to the fence, which was running over with gay morning glories, their blue and pink and white cups spread like trumpets.

And likewise running along the fence, and balancing himself by the tangle of vines, was a roly-poly white ball of a kitten. He grabbed one blossom after another in his sharp claws and doomed it to destruction. To and fro he scampered, sometimes tumbling, and once catching his feet unawares and nearly going headlong.

"He's ruining my vines," cried Miss Lucia.

"Oh, Martha, how can you? Do chase him away—horrid little creature! Hurry, Martha!" Miss Lucia wrung her hands.

"Shoo, he can't hurt 'em," Martha answered, laughing. "But I'll chase him. Seat, you—seat!"

She waddled toward the fence, her fat sides shaking, and away went the kitten over the other side.

"Now that's bad," said Miss Lucia. "He's going to be a nuisance."

The white kitten seemed to regard that fence as his special playground. He enjoyed the vines very much, and finally destroyed their beauty completely. Then he began making short sorties into the enemy's camp, i. e., scampering across Miss Lucia's back yard and then home again. The first few times Miss Lucia assisted his departure. She impressed upon Aunt Martha the fact that he must be sent home. And yet, one day, what did Aunt Martha do but catch her mistress in the very act of giving the white kitten a saucer of milk!

"I don't think, Martha," she said, explanatorily, "that he gets very well fed. See how he drinks that milk!"

"Oh, he's a little bit fat," said Martha, chuckling. In her big blue body beat a very tender heart for a dumb creature, four-footed or feathered.

When Miss Lucia sat sewing, now and then she would look up at the kitten walking demurely up the steps and sat down before her and began to wash his face.

"Go home, sit," said Miss Lucia, severely.

The white kitten curled over and kicked up its feet, and played with the hem of her dress.

"You ought to go home," said Miss Lucia, faintly.

Presently he found her ball of yarn, and rolled over it and tangled it into a hopeless snarl. Miss Lucia leaned back and laughed at him softly. She gave him some milk and sent him back over the wall.

The next morning she came out to the porch, and there, curled up sound asleep in her rocking-chair, lay the white kitten.

Miss Lucia looked at him helplessly. Then she sat down on the steps and fell to thinking. Reuben Spofford would be very angry if he knew where his pet spent most of its time. And it should not—a soft furry body came creeping up over her shoulder and rubbing itself against her soft pink cheek. A small paw caught a fallen tress of hair.

The white kitten declined to go home at all. He enjoyed himself at Miss Lucia's for two days. Then one morning his master came around to the side porch and there he saw the white kitten climbing up over Miss Lucia's shoulder. The morning sun shone upon her head, turning the stray tendrils to golden. She was laughing merrily.

Reuben blushed and stammered something unintelligible. Miss Lucia turned quickly and the crimson surged up in her face also. She felt as if she had stolen the white kitten.

"Yes," she said, hurriedly, "he—he would not go home. I tried to make him."

She held out the kitten to him, and Reuben Spofford thanked her and went away.

The kitten stayed at home for a week. Miss Lucia knew he must be shut up in some room, for the puce-colored sional walls she could hear went to her heart.

"Perhaps, Martha," she said, "perhaps they forget to feed him sometimes. It's too bad."

The white kitten escaped at last. He came back to Miss Lucia. When next she saw Reuben Spofford pass, she ran out to him and handed him his pet.

But it was of no use. It came to pass that nearly every evening Reuben Spofford was obliged to come over to Miss Lucia's and take home the kitten. The white kitten was a larger ball of fur than ever. He had not any name except Puss, but he did not seem to mind about that. And by degrees it began to seem quite natural that Reuben Spofford should call for his pet, and sometimes tarry a little. After while the two even joked a little, in a half embarrassed way, about the preference of the white kitten for Miss Lucia.

But Puss did not remain a kitten always, and when he became a big, soft, contented cat, lying upon the rug in front of Miss Lucia's fire, and just at her feet, it was not so easy to take him home, for he decidedly objected, and mentioned the fact quite loudly.

Then Reuben Spofford offered him to Miss Lucia, as he had done several times before.

"You might as well take him," he said, looking at her very earnestly.

"Oh, I could not rob you of your pet," she said. "You—your think so much of him."

"Yes," he said. "But, see now, Miss Lucia, you had better take him. He is only happy with you."

She looked at him with troubled eyes. She knew it was true.

"I don't know what to do about it," she said. "I don't want you to give him up to me."

Reuben Spofford suddenly forgot about the old feud, and how long they had been at war.

"Well," he said, "there is another way. You—you can take me, too—if you will."

Miss Lucia turned her head aside with a little startled movement. He was regarding her so earnestly.

The movement awoke the white cat from his feet. He rose, stretched himself and arched his back, and in his own audacious fashion climbed right into Miss Lucia's lap, and curled himself up to sleep again.

And of course that settled it.—Times Democrat.

A Remedy for Bee Stings.

A great many, especially young mothers, are at a loss what to do when a child gets stung by a bee or hornet.

Soda moistened with water and applied directly to the bee sting will allay the pain almost immediately and counteract the poison. But when one is away off in the woods or in a field, it is well enough to bear in mind other remedies that are just as efficient and near at hand. Three different varieties of vegetation, all of which have the leaves bruised and rubbed on the wound, will have the same effect as the soda. If in a barren spot away from vegetation, take some earth of any kind, moisten it so it will adhere to the surface, and lay it on, and the effect will be like magic. One day a neighbor's ferret was running along the fence next the highway, and nosing about under the rails, when it got badly stung on the nose and ears by bumble bees. As soon as it had fought the bees away it ran immediately to a mud puddle in the road and covered its head and ears with mud. In a short time it seemed to be at ease and suffering no inconvenience from the sting. A bee sting should be treated as soon as possible or the remedies will prove ineffectual.—Mrs. John Gaillard, in Ohio Farmer.

Nothing Surprising.

American Boy—Pop, is it true that a volcano can be moved?

Father—What nonsense! Of course not. Why, the idea is perfectly idiotic.

Boy—But you said that the Mexicans moved a volcano last year.

Father—The papers say some Cherokees bought a Mexican volcano for the purpose of moving it.

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been subscribed by the native princes and personal friends, and it is thought that the fund will reach a large amount.

WOMEN WEST KNOWING.

MISS BRADLEY-MARTIN is the owner of the crown once belonging to Marie Antoinette. This is a velvet cap the insignia of royalty emblazoned upon it in precious stones.

MISS HELEN GOULD has endowed two cottages at the "Babies" shelter in New York. Let the beds always be used for the two most uninteresting children, is the only command which accompanies her gift.

MRS. CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY, who took an active interest in all subjects regarding the training of children, was always inexorably opposed to fairy tales. She believed in simply written histories and instructive games.

The youngest telegraph operator in America is little Ephra, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Dunn, of West Point, Ga. The child has been about the office a great deal and quickly picked up the Morse alphabet. She can call up other operators, and receives messages with remarkable accuracy.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Some one, whose identity is a secret, has made Rev. Fr. H. A. Adams, of the Church of the Redeemer in New York, the recipient of a life income of \$4,000 a year.

GEORGE DAVIS, a Penobscot Indian, who has lived in Boston for a number of years, has been seized with a young for his native camps, and has commenced a tramp back to the grounds of the tribe at Oldtown, Me.

CAPE HARRY BARTLETT, who is to command Lieut. Peary's arctic exploring ship, is only twenty-nine years of age, but he has been fifteen years at sea and rates high as a navigator. He is the youngest of four brothers, all of whom are captains.

MR. E. D. LOOMIS, of New Haven, Conn., is so fond of railroad traveling that he travels one hundred and fifty-eight miles a day. Every day, for six days in the week, he journeys from his home to New York city, where he is engaged in business, and returns at night.

NEWSPAPER NOTES.

Of the world's fair number of the Youth's Companion 550,000 copies were sold in the first two weeks.

The first newspaper published in the world was the Roman Acta Diurna, 691 B. C. The first one published in England, the Mercury, appeared in 1622, and the London Gazette, after wards the Oxford, then London Gazette, was established in January, 1642.

The newspapers of India are published in many languages, and it is said that in those in the native tongues are more widely circulated and read, in proportion to the number of copies printed, than is the case anywhere else in the world.

The oldest newspaper in the world is said to be the British Press, which was first issued in 1622 and has just celebrated its 273rd birthday. Three years later the London Gazette appeared, being published at Oxford on account of the great plague in London.

DEFINITIONS.

CASE. Comfort in the concrete.

FASHION. Competitive imitation.—Herbert Spencer.

AN EGOIST. A man who fails to disguise the interest he feels in himself.

PUNK. A metal heel under the boots of little people in order to make them appear tall to others.—Saphir.

A MAN-HATER OR A WOMAN-HATER. A deceitful fraction of humanity, powerfully dominated by left-hand eyeballs.

WEALTH. The possession, in comparative abundance, of things which are objects of human desire, not obtainable without some sacrifice or some exertion, and which are accessible to man, as well as anxious to acquire them.—Duke of Argyll.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

The normal temperature of a human body is 98.6 degrees.

An ordinary man exhales every day one pound of carbonic oxide.

Each adult inhales a gallon of air a minute, and consumes thirty ounces of oxygen a day.

A PERFECTLY formed face should be divided into three equal parts—from the roots of the hair to the root of the nose, thence to the tip and from the tip of the nose to the tip of the chin.

A MAN breathes fourteen pints of air per minute. Sentient people can detect all the advantages to health of a long walk or other exercise by simply increasing the rate of breathing one or two hours a day, thus adding to the amount of oxygen that enters the lungs.

FRENCH PEOPLE OF NOTE.

The eldest son of President Carnot is a mining engineer, who acts as inspector. He leaves France the 1st of July to make a six months' inspection tour in North America for a French company.

M. PASTER, the famous French scientist, has been suffering for some time from organic weakness of the heart. Many of the savant's friends fear that he will never again entirely recover his strength.

M. TREVIN, the hero of the French melinite scandals, who recently returned to Paris from prison, takes no pains to conceal his dislike for the officials of the war department. "I am hated by these officials," he explains, "because I have interrupted their shameful trafficking."

THE ex-Empress Eugenie of France is the godmother of 3,834 French children who were born on March 16, 1896, the day of the birth of her son, the prince imperial, who was killed by the Zulus. The ex-empress had promised to stand in that relation to the children born on the same day as the prince imperial.

WRITER AND PUBLISHER.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is rarely seen in society on account of his delicate health.

SINCE Dickens' death the firm of Chapman & Hall have sold 643,000 copies of Pickwick. The profits on Dickens' works still amount to about \$40,000 a year.

PROF. T. K. CHEYNE, the eminent Biblical scholar of Oxford, has the

sight of only one eye, and he cannot use the other except in natural light. And yet he has written a large number of books requiring an immense amount of original investigation.

"KISMET" or "kismet" is an Oriental word taken into the fold of the English language. It is a variant of the Turkish kismet and the Hindi and Persian kismet, and dates back to the Aryan quama. It means "lot in life" or "destiny," and "fate," and is one of the most significant and romantic words in literature.

HOME HOMILIES.

PANTRY leaves spread among furs and woollens will protect them from moths.

MOLDY apples, which have been stored in cellars, are perilous to health. They sometimes cause diphtheria.

PULVERIZED chalk moistened will remove the polish of amber. After applying the chalk rub the amber with olive oil and then lay it on a soft piece of woollen goods until it looks bright again.

Three essentials for a pleasant room, says Alice Donley, are space, the opposite of crowding and clutter; a form of the opposite of chaos and confusion; and color, the opposite of black.

A CHILD'S bed should always be placed so that the light will come from one side. If it be allowed to strike in front or behind the head it will have a tendency to make the child cross-eyed.

STRANGE AND CURIOUS.

A CALL covered with black wool belongs to John Frank, at Spring Green, Wis.

ANNA ROMANE, who dwells in Milwaukee, is forty years old, and is only two feet high.

A once-trained held Mary McCann, of Orange, N. J., for twenty-six days in its deathlike embrace.

A boy in Newton county, Mo., found a nest which contained five young crows, two of them perfect.

An underground river flows near Charlotte, N. C. It is forty-five feet below the surface, seven hundred feet wide, and six feet deep.

MILITARY NOTES OF THE DAY.

COARDS are given to the soldiers in the Italian army as part of their daily rations.

LIBERTY cap was first used in the United States as one of the devices on a flag of the Philadelphia Light Horse.

guards, a company of militia organized some time prior to the revolution.

The warships of eight nations which recently lay in the Hudson river all, except the American, served liquor to their crews. British, German, Russian, French and Italian sailors have their daily allowance of grog.

M. HOFMEISTER, a Bavarian lieutenant, has been expelled from the German army on account of his socialist opinions, and it is said that a judicial inquiry will be held with the object of ascertaining to what extent he has succeeded in inculcating his comrades with his own belief in socialism.

EMPEROR WILLIAM will command in person the Sixteenth army corps at the autumn maneuvers. A novelty in the maneuvers will be the appearance behind the enemy of a corps of sharpshooters, armed with the new small-caliber rifles, provided with smokeless powder and riding in steel-clad, bullet-proof vehicles.

INTERESTING LAWS.

VIOLEN Bourbon county, Kentucky, elects a judge he is elected for life on good behavior. Since 1850 only four judges have been elected, each of them holding office until he died.

The Texas legislature has passed a law providing that the money received from the direct tax refund shall be used for the purpose of relieving persons who paid the tax or their representatives.

At Le Mars, Iowa, there is a novel penalty for intoxication. Any man who is twice arrested for drunkenness must submit to a course of treatment at a government institute, or work on the streets ten days with a ball and chain.

The Illinois village of Ava has an ordinance prohibiting any dance to be held within fifty feet of a dramsoph.

Any reputable person can have a license to run a dance-hall with such restriction on revenue in a license fee of five dollars a day or night.

A BILL to facilitate divorce is pending in France, where the courts have been granting divorces at the rate of 6,000 per annum for several years past.

While the liberal bill in question provides a separation on almost any grounds, and then, after three years, a divorce if either party demands it.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THIRTY THOUSAND tons or two thousand carloads of "stuff" material were used in the walls of the world's fair buildings.

The infants' pass to the world's fair was a thin plate of gold handsomely engraved and incised in a case of white kid bound in gold.

One hundred and twenty carloads of glass, enough to cover twenty-nine acres, were used in the roofs of the various buildings on the world's fair grounds.

It has been proposed to hold an exposition at San Francisco immediately at the close of the world's fair, some of the exhibits at Chicago being transferred to the west coast.

MRS. MACKAY has lent one set of her diamonds to a Parisian jeweler for exhibition at the world's fair. Mrs. Mackay is said to be an intimate friend of duchess of Teck and Princess May.

The Nawab of Rampur, who is to be at the world's fair, is a young native Indian prince who is making a tour of the world as the finishing work of his education. He wears diamonds and jewels on his fingers that are worth a fortune.

GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

TAPIoca, used in puddings, is extracted from a deadly poisonous plant.

Quincy Monitor.

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QUINCY, MASS., AUGUST, 1893.

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THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

In youth I tried to learn its many tenets,
Its puzzling moods, its conjurations too;
I learned its sentences and lost my senses
Whenever pronouns spoke to me of you.
Its active and its passive verbs enthralled me;
Its past and present filled me full of joy;
No future's dark, potential woe appalled me—
Though singular I was a happy boy.
But in my maturity discover
Love's language is no easy thing to learn;
In person 'tis as coy as any lover—
Possessive and imperative and stern.
Unless—ah, rare conjunction coined by Cupid!
You teach me by sweet methods of your own,
And I am taught that men are all things stupid
And that love speaks in silences alone.
—Eva Best.

A RIVER RACE.

It must have been early in the fif-
ties that a wonderful steamboat race
took place on the Missouri. The high
water of 1844 brought many boats
from the south, their owners gaining
an impression that the Missouri be-
came a veritable inland sea every
spring. In 1844 chutes were aban-
doned and boats ran over farm and
garden, through towns and across
wooded patches, regardless of chan-
nel or landmark. It was this condi-
tion for one season that for 10 years
afterward crowded the river with
strange boats.

Early in the spring of one year the
Henry K. Johnston and the Martha
Aull came from southern waters to
try their fortunes in the muddy
stream of the Dakotas. Both reached
St. Louis at the same time. At the
busy levee of the growing metropo-
lis each vessel took on freight for the
northwest. Owing to the large num-
ber of vessels out that spring, car-
goes were in demand, but despite the
brisk rivalry rates were maintained
in accordance with the ethics of early
steamboating.

It happened that the two boats
dropped away from the wharf about
the same time. The Aull, Henry
Sorgenson master, was probably half
an hour ahead of the Johnston. Bris-
tow master. It was late in the after-
noon. Each boat was loaded with
merchandise, and both cabins were
filled, most of the passengers being
men who were headed for the bound-
less west in search of fortune. There
were, however, women on both boats.
The Aull steamed away briskly,
and by midnight had turned from the
broad Mississippi into the dark,
turbulent waters of the "Big Mud-
dy." It was only a few moments
later that the Johnston passed into
her wake.

When daylight broke, the boats
were in sight of each other, both
steaming ahead steadily, with no ap-
parent effort to show high speed. It
appeared, however, that the John-
stone was the faster boat. By noon
the vessels passed St. Charles, within
hailing distance of each other.

The passengers of each vessel sat
on deck and watched the other boat
pushing through the water but a few
rods away. The crews, too, eyed the
boats from their respective forecas-
tles, commenting on the rival steam-
er. It was this talk from the idlers
on the main decks that set the pas-
sengers to thinking that something
should be done to enliven the day. A
young fellow on the Aull called to a
passenger on the Johnston:
"Tell your captain that we can
leave him so far behind before sun-
set that he can't see our smoke."
This taunt was at once conveyed
to Bristow, who appeared at the rail
and shouted a response.

"And you can tell your man," said
he, "that he can burn every side of
bacon in his hold and not get a bend
between us."
Then Captain Sorgenson came to the
front for a word.
"The Aull did not come into these
waters to race any," said he, "but if
you want to see what sort of a boat
she is—why, I guess we'll have to
accommodate you."

A shout went up from the Aull's
passengers, drowning the reply that
Captain Bristow made. As he con-
cluded, however, he waved his hand
to the mate below, who sang out,
"Aye, aye, sir," with the air of an
old salt and ran back toward the
boilers. In three minutes the light
smoke that came from the Aull's
stack had changed to a rushing vol-
ume of coal black, streaming a quar-
ter of a mile astern, seemingly dip-
ping into the dark brown water of
the river. Five minutes from the
closing of the little speechmaking
the Aull's engines began to move
more rapidly. Then the blunt nose
of the vessel crawled through the
water faster and faster, until the
wheelhouse of the boat was abreast
the jackstaff on the Johnston. A
passenger on the Aull shouted:
"Better poke your fires up, or
they'll go plumb out."
Bristow was not at the rail to re-
spond. He was in the cabin in con-
sultation with a number of the pas-
sengers.
"Well, what do you say, men?" he
was asking.
"Do it!" shouted a stout youth of
22. "Would you let that stumpy
cow beat us to St. Joe?"
"It's a matter of business," said the
captain. "If she gets there first, my
passengers will not have the pick of
lodgings and outfits."

"That's the thing," observed the
young man.
"I reckon you're right," said an-
other of the party. Then another
agreed, until finally the captain was
satisfied that his most prominent pas-
sengers favored a test of speed.
"All right," said he. "We'll find
out who's got the best bottom on this
part of the river, and it won't take
us long either!"

Captain Bristow went below. His
passengers gathered at the rail and
watched the Aull as she steamed
evenly and rapidly ahead. The cook-
house of the speedy boat, well astern,
was now opposite the Johnston's
jackstaff, and each second put the
prow of the vessels farther apart.
It was a good piece of river in which
the boats were running. The bends
were few and not severe. The water
was deep and straight in the chan-
nel. The Aull's passengers crowded
to the hurricane deck and stood far
astern, shouting taunts at the sleepy
looking Johnston.

That was the state of affairs. Then
the Johnston's pilot pressed his
foot on the whistle valve. A great
white cloud of steam enveloped the
top of the pilothouse, and then a
shrill whistle sounded, the first of a
chime. The others broke in with it
10 seconds later, until all of the bunch
of whistles on the Johnston's pilothouse
were shouting musical defiance
to the Aull. Music, indeed, came
from the throats of those steamboat
whistles. Whether from near or far,
the whistles chimed always seemed to
tell of calm, clear evenings, moonlit
waters, soft music, the singing of
plantation melody and the whisper of
love.

With the Johnston's whistle there
came a stronger throb of the boat's
heavy engines. With each vibration
the hearts of the passengers and crew
beat faster. There was a hurrying
of feet—a silence of voices. The race
was on.

Throughout the afternoon both
boats fairly flew along. It was plain
to be seen that the Aull was work-
ing all of the steam that her boilers
could raise. She had "a bone in her
teeth," so sharply did her nose cut
the water. A great line of yellow
foam stretched away from either
side of her prow. The Johnston
was cutting the water almost as
fiercely, but her hull was shaped dif-
ferently from that of her rival, and
for that reason her effective work
was not so apparent.

The Aull maintained the slight
lead that she had gained at the out-
set, but Captain Bristow did not ap-
pear alarmed over it. He coolly or-
dered his men about and had the fuel
sorted so as to have the best material
ready for an emergency. Through
the narrow chute by Catfish island,
around Bonhomme, by Cottleville
without stopping, and through
Ward's Hollow the boats raced, some-
times being forced almost to the
grazing point by the narrowness of
the channel.

Twilight found but little change in
the relative positions of the boats. If
there was any difference, the Aull
had gained a few feet.
The river was badly divided below
Augusta, and as a measure of safety
the engineers lessened the speed of
their boats until the dangerous point
was passed. When it was deemed
advisable to again push forward, the
night was well on. The moon was
full, giving the pilots a splendid op-
portunity for good work. Its yellow
radiance made a river of gold of the
turbid torrent. No one slept until
midnight, when a few of the pas-
sengers slipped off to take a nap.

On the Aull there was among the
lady passengers Miss Letitia Bernard,
a handsome young woman from St.
Louis. She announced that she would
remain awake until the Aull won the
race or had hopelessly lost. Half a
dozen men gallantly agreed to sit it
out with her, and together the party
roamed the moonlit decks or visited
the engine room and firemen's quar-
ters to encourage the grimy workers
to harder endeavor.

"I will give you \$100 to win this
race," Miss Bernard said to the en-
gineer.
"And the same to you," she cried,
addressing the sooty faced head
stoker.
"Well try, ma'am," the men an-
swered, for money in those days was
as glittering as it is today.
The morning found the Aull 100
yards ahead of the Johnston.
"We're beat, cap," said a rough
trader, addressing Bristow.
"No, we're not," returned the cap-
tain. "I'm running this end of the
race, and depend on me to run it
right."

All day the boats sped along, and
each hour the Aull gained a trifle.
Another evening found the sky again
clear—a perfect night for racing on
the river. Not a breath of air stirred.
The stillness was only broken by the
regular deep toned throb of the en-
gines as the boats cut through the
water. Washington, Portland, Jef-
ferson City—the little state capital
high on the bluffs—all had been
passed in the afternoon with a whis-
le that brought the inhabitants out
to see the speeding boats.
Soon after passing Jefferson Cap-
tain Bristow called the passengers
on deck.
"What I want to say, friends," he
began, "is this: We'll be in good

water before very long—a narrow
river with a deep channel and a rock
bottom. It's the best water in the
river. Now, we can beat that boat
ahead of us easy enough with one
thing. It will take some grease. If
I can buy a few 'sides' of meat from
the cargo we can go ahead."

A St. Louis trader was on board
with several hundred "sides." He
stepped forward in an instant. "You
shall have 'em, cap," he said, "and
for nothing."

It was a right jolly cheer that went
up. Bristow hardly thanked his thanks,
so hurriedly did he get away from
the cabin and go below.
"Turn the boys loose, Jim," he
yelled to the engineer, and before his
words had died away across the water
the choicest of inflammable materials
was being rammed into the yawning
furnaces. The hand on the steam
gauge crawled up slowly, and as it
advanced the engineer opened the
valves wider. The increased speed
was noted at once. So close together
did the throbs of the engine come
that they appeared like a steady
vibration. In 20 minutes the Aull
was so close that her every outline
was clearly visible in the brilliant
moonlight. Her captain saw that the
Johnstone was gaining rapidly, and
the great volume of sparks that
poured from her stacks in a roll of
inky smoke told that Sorgenson
meant to keep ahead if the lavish
expenditure of fuel would do it.

The Johnston gained steadily. In
two hours the boats were abreast, 10
yards apart. The Swedish captain
of the Aull could be heard shouting
his orders to the men. He was ev-
erywhere. One moment he would
be telling the engineer what to do,
the next would find him directing
the placing of fuel; at another he
would have his hand on the wheel in
the pilothouse in an endeavor to
make a short cut in the river.
The lights from the furnaces of
both boats gleamed on the surface of
the water, rivaling the moon's bril-
liant rays. The passengers on each
of the boats could hear the others as
they talked excitedly of the race.
The noses of the boats were exactly
together as they entered the long
and beautiful stretch of river just be-
low Rochefort. On the right, a
rocky wall, covered with clinging
ivy, rose to a height of 100 feet.
Over it the full moon beamed, but
the shadow of the great bluff ex-
tended across to the other side of the
stream. Into this narrow, deep,
black river the boats plunged like
things of life. The Johnston had a
little advantage, and not a side of
meat had been used.

"Pile on the bacon, boys!" Bristow
shouted, and with a yell the grease
was hurled into the furnaces. The
Aull's captain felt that he was beat-
en. He had used the best of his fuel
early in the race.
"Pile her on, boys!" shouted Bris-
tow. "Keep her hot!"
Inch by inch the Johnston moved
ahead.
"There's butter on board!" cried
Miss Bernard. "Burn it, and I'll pay.
The Aull must win."
So butter in casks and baskets was
smear'd over sticks of wood and fed
to the greedily flames to the boat's
furnaces. Her engines responded,
too, for the slight gain that John-
stone had accomplished was soon
overcome, and the Aull passed the
other boat. Bristow shouted orders,
and the measured "choo, choo" of
the exhaust pipes became hoarse-
r than ever. It was neck and neck.
Then the Johnston began to gain
again.

There was a bend ahead, where the
bluff broke for a few feet, only to rise
higher than even a dozen yards be-
fore. For this bend the boats work-
ed. The thing was to reach it first.
Bristow, with his own hands, piled
the meat into his furnaces until the
Johnstone again passed the Aull. It
was something akin to a curse that
Sorgenson uttered when he found the
last of his choice fuel spent.

On, on sped the Johnston. It was
10 yards ahead and gaining! More
food for the flames! Twenty yards
and at the bend first!
A mighty shout went up from the
Johnstone's decks when the boat
rounded, so that the Aull could not
be seen. It was soon visible again,
however, but the Johnston was gain-
ing each minute of the time. In half
an hour it was 50 yards ahead. In
another hour it had rounded another
bend, and the race was won. It had
a start that the Aull could not over-
come.

Just after midnight the lights at
Rochefort landing were sighted. The
passengers were still on deck talking
of the race. A pall of black smoke
hung half a mile back from the John-
stone's stacks, and only by bending
the ear could one catch the faint,
measured thrum, thrum, thrum of
the Aull's engines far back on the
moonlit river.—Detroit Free Press.

Death on a Cricket Field.

An extraordinary incident took
place on a cricket ground near Man-
chester. A youth was pushing be-
hind a horse roller, which was run
over the pitch between the innings
of a match, when by some means he
was carried around by the roller,
which passed over him and instantly
crushed him to death.—Whole Fam-
ily.

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THE ASSUMPTION.

The church commemorates on the 15th of August, the glorious assumption of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven. The Gospel teaches that the Most Blessed Virgin was conformed by Our Lord to the beloved disciple, St. John, and tradition adds that she dwelt with him in the city of Ephesus, that she was the oracle and comfort of the apostles and that she lived to the age of 72 years, dying at Ephesus.

The Church, instructed by the Apostles, has always believed that the August Mother of God was taken up body and soul, into Heaven immediately after her death and that there she holds a dignity second only to that of God Himself. Without being an article of faith, this belief, first expressed obscurely by the Fathers of the early ages, went on developing like many other truths: so much so that nowadays it receives the homage both of the East and the West.

The belief of the Church is founded, not only on the testimonies above mentioned, and a thousand others that might be cited, but also on an old tradition, very widely spread through the East. Some days before calling His Blessed Mother to Him, says this tradition, the Lord sent her the Archangel Gabriel. Then was heard in the place where she lay a sweet harmony, which was a sign to the Holy Apostles that Mary was about to leave them. Soon the Apostles saw the Saviour, accompanied by the angels, coming to receive her sacred soul.

Meanwhile, one of the Apostles had been unable to be present at Mary's death, and to receive her last blessing. He arrived only three days after her happy departure. Full of sorrow and regret he besought the sacred college to open Mary's tomb, that he might rest his eyes once more upon her. It was opened accordingly. But they found the sepulchre empty, and some flies, symbols of purity and virginity, had sprung up in the place where the chaste body had been laid: that immaculate body, which was too holy to remain in the grave, and which angels and archangels, seraphs and cherubs, bore away on their wings when the voice of God woke it from its short sleep.

This beautiful tradition has inspired a multitude of Christian artists, and given occasion to some glorious masterpieces.

This great festival for us a holy-day of obligation, thus requiring presence at mass and rest from servile work of all who can do so. The services in the different churches will be at the usual hours, unless otherwise announced on the preceding Sunday. The day before the feast, i.e., Monday the 14th, will be a day of fast and abstinence of food. At the late mass in each of the churches on the 15th, the little ones will be admitted for the first time to holy communion.

FIRST COMMUNION.

The day of First Communion is naturally one of the red letter days in a Catholic life. Do you remember the answer which Napoleon once gave to a friend who asked him confidentially: "Your majesty, which was the happiest day of your life?" And the great, rough soldier, who felt the thrill of triumph so often, with the remembrances of Austerlitz and a host of like battles before his mind, with the memory of his marriage and coronation still fresh, nevertheless answered, "The happiest day of my life was that on which I received my first communion." It is so true even in our own uneventful lives. For everyone then felt, after a thorough cleansing of the soul in the sacrament of penance, as if a bright beam from the beauty of God had descended into his heart, illuminating it, beautifying it, glorifying it through and through. Pure as the angels of God, the little ones look forward with anxious longing to the moment of happy communion. The little eyes that close in sleep the night before, reveal in bright visions of the celestial spirits that make Heaven around the Tabernacle. Fresh as the lilies of the field, they approach the altar on the auspicious morning, their bright faces beaming with happiness, and the angels of God, looking down upon the scene sing canticles of joy, and the splendor radiates upon all, and the Heavens are rejoiced and God once more clasps the little ones to his bosom.

CONFIRMATION.

On Thursday, the 7th of September, the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered in the churches of Quincy and West Quincy. The ceremony will be performed by His Grace, the Archbishop. This too, like that of First Communion, is a day of joy for those who participate. It is a day of strengthening, a day of grace, of the Fruits and Gifts of the Holy Ghost.

Enlightenment and strength! Alas, how much they are needed! To know what our duty is and to be able to accomplish it; they are gifts freely granted to a certain and necessary extent to all; but to possess them so brightly and massively as to enable us to push on in the current of our lives majestically and peacefully, ah! we need help from God for that. Through peace to God; through warfare to destruction. And the seeds of that illuminating and strengthening peace are laid in the soul on the day of Confirmation. Will they develop, will they grow into magnificent maturity, or will they pass through neglect into corruption and nothingness? That remains with ourselves. We are made soldiers of Jesus Christ. Will we remain faithful or shall we rather some-

time later raise ourselves up like Lucifer of old, against the altars of God, against his authorities, against his sacraments. We may be traitors, but if we are we owe it to ourselves. Let us pray, then, that God may give the abundance of His perfecting grace to the little army that will approach the altars on that auspicious day of Confirmation.

THE PARISH PICNIC.

The picnic on Wednesday, Aug. 16, bids fair to be the most interesting held for many years. An entirely new program of sports has been arranged, which will excite admiration. At 10 a. m., a base ball game will be played between the St. Mary's of West Quincy and the South Quincy team. This game will cause hot rivalry. Last year the South Quincy lads just slaughtered a team from the district of the setting sun and say they will do it again. The St. Mary's feel pretty stout and claim they are going to make a big hole in the ground at Lovell's, Aug. 16, and just bury the down town chaps in it. This will surely be a great game and it will pay the spectators hugely. After this excitement the games for boys will be held under the direction of Mr. Edward Dunn. They will consist of a sack race, a three legged race, and a running race. Promptly at half past one a grand tug of war contest will begin, under the management of Messrs. Wm. Harkins, John McGilvray, Edward Shea and James Martin. It is proposed to have teams from each part of the parish—it was also suggested to let the Hibernians, the Foresters, the St. John's and the St. Marys of each other Catholic society in the parish, each enter a team for a handsome prize for their team. The gentlemen of the committee have full charge of this and will surely give a grand contest. Promptly at 2:15 an exciting game of base ball will be played by a combined team from the best players of Atlantic and Braintree against the combined team of Quincy and West Quincy. This will certainly be one of the greatest contests ever witnessed in the grove. Atlantic and Braintree have splendid material and will come pretty near scooping the prize of twenty-five dollars. Go to see this game. It will be a rattler. Immediately following this ball game will be held a great wheelbarrow contest. Then a sack race which always induces great fun. And finally a new feature will be bicycle races for silver cups, and the amateur championship of Quincy. A fine track has been made at the grove, and the parishioners are assured of great racing. The morning base ball games will be under the sole direction of Messrs. John A. O'Brien and Andrew Mischler. The men's wheelbarrow contest will be under the charge of Mr. Bart. Rooney. The men's sack race will be superintended by Mr. Robert E. Foy. Fr. Roche will look out for the afternoon base ball game and for the bicycle races. All games are open only to members of the parish. With a good fine day, an enormous crowd is expected and all the sports will be of high quality.

GOOD WORK.

Councilman Rooney evidently appreciates the fact that West Quincy desires him to look sharply after her interests. He is always anxious to find out just what his constituents want and then he goes about to get it. Last Monday he introduced a highly important order into the city council, which tends to the abolishment of the grade crossings of the railroad tracks at Cross, West and Willard streets. Mr. Rooney deserves much credit for this move and shows that he is alive to the needs of the district. If some of the councilmen from other wards would follow his example and give up their shallow political bluff, the city would be much the gainer. The people know where a public servant is faithful and energetic.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

It is quite a common thing to joke at the old fashioned manner of doing public business practised while Quincy was a town, and make merry at the expense of the "town meeting," but we fear the community has reason to regret the change from town meeting to the City Council. There is more nonsense spouted at one meeting of the City Council than was heard during a whole year of town meetings.

It is now the last of August, and little has been done except to pass the appropriations. The time that ought to be spent in considering serious business, is being dawdled away in petty wrangling, and technical questions. If the Council could only induce John Quincy Adams, to act as Moderator for one month, it would learn more common sense, than is contained in the entire rules of the Council, which have to be suspended at nearly every meeting, often many times at the same meeting.

The sewer question has been entirely lost sight of; the payment of the water-works, and the extension of the mains; the need of an increased police force, and several other matters of importance to the city are set aside for the "Report," which has been before the Council for nearly the whole session, and is to come up at the next meeting to be re-hashed once more, and to be compelled to listen to the twenty times repeated statement that the Council has no authority whatsoever to meddle with the question. Wake up, gentlemen, and do something, at all events get rid of this eyesore before the snow flies.

The people of Quincy expected that as the new government got experience that it would work more smoothly, but it seems that as it grows a day older, it grows a day worse.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The message of President Cleveland to the special session is received on all sides with the highest approval. He refers to the financial condition of the country, and states as the principal cause the issuing of silver notes, which have been paid in gold to the amount of \$45,000,000 for the redemption of this silver currency. "This matter rises above the plane of party politics. It vitally concerns every business and calling, and every honest house-

hold in the land." "At times like the present, when the evils of unsound finance threaten us, the speculator may anticipate a harvest gathered from the misfortunes of others. The capitalist may protect himself by hoarding, or may find profit in the fluctuation of values; but the wage-earner—the first to be injured by a depreciated currency, and the last to receive the benefit of its correction,—is practically defenceless."

The pith of the message is contained in its concluding paragraph: "I earnestly recommend the prompt repeal of the provisions of the act passed July 14, 1890, authorizing the purchase of silver bullion, and that other legislative action may put beyond all doubt or mistake the intention and the ability of the government to fulfill its pecuniary obligations in money universally recognized by all civilized communities."

The attention of the readers of the Monitor is called to this, the most important public document that has been presented to the American people for years. When the act of 1890 was passed, working people were dazzled by the factitious prosperity that followed for a short period, in which a few speculators and capitalists made immense fortunes, but has been the ruin of hundreds of thousands of honest business men carrying down with them hundreds of thousands of working-men.

THE AWARD FOR THE WATER WORKS.

The commissioners appointed by the Supreme Court to fix the value to be paid by the city for the property, rights and privileges, franchise etc. of the Quincy Water company, have decided that the city should pay, in round numbers, \$516,000. The price asked by the company was \$1,500,000, so, practically, the city has been saved the sum of one million dollars, by the splendid work of its lawyers Messrs. Morse, Cotter and McAnarney.

It is reported that the members of the Water company are bitterly disappointed with the award. They expected a large amount for their franchise. Of course opinions vary as to the adequacy of the sum fixed. A very large number of our most progressive citizens think that the Water company ought to have gotten at least \$800,000, on the principle that the company showed brains, energy and public spirit enough to give the community a public blessing that the citizens today would not sell for two millions of dollars. That the time, money and years spent in the construction and development of the works are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Others think that the company received all it should. They take rather a malicious pride in the disappointment of the expectations of the company, simply because, they do not like individual members of the company and did not want to see them even get their money back. This is a spirit to be condemned. Others still, who know nothing of the true facts of the case, severely criticize the award of the judges. It should be remembered, that the commissioners are eminent and brainy men—that for their abilities, they were selected by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; that for many months they have devoted their time, and their talents to the just settlement of this matter. They have scrutinized all the books, all the accounts, have heard all that the most eminent lawyers in the state could find to say for or against. They know every inch of pipe, every dollar's worth of property possessed by the company, they know from chemists and experts all about the water, in fact they had complete knowledge of the case, such as no one else had; they were impartial, and unprejudiced in their decision and their award must be accepted as a just one by any citizen who stops to consider how much more complete their information was than his. None the less credit should be given to City Solicitor McAnarney for the mastery he handled the case, for his selection of Mr. Morse, the recognized head of the Boston bar, and of Mr. Cotter the leading lawyer of Norfolk Co. The gathering of facts, evidence, details and the plan of campaign and the saving to the city of hundreds of thousands of dollars, all these are due in great measure to the brilliant work of Mr. McAnarney.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

There is quite an excitement in this city just at present, in regard to the enforcement of the law for the due observance of the Sabbath. While it is right to observe the Lord's Day, in a proper and Christian manner, people are too apt to run into an opposite extreme, and allow their religious zeal to degenerate into fanaticism, and attempt to revive the Blue Laws, which the common sense of New England has rendered obsolete.

A meeting was held in Quincy lately, which was addressed by a Rev. gentleman from the pious and evangelical City of Boston, who is highly interested in our moral and religious training, telling us how we should keep the Sabbath holy, and instructing the ministers of the Gospel in their duty, and cautioning the people against the sin of drinking a glass of soda on Sunday, but taking no notice of the fact that social parties and picnics are going by our shore almost every Sunday, where dancing is practised openly without complaint or objection.

This is something which ought to be taken hold of by the new religion, and its ministers, ordained, or unordained, should thunder its disapprobation against the practise.

English Decorum.

When it happens, as is sometimes the case that in the house of representatives in Washington, or in the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, that an exciting debate takes place, and rough language is used, the English Press, from the London Times, down to the meanest Tory sheet, glazes over the incident as a proof of the barbarism of Republican institutions. A scene which occurred in the great assembly of English gentlemen, the House of Commons, which illustrates the chivalry of aristocratic legislators. Sir Joseph Chamberlain, grossly insulted the

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Pierce's Beef, Wine and Iron

Will increase the appetite and tone up the system generally. Don't wait until you are completely run down but get a bottle at once.

Price 50 cents a bottle

PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY,

CORNER HANCOCK AND SCHOOL STREETS.

Prime Minister, a retort from an Irish member brought on a serious row in which blows were struck, blood shed, and the chairman was obliged to abandon the chair, and send for the speaker, Col. Saurin.

Before order was restored, a derson, the champion of organization, got a black eye. Tim Healy had his hat blocked, and a member was rolled under the seats, besides many minor casualties. In this assembly of gentlemen, who always wear their hats in meeting, sit with their heels on the benches ahead of them, and greet speakers adverse to them with cock crowing, whistling and other polite noises, this rowdy episode, is only considered as a pleasant frolic.

These are the gentlemen whom some of our American gentlemen would choose to imitate.

Disgusting Tactics.

It is hard to find words strong enough to express the disgust of sensible citizens at the action and report of the committee which went outside its duties' rights to investigate the fire department. The whole affair has turned out to be a ridiculous farce and is entirely unwarranted. By some, it is not considered a party matter, by others it is so regarded. Chief Ripley, in his splendid reply to his tormentors, utterly demolishes every accusation and shows that if the fire department is not perfect, it is entirely the fault of the City Council which failed to follow his advice, in providing the money to complete the service. Since Mr. Pedderhen has claimed that it is not a party matter, the democrats in the council have full freedom to refuse to follow his lead or opinion in this matter. We hope that there is courage enough in the council to emphatically vote against the resolution condemning Chief Ripley. He does not deserve such treatment. If the fire committee of the council should recommend the purchase of another steam engine to protect Wards 4, 5 and 6, more hydrants, and pay more attention to the reports of the chief engineer, it would command more respect than it does at present with all citizens who wish square treatment of city officials.

Grand Concert at Hough's Neck.

Monday evening, August 7, the Catholic residents of the Neck held a concert in the new church on Mount Avenue. The affair was an exceptionally bright and thorough success. The gathering was an expression of the character of the go-ahead little beach, bright, intelligent and responsive. The concert was under the management of Mr. Downey and from the first number to the last presented not a single dull feature. The solos of Mrs. Ita Welsh Donovan, Miss Holley, Miss Dowling, and Messrs. Ford and Padua, were all of that finished and yet natural beauty which fascinates at once. Mr. Dixon's laughable selections were supported by the readings of Miss E. Dooley. The whole programme was listened to with attention. The committee are desirous of expressing their thanks not only to the artists who generously offered their services, but also to the residents of the Neck and the visitors from Quincy, whose large attendance guaranteed a financial success for the affair.

The church will be sufficiently advanced by Sunday, the 13th, to admit of the holy sacrifice of the mass which will then be forward be celebrated every Sunday during the summer season.

Mayor Claflin.

It is rather early yet to think of the next municipal election and of candidates. But we find among some democrats an intention and a spirit of breaking away from the old lines and that they are looking about for new material. Among the names of men proposed for Mayor, we have heard that of Rupert T. Claflin, the cashier of the Granite National bank. Mr. Claflin is probably one of the best known and most highly respected of Quincy's business men. He transacts, perhaps, more financial work than any other man in the city. All classes have the most implicit confidence in his ability and integrity. He has plenty of courage, plenty of self reliance, and most thoroughly believes in progressive ideas. He would make an admirable Mayor if he could be induced to accept the nomination. If elected, the citizens could be assured of a thoroughly competent and careful business administration.

LOCALS.

Mr. James F. Burke has been to the World's Fair.

The annual parish picnic will take place next Wednesday at Lovell's grove.

An enjoyable concert was given at Hough's Neck, Monday evening, to defray the expenses of building the Catholic chapel.

Dr. Donovan, in company with his eldest son, and his brother, Dr. Benjamin Donovan of Brockton, is making a tour of the provinces.

This Month

WE SHALL OFFER

THE BEST BARGAINS

Ever Shown in Quincy.

CLAPP BROTHERS'.

The Quincy teachers enjoyed their outing on Monday, July 24. The party went by rail and were accompanied by Fr. Cunningham. They took dinner at the Vine Cafe.

Three zealous little misses, Matilda McDonnell, Helen Gavin and Sarah Gavin, held a garden party recently for the benefit of the children's ward of the City Hospital. They realized twenty-five dollars.

The tea-set on chances at St. Mary's Festival, was drawn by Miss Alice Reinbatter of Willard street, and the silver spoons by Master John O'Neill of Common street. Mrs. Sherwin was the lucky winner of the barrel of flour.

On Wednesday, Aug. 2, an aged and much respected lady, Mrs. Bridget Donnelly, died at her home in West Quincy. Though ninety years of age, she enjoyed good health and the use of all her faculties and was about the house the day of her death. She was buried the following Saturday from St. Mary's church. Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. A. Roche, assisted by Rev. F. A. Cunningham and Rev. E. P. Butler.

On Wednesday, July 19, Mrs. William Garrity died at her home in Quincy after a short illness. She was the mother of Father Garrity of East Boston. Her funeral took place the following Friday from St. John's church. A solemn high mass was celebrated by Fr. Francis assisted by Fr. Roche and Fr. Butler with Fr. Riordan as master of ceremonies. Fr. Casselin, Fr. Garrity's pastor, and several others were upon the altar.

On Tuesday, July 25, the West Quincy depot was more than crowded with young ladies and some gentlemen. The cause of this unusual crowd was that it was the day for the annual outing of St. Mary's Sunday School teachers. The happy party left on the six minutes of eight train accompanied by their director, Fr. Roche. On arriving at the Old Colony station the street cars conveyed the party to Snow's wharf, where they boarded the steamer for Isle of Shoals. The water was very calm and the sailing delightful. The party had ample time at the Isle to do justice to the sumptuous dinner spread for them in the music room of the hotel. The party arrived home at 8:30 in the evening well pleased with the day's enjoyment. These teachers who did not care for a day's sailing on the water, thirteen in number, accompanied by Fr. Butler, spent the day previous at Bass Point, Nahant.

To Save Temper.

A new fastening for gentlemen's studs bids fair to do away with the unpleasant state of mind most women and men find themselves in after sewing a stud into a shirt front. This new fastening is a stem that slips into place by a quick push and bends on a hinge when in, so holding the studs in perfect security. Exchange.

The man who observes and thinks is mentally stronger and practically of more use than the man who merely reads books. The older triumphs of architecture and hydraulics were won before books began and by engineers and architects who saw distinctly and reflected logically.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signalling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that with 18 variously colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,624 signals can be given.

The world annually consumes about 650,000 tons of coffee. Estimating coffee as being worth about \$400 per ton, which is about a good average, this represents an outlay of \$260,000,000 for this one beverage each year.

Do You Ever Drink Soda?

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TRY A GLASS

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Men's Overalls, 50 and 75 cents.

Ladies' Shirt Waists at Bargain Prices .29 to \$1.25

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Furniture and Carpets,

For Ten Days Only.

CALL EARLY AND SECURE THE BARGAINS AT

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4 CHESTNUT STREET, QUINCY.

NOTICE.

Having got in our new quarters opposite the Post Office, we have the finest line of goods and samples ever shown in Quincy, and our workmen are first class, therefore you are sure of first class work at reasonable prices.

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Thanking the public for past favors.

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CHILDREN'S

Bonnets

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Hosiery, Gloves,

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Shirt Waists, Aprons.

A nice line of

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Small Wares, etc.

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THE BOOKWORM.

The whole day long I sit, and read
Of days when men were men indeed
And women knightly far,
I fight with John of Arc; I fall
With Talbot; from my castle wall
I watch the guiding star.

But when at last the twilight falls
And hangs about the book-lined walls
And creeps across the page, and I
Then lie the enchanted ones, and I
Close up my volumes with a sigh,
To greet a narrow wake.

Home through the pearly dusk I go
And watch the London lamps glow
Far off in wavering lines
A pale gray world with primrose
And in the west a cloud that glows
My distant Apennines.

Oh, life! so full of truths to tell
Of secrets I shall never reveal
Oh, world of here and now and
Forgive, forgive me, if a note only
A ghost, a memory be my ell
And more to me than thou
Mary F. Robinson in

A TWO EDGED SWORD.

Breakfast was nearly over at Baron and Baronne Silber were so affectionately as lovers. She came from her bedroom and he from his study, each with a tray of coffee, etc., at Viroday. About a day long in business in Paris, fallen into the habit of visiting in the evenings, in order to be prepared during the speeding of his life.

Baron Karl Silber, an Austrian and financier, was an enormous body 10 years before. Now he not open a morning journal, mere sport or anything running across some mention, his races and racers, his wife's beauty.

Above all, his wife's beauty who denied himself nothing indulged himself at 40 in the luxury of marrying charming de Francmont, with whom he danced during four successful but whose poverty had reserved a marriage of this kind, and they lived happily enough, and recognizing his wife's really true intelligence, did nothing—save in terms of finance—without consulting with a frank and tender deference. "Then," said he presently, "last strawberry to sugar, 'Gue come'."

"Yes, last night, just after you started for Viroday. I saw him, plained to him fully how you were victim of indiscretions that brought upon you. 'Everything that at the stable,' said I, 'is reported to me by the bookmakers of the game. They know in advance what horse will run or be with horse carries the stable's meant to win; briefly, daily, by whom? Know this: you are beginning to accuse us practices.'"

"And he said?"
"Nothing, but asked if you any one of your men?"
"No special one, by Jove! I suspect them all."

"Precisely what I told him, when he told me and his day, assuring me that a special agent be at once put in charge of so delicate matter. He will report so soon discovers anything."

"Which will be soon, I hope have had no other visitor, my dear. Not one, I dined alone and spent evening with mother, that you what did you do at Viroday?"

"Always the same thing—and counts, paid out money, examined, and by 3 o'clock was out of trainers speeding the racers. Is not doing as well as he should be? I have a hard pull, I shall shape for the 35th. With o'clock, I must go. It's nonsense."

"But you seem so satisfied. Karl?"
"Zounds! I ought to be before the sun."

"But need you go to Viroday, Karl?"
"Every day if I could, my dear eye of the master," you know—as in the care of race horses. And I praise heaven, an eye that sees clearly."

"Undoubtedly, my dear," Mr. Silber assented calmly, tracing the tail with the tip of her rosy nail. Guerin, I trust, will see clearer still as amusing as a play, dearest, to have anything to do detective whom they talk so much they talk of this Guerin."

Two hours later Karl Silber, back in an easy chair in his office, Rue Richelieu, smoked with his eyes the purest products of tobacco fields. Near him, less luxurious and with a look from the same source, behind the young De L'ayzac—with a doubtful past—lolling and wide open eyes, making the position of intimate friend, renowned a man as the Baron.

"The fact is, Baron," said the subject upon the subject launched, "you are or ought to be the happiest man in Paris today. Just of it, the pot of money you've made single stroke—more than I would to amuse me a whole, long year."

"One would say that fact at you," Silber returned lazily, winking himself.

"Amused me? Not the least, world, Baron. I'm too much your for that. But when I contrast destinies! Why, everything in the succeeds with you. Your business at it. It goes like a conflagration racing, too, with heaven, know you took it into your head to bet on your own horses win or lose, not—you find a way to the horses of others."

FORTY DOLLARS SAVED THE BANK.

An Ingenious Scheme That Restored Confidence to Depositors.

Old timers tell the story how T. J. Kelley, a contractor of this city and now manager of the horse market in Grand avenue, by a very clever ruse stopped a run on a bank and prevented its going to the wall way back in 1871. At that time the Kansas City Savings association, now the National Bank of Commerce, was located at the southwest corner of Fourth and Delaware streets. Mr. Kelley was then secretary and cashier of the Corrigan Street Railway company, and the company's account was kept at this bank.

The much despised penny was not then in general use here as now. People were ashamed to pay for any article with pennies, except perhaps postage stamps, and the old fashioned "fare box" in the cars became a dumping ground for them. From \$3 to \$5 in pennies would be found in the boxes by Mr. Kelley every day. He usually dumped them in sacks and stored them away in the company's vault.

During the crisis of 1871 the people became very nervous and flocked to the banks in droves to withdraw their deposits. Runs were made on nearly all the banks in the city, and several were forced to suspend. One day a run was made upon the Kansas City Savings bank, and the people were lined up waiting their turn to reach the tellers, who were paying out money by the basketful, when a happy thought struck Mr. Kelley. He went to the police station, secured three policemen to guard his treasure, loaded eight sacks of coppers upon a wheelbarrow and took them down to the bank. The sacks had originally contained gold and were labeled on the outside "\$5,000" in great big black letters.

Arriving at the bank, one old colored woman who had come to withdraw her small savings called out: "Why, Mistah Kelley, what fo' yo' put all that money in here when we're a-drawin' our money out?"

Kelley replied: "That's all right. This bank isn't going to bust. I can put more money in here in one day than all you people can draw out in six months," as he trudged into the bank with the last sack.

This display of confidence on the part of the street railway company had a quieting effect upon the crowd, and they rapidly dwindled away. The sacks contained just \$40, but it saved the bank.—Kansas City Journal.

A Talk With an Elephant Hunter.
Mr. Selous is full of elephant stories. He has killed over a hundred of these monstrous pachyderms. He says that although they smell a man quickly they do not discern him well with their eyes. If he stands quite motionless, the odds are that he will mistake him for a tree or stump and leave him alone. African elephants stand about 10 feet high, and their tusks weigh from 30 to 70 pounds each. The most edible part of the elephant is its heart, after that its foot and its trunk.

The elephant is a natural reservoir of fat, and out of his cavernous interior the natives carefully excavate every particle of tallow as soon as he is disemboweled. As they bathe in his blood and allow it to dry on their bodies they are not very desirable companions. The elephant when wounded goes on and on until he drops; hence it is seldom any use following up the trail of any but a very badly wounded beast. When very hot, they insert their trunks in their stomachs, draw up the water and sprinkle it over their backs, preferring apparently to have the moisture outside rather than inside. The natives eat all the elephant to the bare bones if they can keep the carcass from the lions and the hyenas.—W. T. Stead in Review of Reviews.

Pre-eminent of the Bean.
Beans are more nutritious than meat, and it is likely that at no distant day science will devise some method of preparing them as food that will overcome what is now the greatest obstacle to their universal use, the difficulty with which they are digested by persons either not of robust stomachs or sedentary in habit. It is not at all unlikely that with the growth of population and the consequent increase in the cost of animal food they will take the place of the latter to a considerable extent. They are exceedingly rich in protein, or muscle building substance, and therefore have a power of sustaining men through arduous physical toil. The lumbermen of Maine, it is said, almost live on baked beans and never tire of them.—Boston Herald.

Games of Cards.
Games of cards have been the rage, have declined in popular favor, have faded into virtual extinction and have been suddenly revived over and over again. Laissez-jeu, vingt et un, ecarte, triumph, prime, flux, matrimony, basket, boston, spadille, manille and baste, together with ombre, which was only an ancient form of whist, with many more games than even the voluminous Hoyle dreamed of, succeeded one another in society, and by turns enjoyed their epoch of patronage, but the cards themselves have scarcely changed pictorially for more than 800 years.—London Telegraph.

Meeting Cheerfulness by Walking.
"If I am harassed or wearied by care or work," said a man who works with his brains, "I can always find rest in motion. I just stop work and get out and walk. As I walk the weight is lifted, and finally it is gone altogether, and in place of that tired feeling comes tranquility succeeded by elation. It was a pleasing discovery to make that I could walk out of depression into buoyancy. At first, when the exercise was new to me, I needed to go but a little dis-

tance to accomplish this happy result, and so clearly defined was the change that I could locate almost exactly the spot where my happiness disappeared and I found myself in the pleasant company of my hope."

Still seek Cheerfulness by that road, and I find him unfailingly, but I have to go farther and farther to meet him, for like any other stimulant the walk must be taken in constantly increasing doses in order to produce the same results. At first a brisk walk of a quarter of a mile brought me to the boundary line. Now I find it about a mile and a quarter away. It may be that I will have to seek Cheerfulness nearer home as a permanent atmosphere, for it is obvious that if I must go greater and greater distances to meet the personified Cheerfulness she might one day be practically beyond reach.—New York Sun.

Grandfather's Clocks Stopped Short.
The old story of "grandfather's clock," that "stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died," was sung as dead as the old man years ago, but of course no one ever believed that an old clock would be so foolish as to quit telling the time because its owner's spirit had flown to its final abode. But why do I say, "of course no one ever believed it," when I am about to relate even a more miraculous story, told me by the truthful granddaughter of one of those good, old fashioned grandmothers, who is the central figure in the story? She was Mrs. Garnett of Glasgow, who has relatives and is well known all over the state.

Mrs. Garnett had four timepieces in her house, and all of them were apparently as "healthy" as they were before the lapse of years had made them old fashioned. They merrily ticked the hours away until the day the aged woman died, and then, like "grandfather's clock," they stopped, never to go again. Since Mrs. Garnett's death every effort has been made to start them running, but their usefulness seemed strangely to have ended when the breath passed from the body of their owner. They still occupy their places on the shelves, but the hands refuse to indicate the passing of time.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Porson's Powers of Memory.
Professor Porson, when a boy at Eton school, displayed the most astonishing powers of memory. In going up to a lesson one day he was accosted by a boy in the same form: "Porson, what have you got there?"

"Horace." "Let me look at it." Porson handed the book to the boy, who, pretending to return it, substituted another in its place. Being called on by the master, he read and construed Carm. I. X. very regularly. Observing the class to laugh, the master said: "Porson, you seem to be reading on one side of the page, while I am looking at the other. Pray, whose edition have you?" Porson hesitated.

"Let me see it," rejoined the master, who, to his great surprise, found it to be an English Ovid. Porson was ordered to go on, which he did easily, correctly and promptly to the end of the ode.—Sala's Journal.

Made a Well to Order.
Falmouth lays claim to the weirdest well in the state. An old resident out there says that when they were constructing the Maine Central extension through Falmouth in 1852 the contractor set his men at work digging a well. Down and down they dug, but never a sign of water. The men expostulated, but the contractor said: "Never you mind the water. You dig the well good and deep, and I'll look out for the rest." Therefore when the contractor decided that his well was deep enough he set a crew at work and filled the dry hole brimming full of Presumpscot water. Since then there has always been water to spare in that well. Through droughts that have sapped the veins of neighboring wells dry and dusty this off-spring of the Presumpscot has never failed to respond to the beckoning pump handle.—Lewiston Journal.

American History in France.
It is always amusing to note the blunders made by European writers in treating of American affairs and interesting to speculate as to how much of the world's history has been based upon similar errors. A French almanac, for instance, has the following entry opposite the date April 21: "1861, declaration of war between North and South America."—Youth's Companion.

A Man of Ability.
Chollie—Can you recognize ability when you see it, Miss Ruth? Miss Ruth looking around—Certainly, where is any?—Detroit Free Press.

The Formation of the Teeth.
An eminent dentist is authority for the following interesting explanation:

It would take too long to describe the formation of the teeth, but it may interest you to know that the enamel is derived in the first place from the epithelium or scarf skin, and is, in fact, modified skin, while the dentine, of which the bulk of the teeth is composed, is derived from the mucous layer below the epithelium.

Lime salts are slowly deposited, and the tooth pulp or nerve is the last remains of what was once a pulpy mass of the shape of the future tooth, and even the tooth pulp in the old people sometimes gets quite obliterated by calcareous deposits. The 32 permanent teeth are preceded by 20 temporary deciduous or milk teeth.

These are fully erupted at about 2 or 2½ years old, and at about 6 years of age a wonderful process of absorption sets in by which the roots

of the temporary teeth are removed to make room for the advancing permanent ones. The crowns of the former having no support become loose and fall away.

One would naturally suppose that the advancing permanent tooth was a powerful factor in the absorption of its temporary predecessor, but we have many facts to prove that it has no influence whatever. Indeed the interesting phenomena of the eruption and succession of the teeth are very little understood.

What the Duke May Have Said.

The correspondent of a country paper had been loitering around the Waldorf hotel one day trying to get an interview with the Spanish duke. One morning he encountered his excellency as he was going out for a drive. That was his chance. He hastily produced his writing pad and pencil and started in for business.

"You have recently returned from Chicago, I believe?"

"You believe what you like," replied the duke tartly, as if his breakfast had disagreed with him.

"And you saw our falls of Niagara on your way?" continued the reporter, determined not to be bluffed.

"I have no time to talk."

"But the readers of the Blokeville Banner would like to know what your excellency thinks of these two great national curiosities."

"Tell them," said the duke as he made a bolt for his carriage, "that I think Niagara is a cataract of water and Chicago a cataract of beer."—New York Times.

Magnetic Effects of Lightning.

The magnetic effects produced by lightning are often very curious. A chest containing a large assortment of knives, forks and other cutlery was, not many years ago, struck in the house of a Wakefield tradesman and magnetism imparted to the whole of the articles. Arago, in his "Metaphysical Essays," speaks of a shoemaker in Swabia whose tools were thus treated, to his indescribable annoyance. "He had to be constantly freeing his hammer, pinchers and knife from his pails, needles and awls, which were constantly getting caught by them as they lay together on the bench."

The same authority knew of a Genoese ship which was wrecked near Algiers in consequence of some pranks played by lightning among the compasses, the captain innocently supposing that he was sailing toward the north, when, as a matter of fact, he was steering due south.—Chambers' Journal.

Asking and Answering Questions.

Mrs. Henpeck (to Mr. H., who is reading)—Your little son just asked you a question, and you didn't even notice him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I shall—

Mr. Henpeck—I didn't hear him.

Mrs. H.—Oh, no, you never hear him when he asks you a question.

Mr. H.—What does he want to know?

Mrs. H.—He asked you what a hermit was.

Mr. H.—A hermit, my son, is a man who loves peace and quiet.—London Tit-Bits.

When Days Were Three Hours Long.

Away in the distant, when the earth was very young, it went around so fast that the day was only three hours long. The whole globe was liquid then, and as it spun around and around at that frightful speed it finally burst into two parts. The smaller of the parts became the moon, which has been sailing around the earth ever since at an ever increasing distance. These curious points are not given on the "supposed" theories of an ignorant, but are the well known deductions of Dr. Ball, the astronomer royal of Ireland.—Philadelphia Press.

Paper Wheels on Palace Cars.

Every wheel on a Pullman car is made of paper. You do not see the paper, because it is covered with iron and steel. The body of the wheel is a block of paper about inches thick. Around this is a rim of steel measuring from two to three inches. It is this steel rim, of course, which comes in contact with the rails. The sides are covered with circular iron plates bolted on.—Exchange.

Pure Maple Sugar.

Many purchasers in cities think that maple sugar is adulterated in proportion to its light color. This is a mistake. I have heard of instances where sugar has been returned on the supposition that it was adulterated because it was so light colored. The dark color of the sugar and sirup is taken in evidence of its purity, while actually the reverse is true—that is, the color is caused by impurities, natural or artificial. The darker the sugar is the more pronounced in its taste, and our city people think this is the genuine maple flavor, but really this taste is wholly due to impurities, natural perhaps, but something besides sugar. Pure sugar is without smell or flavor, being simply sweet.—Garden and Forest.

They Were "Ballroom" Sleeves.

Scene—Deck of Bangor boat just before starting from Bangor. Two Characters—Will's son, of an inquiring turn of mind, and his patient "pawpa."

Time—The moment when the Lynn and Boston ferryboat comes out of the slip.

Son—Pawpa, what kind of a boat is that?

Pawpa—That, my son, is a ferryboat.

Son—After gazing long and earnestly at this retreating boat and with eyes almost starting out of his head—

A—An—and, pawpa, are those the fairies on it?—New York Herald.

Specimens of the Few Surviving Buffalo Shipped Across the Atlantic.

Fifty or even half that number of years ago the possibility of the "buffalo" of the American prairies becoming extinct was not so much as dreamed of. For ages they had wandered in countless herds on the plains on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains, providing the red Indian with an apparently inexhaustible supply of meat. Thousands were killed for their tongues and the steak cut out of the hump—the most delicate part. The bison from which early "voyagers" and fur traders obtained their " pemmican " did not suffer from the demands made upon their numbers by the Indians, but the white hunter with his ever improving firearms did the work of destruction. Where once the herds were so numerous that it was the practice to drive them gradually to the edge of a precipice and then frighten them over one can be found.

At last the United States government awoke to the fact that America was upon the point of losing the bison. The agents of the Smithsonian institute had a difficulty in procuring some specimens which were required. The result was that a small herd of about 40 is now strictly preserved in Yellowstone park. But one or two wander away every year and are soon killed when once outside the protected territory. The security of the herd is consequently by no means assured. The news therefore that a number of Nebraska buffaloes have been imported to this country, having been obtained for the purpose of being turned loose in some of our parks, will be welcomed by our naturalists.

It is, unfortunately, very questionable if the experiment of keeping and breeding the grand beasts in our English parks will be attended with any success. The bison on its native plains is accustomed to great heat in summer and extreme cold in winter. But for all that the climate is a constant one, and the change to the variability, the fog and the damp of the British isle will be great. Indeed, when we look at the condition of the bison's European relation, the aurochs, we may well doubt if the genus bison will long remain an inhabitant of the earth. It may be many years before we quite lose it, for representatives will probably linger for a comparatively long period preserved in parks, just as the ancient white British cattle linger now.

But, as in the case of the latter, the want of fresh blood and the consequent close inbreeding will tell in time and result in constantly diminishing fertility, until in the course of years the last representative of the race will die and the world know them no more. We may safely say the extinction will not happen in our own time, or even in that of the next few generations, but it is to be feared that come it surely will.—St. James Budget.

A London Band Heard in Paris.

An interesting and amusing instance of the efficacy of the London-Paris telephone occurred the other day which is worth recording. The Salvation Army band was marching from the Royal Exchange, playing the "Marseillaise" when an idea struck the men present in the telephone room.

The windows and doors were thrown open, and the attendant at the Paris end was asked if he could hear anything. The response (in French) was immediate: "Yes, I can hear the band playing the 'Marseillaise.'"

That a band of music playing in the streets of London could be plainly distinguished in Paris, we think, a sufficiently striking marvel of the nineteenth century science.—London Electrical Engineer.

George Was Sorry.

George was a small boy, as well behaved as small boys commonly are, but impulsive. He had been allowed to sit in his high chair at the family table, and one day, having satisfied his hunger, he suddenly threw his knife with all his little strength across the table at his father. Fortunately, it fell short and no particular harm was done, but it seemed a fit opportunity for the inculcation of a lesson. When the rest of the family arose, he was detained, and his mother essayed to impress upon him the enormity of his offense. For awhile the effort seemed hopeless, but at length there were signs of appreciation, and with a quivering lip he cried out: "Georgie'll never throw knife at papa again; throw fork!"—New York Times.

When Lace Was Man's Adornment.

The history of lace contains many curious facts, and while essentially a womanly adornment in its earlier development was almost exclusively appropriated by the sterner sex. King Mars left at his death more than 300 sets of lace collars and cuffs. It is stated that desiring to produce an extraordinary collar for Louis XIV no horsehair sufficiently delicate could be obtained, and the workers employed instead some of their own hair. The beautiful fineness of the outlines of point de Venice and point de Alencon results from the exceedingly deft use of a horsehair, over which the tiny stitches are cast, and the same little secret method gives the delicate crispness of its loops and points.—Washington Star.

An Explosion of Naphtha Vapor.

In a machine shop a locomotive boiler was being repaired. The steam dome had been removed, so as to allow a man to get inside the boiler, and about a pint of benzine had been applied to some of the interior bolts and screws, apparently for the purpose of loosening them so that they could be removed. The men at work on the boiler went off to their dinner, and on their return one of them got inside to remove the bolts, while a man standing outside handed him a light.

The moment the light came in contact with the air from the boiler, slightly impregnated with this was the naphtha vapor, a tremendous explosion occurred. The man outside who was handling the light was instantly killed, and another, who was standing on top of the boiler, was thrown to the ground and badly bruised, while the man inside was blown through the dome opening, 14 inches in diameter, and 30 feet up ward, where he struck the iron roof truss, lodging there so firmly that he was pulled out by the traveling crane, but in such a condition that he died hours afterward. It is well known that a mixture of a small quantity of naphtha vapor with a large quantity of air may be explosive, but no attempt seems to have been made to determine the limit of explosive proportions.—American Architect.

The Trump of Fame.

The dignity of the trumpet is proved by its association with certain famous personifications. Thus one never sees Fame, honor or victory without a trumpet. For that trumpet without a mortal accompaniment of the same kind, which they blow with might and main in order to catch the attention of their fellows. The trumpet in this sense is almost indispensable; the bigger your trumpet, the louder your fanfare, the greater will be your success.

Politicians, priests, authors, actors, professors, authors, philanthropists, all blowing their loudest in order to blow themselves into popularity or place or pelf or power! There are men and women with wares to sell—their consciences, their pens, their talents—who, by persistent trumpet get them disposed of at their own price. The wares may be badly damaged, but the loud advertisement confuses and overcomes the buyer. Other vendors, with better stuff to sell, get never a bid because they cannot handle their trumpets or are too scrupulous to make use of them. Sometimes, it is true, the staple is of such excellent quality that the people crowd around to buy it even without a flourish of trumpets.—All the Year Round.

Milkweed Fiber.

J. L. Richie of Auburn paid a visit to the Bee office to exhibit several strands of material somewhat resembling flax, but which is much finer than either that product or ramie. The material shown by Mr. Richie grows abundantly in Placer county, and, in fact, can be found in great quantities all over California. It is nothing more than the common, despised milkweed, and after a number of experiments Mr. Richie came to the conclusion that he had discovered an article which would make cloth as fine as silk. He brought down a large quantity of the "weed" and turned it over to a local mercantile house, which sent it to a mill in Oakland to make an experiment. Mr. Richie feels so confident in the ultimate success of the venture and that elegant cloth will be made milkweed that he is trying to find some way to get a "lead pipe cinch" on his discovery. As the weed is so common, it would be a hard matter to prevent any one from gathering it and converting its fibers into rope or cloth.—Sacramento Bee.

A Difficult Case to Cure.

Once I was assistant to an elderly doctor in Ontario, who also ran a drug store. He was as peppery as a cayenne pod, and from time to time customers and patients sprang jokes on him just for the fun of hearing him growl. On one occasion a well dressed young fellow called at the shop and asked the doctor to prescribe for a breaking out and a rash on his left arm. The doctor examined the limb and pronounced it to be a bad case of psoriasis and eczema. "I suppose, doctor, you can cure it," said the patient.

"Why, certainly," replied the doctor.

"How long will it take to get well?"

"Oh, I guess about two months," said the doctor.

"Quite sure, sir—is it a bad case?"

"Positively the worst I've seen."

"Then I will leave it with you and call for it again when cured," solemnly said the patient, slowly unfurling his arm, which was an artificial one and painted for the occasion.—Million.

When the Hand Is Kissed.

In Germany and Austria the custom still prevails among the upper classes of society of the men kissing the hands of the ladies although the practice has been abandoned in England, Scandinavia, Spain, etc., as well as in France, except among certain of the members of the ancient regime in the Faubourg St. Germain at Paris. In Austria the women are accustomed to make a distinction between the right and the left hand. Thus the right hand is extended to be kissed by inferiors, while the left, as nearest the heart, is reserved for the kiss of people of equal social rank.—New York Tribune.

Women The World Over.

"You are always complaining," said the king of the Carnival islands to his wife, "though I don't see but what after all you have as much as if you were civilized."

"What makes you think that?" asked his wife.

"Well, I have just been reading a lot of stories about English women, and there wasn't one of them who had a thing to wear."—London Tit-Bits.

A Pardonable Error.

Stranger (about to look over a house of correction, to cabman)—You can come and fetch me away later on, you know.

Cabby—Yes, sir. How long have they given you?—Feierabend.

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THE TWO BUGS.

Two tree destroying bugs went forth One sunny summer's day To feast upon the various trees That grew along the way. Full soon they found a chestnut old And scrambled up in haste. Until they reached a sticky band Around its partly waist.

"O ho!" cried one, "I'll take a jump. And then the thing is passed." He took a run and then a jump. And in the mess stuck fast. The other merry, merry bug Went scrambling down the side To where, amid the meadow grass, A grass-hopper he spied.

This grasshopper he chanced to know And, mounted on his back, He scrambled up the tree again. Returned to the attack. The grasshopper he nimbly jumped Across the sticky tide. And left the bug, with many thanks, Safe on the other side.

From this short story, reader dear, This moral may be had: To act without a proper plan Is very, very bad. The best to look before you leap. To avoid the end. And make the best use that you can Of any useful friend. —Ralph Barendsen in Brooklyn Life.

The Father.

There is one class in the community—one patient, hardworking, long suffering and uncomplaining class—who never strike for their rights, concerning whom little is said, and yet who demand our sympathy and our concern. We refer to fathers. Mothers are adored in art, exploited in literature, heralded in song and embalmed in memory. If a father goes safely through mumps, measles and malaria, his mother is commended for her care of his physical life. If he does well at school, the teachers are sure that he has a sympathetic and judicious mother, who spurs him on and keeps him to the mark. If he becomes a great man—great anywhere, in politics, statesmanship, war or engineering, no matter what—we are told that his mother was an eminent woman, and that he derived his intellectual acumen and his moral balance from her.

Warring Cats and the Full Moon.

Monuments are erected to the mothers of great men, but who ever in his wildest dreams imagined the building by subscription or otherwise, of a monument to the father of a general, a poet or a musician?—Harper's Bazar.

position in ancient Egypt was the peculiar power of dilation and contraction of the pupil of the eye. It was supposed that these changes in the pupil were typical of the changes in the moon, and that when the moon was full the cat's eye was also, so to speak. The cat thus having some mysterious sympathy with the moon was regarded as sacred, and as under the special charge of Isis, who was the Diana of Egypt, or the moon goddess. Even to this day the moon is supposed to have something to do with the cat or to exercise some influence over her, for cats are never so disposed to gather and engage in excited conversations as on nights when the moon is full. This is fortunate, for it enables energetic citizens to have light by which they may see to hurl implements of household furniture, which, if there were no light, would most likely fall wide of their mark.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Conscientious Physician.

Down in south Minneapolis there is a barber named Hans. The other day he found himself a victim of financial depression and seemed on the eve of a crisis. He was able, however, to borrow \$2 from his friend, the shoemaker, and with this financial assistance he tided over his difficulties. His gratitude to his friend, the shoemaker, knew no bounds, and he was scarce able to find words in which to express his obligation. "Johan," he cried, "oh, mein Johan, if ever your fader and moder die, if ever you are hungry or haven't anything to wear, just come to me, Johan, and I will shave you for nothing."—Minneapolis Tribune.

One of the most distinguished medical practitioners used to say that he considered a fee so necessary to give weight to an opinion that when he looked at his own tongue in the glass he slipped a guinea from one pocket into the other.—London Tit-Bits.

The government of Switzerland is making an effort to reforest that country. According to the official reports, more than 40,000,000 young trees have been planted within the past seven years.

Heaven furnished horseshoes to Frank Morris' horse at Worthington, W. Va. Some years ago an aerolite fell near there which contained iron which was smelted out and made into horseshoes.

Lost children in Japan do not long remain astray. It is the custom for parents to label their children with their addresses, so that in case they go astray any wayfarer may send them home.

The queen of Greece is the president of a sisterhood devoted to the reformation of criminals. The queen herself personally visits the prisoners.

MAN'S DUTY TO ANIMALS.

The Question of the Right to Destroy Noxious Animals.

The ethical question—the question of our right to destroy an animal that is noxious and of the restrictions on that right—is very differently answered. From the Buddhist, who eats nothing that has had life and denies our right to use destructive insect powder—from him to the Boer, who goes out light heartedly bushman shooting and doubting not of the morality of the sport there is a wide interval. Somewhere or other along this interval most of us take our stand. The ordinary sane man recognizes that, though mercy to animals is a duty in the abstract, it ceases to be a duty when it comes into opposition with the more primary duty which we owe to ourselves and our fellow men.

It is a matter of compromise, then, between conflicting duties and teaches us one more page in the great lesson that in an imperfect world we are apt to become impractical in proportion as we are logical. It is very much a question of numbers. We recognize that the wanton destruction of rabbits, leaving the corpses to rot on the ground, would be a sin in England. Yet we are forced to admit that in Australia a like practice is a necessity and a duty. Nevertheless our consciences know a scruple. Though fully aware that such pests as rabbits in Australia and voles in Borderland must be destroyed, a further ethical question occurs to us about the means for their destruction.

Continental chemists have suggested that we should introduce into their legion a fell disease. Even now a proposal is before us that we shall inculcate the vole with tubercular pneumonia or something with an equally unpleasant name. Possibly we shall be driven to some such last expedient. But there is no doubt that our consciences revolt against it as a method of war. It is un-sportsmanlike, un-English. It does not seem to give the vole a fair chance. Singularly enough it appears less wicked in the case of so very small an animal, but that is a view which we can neither justify to ourselves nor expect to be shared by the vole. Its wisdom even is not beyond question. It is kind enough to keep the disease to himself, and if not where it is sure to stop!

The result of all the inquiries of all commissions into such questions as the causes of the increase of voles goes to warn us of the danger of interfering with nature's arrangements for the regulation of supply and demand. We wanted grouse, so we killed hawks and weasels, and we have had a plague of voles. We have been a little too general, moreover, in our condemnation of the predatory birds. We have included in the universal ban the allied genus of owls; we have nailed to the doors of our keepers' cottages the harmless necessary kestrel, while the vole laughed in his sleeve.

The kestrel's fate is yet another instance of mistaken identity. He is a hawk, therefore kill him, was the maxim—a maxim which confounded him, to our own confusion, with those wicked cousins of his, the sparrow hawks. A few years ago if a man talked to us of voles we did not know what he meant, or if we did we thought him a pedant and a prig. Why could he not call a mouse a mouse, or if he wanted to be especially learned, a shrew mouse at most? Now we see from the strictures passed on our "bunny" in California and from the undeserved fate with its swift Nemesis of the kestrel that there may be some use in these fine distinctions.—London Saturday Review.

A Famous Whistle.

In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she went to Scotland with James VI, was a gigantic Dane of matchless drinking capacity. He possessed an ebony whistle, which at the beginning of a drunken bout he would lay on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it was, by general consent, considered to be the "Champion of the Whistle." It happened, however, that during his stay in Scotland the Dane was defeated by Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, who after three days and three nights of hard drinking left the Dane under the table and "blew on the whistle his requiem shrill." The whistle remained in the family for many years, and the last person who carried it off was Alexander Ferguson of Craig-Durrah, son of Annie Laurie, so well and musically known. Bobbie Burns immortalized the subject in a poem entitled "The Whistle."—Exchange.

Big Words of Moving Antelope.

The springboks of South Africa migrate in vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march, as sometimes happens, it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the springbok army. An African hunter tells of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey; that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground

and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.—St. Louis Republic.

A Few Words to Young Men.

Ichabod, my boy, methought I heard you speak of your sire this morning as the "old man." You are 18 years of age, are you not? Just so! That is the age when callow youth has his first attack of the big head. You imagine at this moment that you know it all. I observe by the cut of your trousers, and the angle of your hat, and the flavor of your breath, and the style of your footpick shoes, and the swagger of your walk, that you are badly gone on yourself. This is an error of youth which your uncle can overlook, but it pains him sorely to hear you speak in terms of disrespect of one you should never mention save by the sacred name of "father." He may not be up to your style in the modern art of making a fool of himself; but, 10 to 1, he forgets more in a week than you will ever know.

He may not enjoy smoking gutter snipes, chopped fine and indosed in delicate tissue paper, but he has borne a good many hard knocks for your sake and is entitled to all the reverence your shallow brain can muster. By and by, after you are through knowing it all and begin to learn something, you will be ashamed to look in the glass and will wonder where the fool killer kept himself when you were ripe for the sacrifice. And then, when the "old man" grows tired of the journey and stops to rest, and you fold his hands across his bosom and take a last look at a face that has grown beautiful in death, you will feel a sting of regret that you ever spoke of him in so grossly disrespectful a manner.—Lincoln Journal.

North Carolina's Subtropical Island.

The strangest bit of land north of Florida lies quite near ruined Fort Caswell. This is Smith's island, or Baldhead island, which, by reference to a map, will be found to project nearer the gulf stream than any other land on the continent. The result is that it is subtropical, the palm tree reaching a height of 50 feet or more—growing in profusion—while the olive and the myrtle are that frost does not affect vegetation on the island, which is about 4 miles long and 3 wide. On it is a lighthouse, built in 1817, and a life saving station. Extending across it is a heavy earthwork, built by the Confederates in 1861, now a vast line of sand banks. The place is a hunter's paradise six months of the year. The island was recently purchased for \$25,000 by a Chicago man, who will build a hotel and utilize the great forest of live oak and palmetto as a game preserve. The island is a bit of Florida anchored off the North Carolina coast.

For two centuries wrecks have occurred along this stretch of coast, and looking seaward there are more signs of partially submerged blockade runners which came to grief.

Money is frequently expended by the washing away of the beach. One night in 1834 a party landed there, and digging a hole hid \$175,000 in gold. Ever since this has been searched for.—Atlanta Constitution.

Mistaken Kindness.

Jack—Hello, old man! Awfully glad to see you. Here, take off that coat and put on this smoking jacket and make yourself comfortable.

Dick—Dence take it! Do you mean to insinuate that I don't feel comfortable in a dress suit?—Truth.

It is said that the wife of a New York millionaire has for the last three years been traveling all over Europe trying to match a pearl.

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IRISH PARLIAMENT.

NEW CHANGES IN THE NOBLE EDIFICE IN COLLEGE GREEN.

Here the voices of Curran and Gratton were heard in their country's behalf. Description of the final scene in the House of Commons—Foster's emotion.

It is now close upon a century since the last Irish parliament assembled in Dublin, but much as the surroundings have changed, the noble edifice in College Green, where such men as Curran, Curran, Flood and Daly exerted all their eloquence in their country's cause. In consequence of the decayed condition of the old building, which had formerly been the town residence of the Clanchester family, it was determined to erect a house better adapted for the accommodation of the Irish parliament.

Plans were called for, and that sent Mr. Penrose, the architect to the aid of the works, was selected. On Feb. 2, 1870, the foundation stone of the new building was laid.



The new parliament building, which was laid by Lord Carteret, the first Earl of Carteret, who went in procession from the castle to College Green, surrounded by a brilliant assemblage of judges, peers, members of parliament and clergy, and escorted by detachments of horse and foot.

The general elevation of the building is simple, yet graceful. The principal front, which looks toward College Green, is a commodious in the Ionic order, and consists of a facade and two projecting wings. The erection of this grand edifice occupied 10 years, and cost \$12,000. In the tympanum are the royal arms, and above this the directors of the bank have placed three female figures, elegantly sculptured, emblemizing Hibernia, Commerce and Fidelity.

The chief public apartments within the part of the building were the house of commons and the house of lords, besides lobbies and committee rooms.

The house of commons before the fire in 1826 was circular, with a domed roof, which led the inventor to apply to the architect of "The Grange." After the fire the chamber was reconstructed as an octagon in the square. The benches were arranged round the room in concentric tiers, seats for strangers being provided in a gallery in the upper part of the space between the pillars on alternate sides of the octagon.

Of the commons chamber itself no vestige remains, but a beautiful corridor which surrounded it exists and indicates the dimensions of the old house, which was demolished in 1808 by the bank directors, who erected various offices on the site.

A few relics of the commons are scattered about Ireland. The speaker's chair is at Antrim castle, the seat of Lord Massereene, a descendant of John Foster, the last speaker of the Irish parliament. Barrington thus describes the final scene in the house of commons and Foster's emotion: "When he pronounced the fatal sentence, The eyes have it, for an instant he stood staring, then indignantly, and with disgust he flung the bill upon the table and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit. He declared to surrender the mace of the house of commons, declaring that until the body that intrusted it to his keeping demanded he would preserve it for them," and it is now in the library at Antrim castle along with the speaker's chair.

The chamber which hung in the commons chamber is now in the great library at Trinity College. Beyond these little remains to remind us of the past.

The house of lords, however, has been more fortunate. In the first place, the room remains in almost the same condition as it was 100 years ago. In form it is a rectangle, measured by 80, with a recess for the vice-regal throne. The walls are paneled, and above the fireplace hangs a fine piece of tapestry, the "Crossing of the Boyne," with a corresponding one of the "Siege of Derry" on the wall opposite.

These tapestries were executed by one Robert Rennie in 1828 and formed part of a scheme of six tapestries, intended for the ornamentation of the house of parliament. These two only were ordered at a cost of \$100, much to the chagrin of Rennie, who had been put to considerable expense for the designs and workmen.

The tables and chairs remain as they were, but the viceregal throne has been removed and is now in possession of the Royal Dublin Society. It has been slightly altered to suit its present use, as the "chair" in the society's boardroom. In its place in the house of lords is a statue of George III in marble. A feature of the department is the magnificent mantelpiece of very rich carved mahogany. The roof is also fine, particularly in the clover at either end of the room.

The entrance to the house of lords was at the eastern front in College street. This front consists of six elegant Corinthian pillars, supporting an entablature and pediment. This portion makes the line to which the house of commons front extended on this side, and the western portion in Foster place was likewise the termination on that side. The lofty arch in College street and the corresponding arch in Foster place, as well as the building occupied by the military guard and the gateway leading thence, are additions made to the building by the government, who acquired it after the union for \$400,000 and a rent of \$240 per annum.

It is a matter of regret that the directors of the bank in the earlier part of this century did not see their way to preserve the commons chamber in its entirety.

THREE FOUNTAINS MONASTERY.

Headquarters of the Trappists and the Spot Where St. Paul Was Beheaded.

There is a most unhealthy district, for it was called the "Tomb" in obedience to the voice of the great pontiff they did not hesitate to sacrifice health and life. And there they have been these 25 years, faithful to their post of duty, edifying Rome and its pilgrims by their spirit of sacrifice and by their heroism.

By dint of labor they have succeeded in rendering the site so wholesome that in October last our glorious pontiff, Leo XIII, went so far as to make the monastery the headquarters of the Trappists and the residence of their superior general.

The monastery Three Fountains is so called because it was there the great apostle, St. Paul, was beheaded at the command of the Pagan emperor, and the sacred head falling from the block struck the earth in three places, and immediately three fountains sprang up, which are visited by the pious pilgrims even in our day. It was in this monastery's grounds that St. Zeno and his 10,000 companions died martyrs rather than renounce their faith.

It was at the altar in the chapel of this monastery that St. Bernard had the vision of the souls relieved from purgatory by the mass he was offering according to heaven, and hence it is named "Scala Cœli," the ladder of heaven.

In this monastery is still preserved the block upon which St. Paul was beheaded.—Freeman's Journal.

The Crusades. In the dreary wastes which are presented to one who looks over the political and religious-political plane in France, it is a gushing of water from a rock in the arid desert to see celebration of the memory of a hero of Christianity, the ring of whose voice summoned a world to arms.

We go back in thought to earlier times. The forces of Islam threaten to expatriate from the world the faith of Christ. The papacy stands in the way to oppose the assault on the cause of God, to insure the freedom of man; to prevent the basement of woman; to uphold the reign of virtue and hurl back the tide of lust that threatened to engulf the purity of Christian life.

Urban II sat in the chair of Peter. He was a Frenchman. From the watch tower of the church he saw the menace to the faith. He was a Benedictine, a monk of Cluny. Under his permission Peter the Hermit, a Frenchman, a monk, preached the first crusade—a crusade raised in response to the cry, "God wills it," which set the first of a long succession of armies in the field for the preservation of Christianity.

Urban, a Frenchman, sitting in the papal chair, inspired the first crusade. Peter the Hermit, a Frenchman, with a fiery cross in hand aroused Europe to battle for its cause.

Scientists and infidels have ridiculed the successive crusades. To us it is plain that no nobler impulse ever directed man than that which guided the crusaders. They sought to wrest from infidel grasp the holy places sanctified by the suffering of the Saviour; they sought to save Christendom from Mohammed.—Catholic Advocate.

The Duke of Wellington on Irish Valor. No less a soldier than the Duke of Wellington paid the following tribute to the valor of the Irish soldier: "Your lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances Catholics, who formed one-half of my army, maintained the empire buoyant upon the flood which overwheeled the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people; how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe.

"My lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we owe our proud pre-eminence in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow.

"We must confess, my lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valor no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."—Exchange.

Catholicism in Siam. Siam is ecclesiastically a vicariate apostolic entrusted for more than 200 years to the Missions Étrangères de Paris. In 1840 it contained 3,200 Catholics; in 1850, 7,200; in 1860, 18,200, and has now 22,000. In 1841 Pope Gregory XVI divided it into two—eastern Siam with Bangkok as the residence of the vicar apostolic, and western Siam or the peninsula of Malacca, with Singapore as the vicar's headquarters. The ancient capital, Ayudhya, had 40,000 inhabitants. Bangkok, which is the capital since 1760, has a population of 500,000, including 3,000 Catholics, who have five churches. The cathedral, dedicated to the Assumption, dates from 1811. The population of the kingdom is 6,000,000.

Catholic Notes. A granddaughter of General Robert E. Lee, Maillia Dot Lee, now in Paris, has become a Catholic.

The Palestinian version of a few verses of Exodus has lately been found on a Hebrew palimpsest in Egypt and acquired by the Bodleian Library.

The Spanish Dominicans sent last month 18 priests to their missions in the north of China, Tonkin, and the Philippines.

The title of Bishop Kain, the coadjutor bishop of St. Louis, is archbishop of Oshtorio.

Professor Mivart's Nineteenth Century articles on hell have been placed on the Index.

Tiger eye is a peculiar crystallization of quartz. Formerly very rare and costly, large deposits have been found in the western states and in South Africa, so that many common articles are now made of it.

American horses are said to be better trained to disregard shocks and surprises than English horses. This is partly due to the growing custom of driving without "blinders."

A woman says that a man can suffer the amputation of a limb in heroic silence, but he cannot endure a mustard plaster on his chest without shrieking aloud for mercy.

In Mexico City they once started a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and to put the infant society in good funds they inaugurated it with a bull fight.

A transition from an author's book to his conversation is too often like an entrance into a large city after a distant prospect.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A Typical Catholic Leader and an Ornament to the Character of Ireland.

Wherever an Irishman is placed all the world over, he boasts of the name of O'Connell. That name is raised higher in our national history than the eternal mountains of our country, and it will last as long in imperishable existence, and when the Romans talk of their Cicero and the Greeks of their Demosthenes we point to the Irish forum and the British senate, to a name that has rivaled the one in classic eloquence, that has equalled the one in patriotic fire, and that has surpassed both in national virtues. And not alone has Ireland learned from him the science of freedom and the art of national independence. He taught all the nations of the earth, by the science of reform, by a moral and peaceful combination. He placed himself at the head of ideas—not soldiers. He took the command—not cannon, and by the triumph of reason he gained victories such as no conquerer ever achieved by the flashing sword or the thunders of the artillery.

Twenty-three French peers, with Count Montalembert at their head, presented to him a humble address, in which, after offering to him their homage, they acknowledged that he had been a school and a political strategy; that he was the author of a new principal of national reform; that he had discovered a mighty path by which the greatest advantages to man could eventually be acquired by the steady application of the primary laws of God, and that by carrying out his ideas the combination of men's hearts would be a triumph and most successful than the united terrors of the sanguinary steel.

From Ireland, as from a professor's chair, he delivered his lessons to universal mankind—all the nations of the earth were his people, and his voice was heard from east to west, from north to south, and for half a century along the boundless horizon. No man can ever again take his place. He filled the whole world with his fame—he was the light of our skies, the undying creation of our age, the ornament of our race and the imperishable monument to the name and character of Ireland.—Dr. Cahill.

Catholic Education in Early Times.

In the eighth century we find a bishop of Modena, when investing one of his priests with an important parish in the city, exhorting him to be diligent in keeping school and educating the children. In the ninth century every bishop in making the visitation of his parish was wont to ask whether the pastor had with him a cleric who could teach school and assist him in divine service. In the eleventh century Gilbert of Nogent speaks of rural schools of general custom. In the thirteenth century out of a population of 90,000 in Florence we find 12,000 children attending the schools. A statute of the diocese of Rome, issued in the year of 1390, reads, "Let the clergy frequently exhort their parishioners to be careful and exacting in sending their children to school."

It need no longer surprise us that a recent writer after investigating the subject should say, "According to a great number of traditions, school was as frequent, if not more so, formerly, than it is today." Another eminent historian writes of the fourteenth century, "It is a grave mistake to imagine that there were no primary schools. Mention is made of rural schools in all the documents, even in those in which we would least expect to find mention, and we can scarcely doubt that during the most stormy part of the fourteenth century most villages had their master-school, teaching children reading, writing and some arithmetic."—Catholic Advocate.

Blossoms, Living and Dead. A little worldling in coarse gingham frock and stubby shoes stole out of the darkness and drew near the foot of the cross.

Stray gleams of light from the sanctuary fell tenderly on the thorn-crowned Christ and on the upturned baby face quivering with pity and wistful love. The cruel spike transfixing the bleeding feet thrilled his childish soul with responsive agony, elevating it to the sacrifice of Golgotha. A divine impulse to manifest his love to the suffering child, grew strong within him and presently became tangible in a votive offering.

On the tiles beneath the cross lay some faded flowers, withered, worthless things, probably swept into the shadow by the front of a silken skirt.

The tiny devotee gathered them eagerly, and with awkward touch wove them into a baby's conception of beauty.

"Flowers for God, poor God!" he whispered reverently, and reaching up to the pedestal, laid his offering on the mingled feet.

Was it only fancy, or did the sanctuary light grow brighter as it touched the wistful gaze? A baby's hair, a withered blossom, but they covered the spike and the cruel wound.—Donahoe's Magazine.

A Priest's Gift to the Poor. In a sermon to his congregation Father Victor A. Schnell, pastor of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church, Terre Haute, Ind., said: "There is a great distress in this parish owing to the hard times. I have a deposit in the bank which comprises my savings for some years added to the pension I get as a Union soldier, and this is all the disposal of the destitute so long as it holds out. The sermon caused many to break into tears.

What Has Come Over the Sunshine? What has come over the sunshine? It is like a dream of bliss. What has come over the pine woods? Was ever a day like this? O what a blissful evening! The fish with long wing tips—Hear you the low sweet laughter? Come, rippling from its lips?

What has come over the waters? What has come over the waters? Never were rills and fountains so merrily voiced as these. O how the softly pattering rain—High on the topmost bough, I hear a new song singing—Is it my heart or thine?—Selected.

His Father's Smart Man. "Your father preached from the same text that his father did the last time he was in that pulpit," remarked a good long Island deacon to the wife of a young minister who was revisiting his boyhood home.

"Indeed," replied the lady, at once interested. "I hope," she continued, "that it was not the same sermon."

"Oh, no," said the deacon in a deprecatory manner. "His father was a mighty smart man."—New York Herald.

A SUNDAY IN ROME.

FESTIVAL OF ST. IGNATIUS IN THE CHURCH OF THE GESU.

Interesting Account of the Beginning of a Festal Week in the Eternal City. Scene at the Tomb of the Founder of the Society of Jesus.

The following is a portion of a very interesting letter from Rome:

This has been a week of festas, commencing with that of St. Ignatius at the Gesu, and ending with that of Our Lady of the Snow at Sta. Maria Maggiore. We cannot but feel that the crowd of foreigners—English, Roman, too, for that matter—who fly, and perhaps wisely, the dangers of a Roman summer, lose a great deal by so doing. So far—and we are at the fifth of August—we have not found the Roman heat intolerable.

In a house situated on one of its hills, and on the terrace of which (unless the day is hopelessly given over to "Sirocco") insinuating itself everywhere and quite equal to a thorough London fog in its depressing influence) one can enjoy a veritable sea breeze of delicious coolness, and this at the hottest time of the day—between 2 and 3 p.m.—by adopting the ordinary precautions of the dwellers in hot climates, it is possible to keep fairly cool, even when the sun is "in the lion." In any case we had reason to congratulate ourselves that we were not of the number of the tourists who had flown, when on Sunday we hastened to celebrate the festival of St. Ignatius by assisting at first vespers in the grand old Church of the Gesu.

But if we could congratulate ourselves on this point, it compels us to state that we had no reason to compliment ourselves on having performed an act of heroic self-abnegation, for we found what we can only call on mass a countless multitude, which choice or necessity—whichever—had kept in Rome, despite the powerful temptations offered by flaming papers all about us, announcing various "Gite di Piacenza" at ridiculously moderate fares. The church was not merely full, it was more than full, and the crowd overflowed on to the broad steps and the broader piazza, the former already invaded by the numberless sellers of objects of piety and by the blind, the lame, etc., those objects of pity who kept alive at every festa charity in the heart of the devout and exercise them in almsgiving.

The church, brilliantly illuminated with wax candles supported by the chandeliers of glass, shading many tints, which play so conspicuous and effective a part in all Italian church decorations, ranged everywhere with tasteful prodigality upon the three rostrums above that of the tomb of St. Ignatius—what can we say? Those of our readers who have not actually seen it have heard or read minute descriptions of the same and doubtless more than once.

At first sight it appeared but as a blaze of softened brilliancy and a galaxy of flowers—a scene almost dazzled. But when the eye grew accustomed to the light we realize the grace and beauty of every detail of this altar, which is that of the most holy sacrament. High above is the statue of solid silver, more than life size, of the holy founder of the Society of Jesus, clothed in the sacred vestments studded with precious stones. This, with its beautiful surroundings of rare sculpture and precious metals, the marble balustrades wreathed and festooned with flowers, formed a brilliant picture, the effect of which was not lessened by groups of students of the German college, in scarlet cassocks, kneeling about the tomb the ashes of St. Ignatius rest beneath this altar.

Students from other colleges and many religious were also kneeling about the altar, and crowds of the Roman populace filled the building, but at no time was there any mark of a want of devotion or respect, though the little children, as they are accustomed to do in Italy, wandered about the church as they pleased, none clad or restraining them, some even carrying their baby hands to altar and hand in hand.

Again, some at least among our readers must have experienced in themselves the effects and the train of thoughts produced by one or any of the grand ceremonies of religion in the principal churches of Rome. Some perhaps have realized in this way the solemnity of the religious, consecrated by so many holy memories, that our good God does not despise the outward splendor with which his children would pay him homage. He is pleased to accept it, little and poor as that is in reality which appears to us much. Yet because it is the expression of love it is pleasing to him. So we felt here.

There was scarcely a corner of the building which was not decorated with an especial care. Rich draperies of crimson silk and cloth of gold were festooned from pillar to pillar and hung the walls—everything was arranged with admirable care and order. Nor must we forget to mention the Lady chapel richly marbled and gilded, the Holy Sacrament, consecrated by so many holy memories, that our good God does not despise the outward splendor with which his children would pay him homage. He is pleased to accept it, little and poor as that is in reality which appears to us much. Yet because it is the expression of love it is pleasing to him. So we felt here.

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Speaking afterward to an English lady, a recent convert, who was also present, she assured me that there was nothing which gave her so much real pleasure as in the feast of the Roman churches—the people seem so thoroughly to realize that they are in their "Father's house." We visited also the rooms of St. Ignatius in the Via San Vitale. Here he often received St. Philip Neri and the saints who were his contemporaries. The little room, though now converted into a chapel, is essentially little altered from the time St. Ignatius inhabited it.—New World.

THE GREEK SCHISM.

A Union of the Russo-Greek Catholics.

The care of Caruyvels, in a series of interesting letters to The Journal de Bruxelles on the subject of the reunion of the Greek Catholics with Rome, says as far as exterior worship is concerned the union is already made, and on the broad lines of doctrine it also exists. In Greece, Macedonia and Russia there is a marked movement of enlightened minds toward union. An official of the Russian holy synod, in a recent public letter to Cardinal Rampolla, spoke of union as

the only efficacious means of resisting the rising tide of impiety and socialism. Fifty years hence there will be only one alternative before the Russo-Greek church—either to be broken up into Protestant sects, be drawn into the current of negation or unbelief, or get a renewal of life by being reunited to Rome.

Mgr. Svossmayer, bishop of Djakovara, a man of exceptional influence and popularity, is convinced that what some consider now a dream will midway in the next century, or at least before its close, become a happy and beneficent reality.

The dominant note of the congress at Jerusalem was to leave our separated brethren in the east their liturgical language, their own ceremonies and their traditional usages, to which they are strongly attached. Groups of young priests, pious and learned monks—that is, Catholics, but observing rights consecrated by centuries and recognized by Rome—it is believed will hasten the desired union.

Very consoling results have been reached in Asia. The archbishop of Damascus found 400 Catholics. He has now 5,000. The bishop of Ponia (Cassarea of Philippi) has in seven years seen 15 villages return to Catholic unity. Another prelate who attended the congress would after a time bring about the conversion of 40,000 Greek Catholics, if supplied with the material means, churches, priests, schools, etc.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

In the dark days of Ireland's history, when the Catholic church was allowed to exist and when a price was placed upon the head of Catholic priest or teacher, the Ancient Order of Hibernians came to the front to fight for faith and motherland. Since that period the work of the order has changed, and its banner today bears the message of unity, friendship and true Christian charity to its members, and peace and good will to all men. This is the doctrine taught by the A. O. H. the world over, and no true Hibernian fosters any spirit of proscription against his neighbor, whatever his race or creed.

Its principles are fully in accord with American institutions, and its growth and prosperity bear the strongest testimony of its great and noble work.

About 60 years ago the order was transplanted to the United States, and outside a few large centers of Irish population, as New York, Philadelphia, Boston and a few other cities, very little was known of it for a number of years. Then when the Irish people began to settle in other large cities and states, the order took root and flourished among them until today it extends to every state and territory on this broad continent, as well as in the Dominion of Canada and Australasia.

Everywhere it went it carried with it aid and comfort to the sick and helpless and hope and consolation to the widow and orphan.

With such a mission to soothe the unhappy, to relieve their miseries, to restore peace to their troubled minds and also to elevate our people, its pathway should be easy, and its works should proclaim the great and noble purpose which it aims to carry out. Yet it had its struggles and trials. It was misrepresented and maligned, but many of those who stood by it in its darkest hour have lived to witness its vindication and triumph.

To speak of the good work which the order has effected, both among its members and for the cause of the old land, its benevolent features—"to care for the sick and bury the dead"—the bond of brotherhood among its members, the friendship which always endures, and has for its foundation the best impulses of the human heart, are matters too well known to recapitulate.—Boston Pilot.

Mass in a Baptist Church.

A very gracious act of Christian courtesy was that of Pastor L. T. Griffin of the Baptist church of Long Island City and of his trustees in coming to the rescue of Father McGuire of St. Mary's church in that city, which had been destroyed by fire, and offering the use of their church for the celebration of mass.

Father McGuire was deeply affected by the unexpected offer and gladly accepted it. As a consequence, the little Baptist church presented the impressive spectacle of a Catholic altar with the cross and lighted tapers taking the place of the secular looking pulpit and reading desk, and the holy sacrifice of the mass offered up four times consecutively while the worshippers thronged the church and vestibule and steps outside.

At every mass the grateful Father McGuire took occasion to refer to the generous kindness which enabled them—the congregation—to assist at the holy sacrifice, though their own church had been swept away by the flames.—Exchange.

Frog Bait.

"Mike, did you ever catch frogs?" "Yes, sir."

"What did you bait with?" "Bate 'em with a stick, sir."—Church News.

Rondeau.

In Erin's Isle the blackbirds sing
Far sweeter than they sing elsewhere.
No skies are half so blue as there.
Small wonder that on joyous wing
The skylark mounts for morning prayer
Green woods with myriad bird notes ring.
Hearts to old friends and manners cling
In Erin's Isle.

The daughters of the land are fair,
The tears no change or coldness bring
To Erin's faith unaltering.
And, oh, how sweet to rest from care
Where shamrocks green and ananises spring.
In Erin's Isle.

—Donahoe's Magazine.

Women Who Personate Men.

Extremely rare is it that you can find a man who can with any great degree of success personate a woman. The most striking exception was the celebrated Chevalier d'Éon, whose real sex was never determined. So like a woman was he in build, voice, manners and mannerisms that the French government made use of him as a secret emissary to various European courts, and many are the books that have been written purporting to give the true history of his life. But in the other direction—that is, in the assumption of man's character and attire by women—the chronicles of the stage and annals of everyday life fairly swarm with instances.—Chicago Herald.

Until about a hundred years ago burial in coffins was by no means universal. In early times corpses were merely wrapped in linen shrouds.

Very few can reach deep into their own minds without meeting what they wish to hide from themselves.

THE VIRGIN OF PALERMO.

Relic of St. Rosalie, Who Saved a City From Plague, Received in Brooklyn.

The Rev. Joachim Garofalo of the church of St. Michael Archangel, Brooklyn, recently received a relic of St. Rosalie, patron saint of Palermo, Italy.

To Italians this relic has a peculiar significance. St. Rosalie was a beautiful young woman, daughter of Prince Simbaldi, a descendant of Charles the Great. While yet a young girl she retreated to a cave on Mount Pellegrino, subsisting on grasses and herbs until her death on Sept. 4, 1169.

That which endeared the saint to Italians was her instrumentality in saving the population from cholera that raged in its most virulent form in Palermo and the adjoining country in 1625. St. Rosalie, as a beautiful young woman, appeared to citizens and told them her body could be found. The archbishop gathered the clergy about him, repaired to the cave and found the body according to the instructions in the vision. With religious pomp the body was taken to Palermo, and as it was carried through the streets those dying of cholera were restored to health. All who looked upon the remains were cured, and the scourge was driven from the city.

A church has since been built on the mountain on the site of the cave and closing it. Back of the altar in a silver case can be seen the head of the "Virgin of Palermo." The remainder of the body is in a silver casket in the cathedral at Palermo, the latter place being the Mecca of the Sicilians. Many and marvelous miracles have resulted through the agency of these relics.

The relic now in Brooklyn, with authentic papers, was sent by Cardinal Alessi, archbishop of Palermo, through Commendatore D. Lorenz Merlino, general secretary and director of the central office of the new Society of St. Michael Archangel, founded recently in Palermo for the protection of the Italians of the south who came to America. Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn, having examined the authenticity of St. Rosalie's relic, granted permission to expose it for public veneration.

The relic consists of several similar pieces of bone crumpled together, and altogether not making a lump as large as the thumb nail. It is inclosed in a silver elliptical case, and this is set in a solid "ostensorium." In this the relic is shown upon the altar.

A Condemned Title.

The perverted genius of the French, as in other matters so in devotions, betrays them at times. Of late a succession of new fangled associations for pious objects, under some novel designation, has exercised the faithful and did not fail to attract the attention of the Roman congregations. And now the holy office has been obliged to speak very plainly indeed. Cardinal Parocchi addressed a letter to the bishop of Chartres on the subject of the title given to our blessed Lord of Penitent or Penitent For Us, and communicated to him the following decree:

"So far back as Jan. 13, 1875, the holy Roman universal inquisition had considered in a general manner to refrain from certain unusual titles of devotion and particularly from the title of Penitent applied to our Lord Jesus Christ. But having understood that there is still obstinately kept up at Loigny an association styled of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Penitent, the founders and supporters of which, notwithstanding the repeated condemnations of the supreme pontiff, continue to invent with sacrilegious audacity and to publish visions and revelations of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Penitent, the said holy Roman universal inquisition, after mature examination, proscribes absolutely and condemns the titles, Heart of Jesus Penitent, Heart of Jesus Penitent For Us, Jesus Penitent For Us."—Catholic Herald.

Three Masses For Victor Hugo.

The Paris Gaulois relates the following story of Victor Hugo: "A few weeks ago an old negro came from Bridge town, on the island of Barbadoes, to a missionary and asked him to read three masses for Victor Hugo. The missionary was astonished and at first believed that he had misunderstood the visitor. But the negro replied to his questions that years ago he had given aid to the daughter of the author of the 'Orientales,' who had married an English officer against the will of her father and had fled with him to Barbadoes. The officer deserted his wife, who consequently became almost insane and was cared for in that condition by the negro. The negro wrote to the poet of the sad condition of his child. Hugo sent her 2,000 francs and had her go to Paris with the daughter.

"After remaining for a time in the house of the author the negro decided to return to Barbadoes. One reason for this was the fact that the poor daughter had become incurably insane and had been consigned to an asylum. The poet, who respected the negro's sense of the love she had borne his daughter, said to her before departure from Paris, 'When you hear of my death in your native country, have three masses said for me.' The old woman, who first heard of the death of Victor Hugo a few months ago, has now fulfilled the wishes of the poet."

Indulgence For the Paris Hospitals.

We read in The Monitor de Rome that a rescript has been given in favor of the ailing while the priests cannot readily approach in the Paris hospitals. The religious attached as nursing sisters to establishments of the kind are to have the privilege of presenting a crucifix to the dying, which carries with it a plenary indulgence at the hour of death on condition that it is kissed with a contrite heart or even touched. But the crucifix can only be used when the moribund is deprived of all other religious aid. It must not be imagined that the indulgence here spoken of can replace the reception of the sacraments or supply their default. Sin can be effaced by the sacraments only on perfect contrition. The indulgence comes afterward to remit the penalty due to the already pardoned sin.—Exchange.

Killing the Mountain Lion.

While making the descent to secure the game hunters came suddenly to a huge rock on the mountain extending toward a like mass on the opposite side of the chasm. On reaching it Don Felipe uttered a cry of premonition and pointed across the canyon. There in its sanctuary stood in strong relief against the rock the great cat of the Sierras—the mountain lion—its head raised in a listening attitude. The whole position was so noble and impressive that it was

some seconds before the rifles cracked and the fierce yell of the wounded animal broke the stillness. It turned quickly and savagely, snarling and biting at the wounds in its flank, then, being struck again, whirled and, blinded by pain and fury, sprang or rolled over the precipice and went thundering down the side of the canyon, lodging dead in the chaparral far below.

"That chap was a-lying for a doe," said the old mountaineer as later he came up the mountain with the skin of the lion over his back. "They kill more deer in and out of season than all the hunters in California put together, and when your folks say a mountain lion ain't up to the mark don't you take any stock in it. No, I never knew one to kill a man, but they will tackle a grizzly, and I've seen 'em tear a horse so that the

ALL IN ONE DREAM.

WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY A MAN IN A SHORT SPACE OF TIME.

A Story Showing the Remarkable Success With Which the Mind Works When It Is Supposed to Be Taking a Rest—How Long It Took to Do Ten Hours' Work.

A few evenings since a number of newspaper men were in an office awaiting the arrival of a gentleman who was to call together a meeting that they had been directed to report for their respective papers.

A number of topics were discussed, and one of these was dreams and the extreme rapidity with which mental operations are performed. A number of experiences were given, but the one that attracted the most attention was that of a call representative, who narrated what he had done in a dream.

"It was," said he, "in 1888 that after a hard day's work I reached home and lost no time in retiring. Glancing at the clock as I turned off the gas I noticed that it was just 16 minutes after midnight."

"I shall tell you at this point how long I was dreaming or tell first what I did in my dream? That you all may better appreciate what was done, I will defer the matter until the end. In my dream that what was to be told was all in the dream. Seated in the old office on Commercial street, above Montgomery, I was endeavoring to put into presentable shape the facts of a trial that had taken place in the district court, when I came to E. A. Rockwell, who was the clerk of the court, and calling me by name said: 'You had better get ready and go to San Leandro. There's been a terrible railroad accident. There's 500 or 600 people killed, and I don't know how many injured.' George E. Barnes, at that time one of the proprietors and managing editors, had developed Rockwell, and in that quiet way of his suggested that no time be lost in reaching Oakland, and then proceeding a buggy and a pair of horses, to go to San Leandro or wherever the accident was."

"Rushing down to the ferry landing at the corner of Pacific and Davis streets, I reached there in time to find that the steamer for the other side of the bay had just pulled out, and that I would have to wait half an hour for the next boat. The delay was vexatious, and then when the ferry boat did not come as usual, I seemed as if she would never make her landing, she seemed to be going so slowly. When the ship on the other side was reached, there was some accident to the local train, and there was not any prospect of starting for an hour or more. There was not a train of any kind at the landing, so I had to walk to Oakland."

"A desire to make up for the time lost urged me on, and I think the time made from the landing to Broadway and Washington street has never been beaten by man. Next the corner I went into a livery stable and ordered a pair of horses hitched up. There was a delay there, for the proprietor had his doubts about the ability of the team making the trip out and back. Finally I started, and the way those horses flew over the road was a caution. When the scene of the disaster, some distance beyond San Leandro, about 14 miles from Oakland, was reached, I proceeded at once to gather the facts."

"Down on the railroad track were piled the names of 30,000 men, women and children who had either been killed outright or burned to death in some of the cars which had caught fire. Then followed the names of about 40 who had been injured, a description of their injuries and the names of the physicians who were in attendance as to the possible outcome in each case. Now, any of you who have had experience in gathering information of that kind can fully appreciate that it was not child's play, for the injured were in different places, and it required time to get around to them all."

"Then there was the obtaining of data about the dead. A number of them were well known residents of this city, others were from San Jose, so it became necessary to obtain enough to give each a decent obituary notice. In addition to this it became a part of my duty to get the statements of passengers, so as to describe their feelings when the train derailed and went over on its side down a little gully and be able to write up the narrative or formulate a report of the disaster. Then there were railroad officials to interview, and, as you all know, they are the hardest kind of people to obtain facts from."

"Well, it took nearly three hours to get all the matter that was needed for a sensational article that was to appear under a half column space head. Then there was the ride back to Oakland, then back to the ferry landing, and the trip to this city. Worrying waiting to get my thing to get I made my way to the office and at once commenced to write up, telling every one who came to ask for details to let me alone. I did not write in zephyr style, and for that matter I never did, but I wrote and kept on writing until I had enough to fill the full of the present day, and wrote that big scare head. As I handed the last line to the foreman to set up I heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed, 'Thank goodness, that's done.' That is my dream."

"At that moment I felt a hand on my shoulder, jumped from the bed and heard my wife ask, 'What are you dreaming about?' I lit the gas, looked at the clock and discovered that it was 15 minutes after midnight, or, in other words, that in my dream of less than two minutes I had performed all that I have related."

"I have figured on the time it would take me to do what I did in that dream and find that it could not be done in less than 10 hours under the most favorable circumstances."—San Francisco Call.

A Vile Lie in the Pillory.

Weeks before the royal wedding it was openly whispered that the Duke of York, a gallant sailor and a gentleman, had made a few ships, and been favored of the princess and lady-in-waiting duties and obligations, and had, in fact, been secretly married and received himself in a nuptial, repugnant to his sense of honor and ideal in the eyes of the well-known society law. That law is simple. None of our royal court can legally contract marriage without the consent of the reigning sovereign. Marriages made in secret have been recognized as such.

and such love inspired sincerity as attaches to these unions when faithfully adhered to. The world knows all about them and sympathizes with them. But what said the quidnuncs, the tattlers, the tressers, the chattering star-fans who build under the eaves of palace?

Blankly this, that George of Wales was married; that the name of the place and the name of the lady, alleged to be the daughter of a naval officer of high degree, were known, and both names and places changed and fluctuated as the price of scandal shares rose or fell in the gossip market. Like ill winds, the ugly rumor grew apace over the dinner table and afternoon banquet. Men talked of it and women shone to them—women murmured it with giggles and innuendoes; the very "outsiders" got hold of it, and all the time the story was positively and absolutely untrue. Think you for an instant that the head of our church would have married our prince and princess had he not first satisfied himself, as we have reason to know he did, that the silly story was wholly untrue, absolutely baseless? The question carries its own answer. We contradict it directly with authority.—London Gentlewoman.

A Woman Who Got Along.

The ability of a woman to get on alone in the world is sometimes questioned by her big brothers. But there are plenty of instances where women have been left in circumstances which would try the powers of the stoutest hearted man to the utmost and have come out triumphant. One of these was mentioned to a reporter the other day in connection with a rough side hill farm in a remote part of an inland town. There, said our informant, pointing to the place, was a woman named Mrs. John Smith, who had been married to a man who had died. She then had three small children, and another was born soon after. The farm was in poor condition and had about all the mortgage it could bear. Her husband's old father, feeble and fussy, was left on her hands.

"Did she send the old man to the poor farm, think you? Not a bit of it. She kept him a year or two, and he was so fussy she couldn't live with him. Then she hired a neighbor to take him, and she paid his board 12 years, when he died. She raised her children and brought the farm into good condition. She paid the mortgage, and when she died she left a good property free and clear of all debt. The boys hadn't the old lady's spunk, for there's a mortgage up to my ears, and nothing in the world, but last year she did it. They had everything left ready to their hands and ain't had no drawbacks, 'cept losin their mother, but somehow the weeds have got the start of 'em, and I guess they'll keep it."—Lowiston Journal.

Will's Grave.

"That grave on the right hand of the path as you go down to the porch door; that heap of air with no growth, not one blade of grass on it—that's Will Poley's grave that was hanged unjustly."

"Indeed! But how came such a shocking end to be done?"

"Why, you see, sir, they got poor Will down to Bodmin, all among strangers, and these were bribery and false swearing, and an unjust judge came down—and the jury all had rasals, tin and copper men—and so they all agreed together, and they hanged poor Will. But his friends begged the body and brought the corpse home here to his own parish, and they buried the grave, and they sowed the grass 30 times over, but it will do no use, nothing would ever grow—he was hanged unjustly."

"Well, but, Tristram, you have not told me all this while what this man Poley was accused of what had he done?"

"Dune, sir! Dune! Nothing whatever but killed the excise man!"—Rev. R. S. Hawker.

In Northern Alaska.

Juneau is the most northerly stopping place on the regular Alaska excursion route, and while it is not sufficiently near the pole to meet the midnight sun, there is time during the summer season of the year for a good deal of light work. What most troubles strangers is to know when to go to bed. The sun is apparently unwilling to pass and leaves its tale behind.

Twilight waits for dawn, or if there is an interval between I have not discovered it. It is not difficult to read ordinary print at 11 o'clock, and sitting on the dock at midnight the ship keeps San Francisco time watching the shadows cast upon the smooth water and the snow-capped peaks at a few miles distance is not uncomfortable with an overcoat.—Cor. San Francisco Bulletin.

The Tapping of the Deathwatch.

The so-called deathwatch, dreaded by the superstitious, is a small beetle which has a very powerful joint in its neck and calls its mate by tapping with its head on the wall or on any surface where it may happen to be located. The noise is similar to that which may be produced by tapping with the finger nails on a table, and the insect can frequently be made to answer such taps.—New York Evening Sun.

Why They Would Not Kiss the Stone.

A correspondent is guilty of being the originator of the following joke: "Many people would not kiss the Blarney stone at the World's fair if they knew it was merely a shan-rock."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Tramp's Loyalty to an Ideal.

In one of his delightful essays Mr. Lowell tells of a tramp whom for seven years he assisted with money to enable him to get from Boston to Portland. "He was as fine an example," Lowell adds, "as I have ever met of hopeless loyalty to an ideal."—New York Tribune.

The conditions are favorable for the development of consumption only when the system gets "run down," then follows a cold, a catarrh, the bacilli of tuberculosis become lodged in the mucous membrane, invade the tissues and spread.

The human hair is absolutely the most profitable crop that grows. Five tons of it are annually imported by the merchants of London. The Parisians have a value of 200,000 pounds, equal in value to 480,000 per annum.

The mosaics in the Church of St. Mark in Venice are the finest in the world. They cover 40,000 square feet of the upper walls, ceilings and cupolas and are all laid on a gold ground.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

STORY OF HOW MOODY DISCOVERED THE MAN TO HELP HIM.

It Was at a Meeting in Indianapolis That the Voice of the Great Singer—First Heard by the Stirring Evangelist—First Work.

It was at Indianapolis in 1870 that these two men first made each other's acquaintance. Mr. Moody was already displaying that zeal in evangelistic work which subsequently made him famous, though then his efforts and his reputation were confined largely to Chicago. Mr. Sankey's home was in Newcastle, Pa., where he was then serving as an internal revenue officer. His father was a banker and active in politics and held under Lincoln's appointment the important position of collector of inland revenue for four large counties in western Pennsylvania. Young Sankey was then a Christian, having been converted a number of years before during a Methodist revival, and his talent of song had already begun to be used for his Master.

Coming to Indianapolis to attend as a delegate from Newcastle the national convention of the Young Men's Christian association, Mr. Sankey attended one morning at 6 o'clock a prayer meeting, held in the basement of the First Baptist church, led by Mr. Moody. The singing, dragged, and Mr. Sankey, at the suggestion of a minister who was seated beside him, started up the familiar hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

It went well and was followed by other songs equally successful, and Mr. Moody became so interested that he looked about to see whether the new impetus in singing came from the front or the back, with characteristic quickness of decision, Mr. Moody, hardly waiting for an introduction, said to Mr. Sankey:

"You're the man I have been looking for for the last eight years. Come and lunch with me." The invitation was accepted and later in the day the two men were together, and the subject of a future combination of forces was talked over in downright earnest. Mr. Moody pressed upon Mr. Sankey the duty of at once joining him in Chicago, but in Sankey's mind there were some practical objections arising from his business and family connections. "I am a government officer," he said to Mr. Moody, "and may find it difficult to get released." "There is a better government to serve than this," was the reply that flashed instantly out. But, persuasive as Mr. Moody was, he did not carry his point then and there. Mr. Sankey took several months in which to consider the matter.

That very afternoon, however, the first Moody and Sankey public meeting was held, with no advertising except the singing as led by Mr. Moody's new friend. It was an outdoor gathering, and the masses were there. Mr. Moody brought out a box from a store to a favorably located street corner, mounted it, and there a short but fervent service of preaching and song was held. At the close of this open air meeting the two evangelists headed a procession for the Academy of Music, where the convention meetings were held, singing as they marched with the crowd in to the Academy of Music, the convention having adjourned to that place.

"How to Reach the Masses" and gone to supper. When the delegates got back to the academy building, they found it nearly full of the very "lapsed masses" about whom they had been discussing. Mr. Moody cut short his second address, dismissed the audience and went out with Mr. Sankey to get something to eat. Mr. Sankey was greatly impressed with these two meetings and said to Mr. Moody, "You are reaching the masses while other people are talking about them."

After the convention was over Mr. Sankey went back to Newcastle and talked the question over with his wife and family. He did not see his duty clearly all at once, but Mr. Moody kept writing for him to come to Chicago, and at last persuaded him to do so. This was the first of the long series of meetings in Chicago in the early morning, he went first to Mr. Moody's house, reaching there just as family prayers were being held. Almost before Mr. Moody introduced him to his family he asked him to sing a hymn and time contribute his part toward the informal service of praise. Then the two men went out into the streets of the city visiting the sick and unfortunate.

That day must have been a notable one in the personal history of the two men, who afterward commanded the eager attention of great audiences on both sides of the sea. On this occasion, as two ordinary missionaries, they went about from house to house, singing and reading the Bible and speaking the word of cheer and hope wherever it was needed. This was their first day's labor together. Evening meetings were held during the week in the Illinois street church, of which Mr. Moody was the head and leader.

On Sunday a large meeting was held in the Forest hall, and as the two men expected to be absent Mr. Sankey had to sing without instrumental accompaniment, not having even a small cabinet organ there. The effect of the service upon the people there was so marked that Mr. Moody turned to the singer and said, "You see I was right." There were that night not less than 100 inquiries. The earnest preaching and consecrated song had gone home to many a heart. From that time until the present these two men have been collaborators, and the story of their career here and in Great Britain is so famous that it need not again be rehearsed.—Congregationalist.

Keeping the Congregation Awake.

Lapenius, chaplain to the Danish court (1692), noticing that a large part of the congregation fell asleep during the sermon, suddenly stopped, and pulling from his pocket a shillelagh, commenced to play with it. This strange device, we are assured, had the effect desired.—Temple Bar.

A Big Lobster Pound.

There is a lobster pound, or pound, as it is called, 15 acres in extent at Southport, Me. This pound is the most successful on the coast, whence 1,000,000 lobsters are shipped each year. The pound is formed by building a solid dam across a tidal water course. This dam does not quite rise to high water mark, but across the top is placed a fence of iron rods, permitting a daily change of water and preventing the lobsters from escaping. In the spring and fall business is most brisk. When the fishermen bring the lobsters to the pound, the "dish," as they are

called, are hoisted to the dam, measured, and those which are more than 10½ inches long, the legal limit, are thrown in. If a lobster is clever, his life in the pound may be long and full of joy. If he is stupid, he will be fished out with a drag seine and packed in a barrel, with a piece of ice for a pillow, and sent to Boston. The seine is made of stout twine and is weighted at the bottom with a heavy lead. Along the top is a row of cork, which sustain the weight of the seine while the chain drags on the bottom of the pound.

A single cast of this seine will bring up lobsters enough to fill 11 barrels. The chain as it sweeps along the bottom stirs up the lobsters, which immediately shoot backward into the slack twine. In taking them out the men wear heavy mittens, though even then they are often nipped. In the pound the lobsters are fed on salt herring, men rowing about in skiffs and pitching the herring overboard. This is called "feeding the chickens," and it takes about six barrels to make a light luncheon for the flock.—Boston Globe.

The Cat in Ancient Times.

The cat is so very highly regarded in England at one time, both as a rat and mouse catcher, and as an ornament to society, that we find the following salutory law passed by one of the princes of Wales:

"If any one steal or kill a Cat that guards the Prince's Granary, he is to forfeit a mulch Ewe, its Fleeco and Lamb. Or, such Wheat as, when poured upon the cat suspended from its tail, with the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the Prince's sword." "Though the Welsh had a high opinion of the cat, the ancient Egyptians had a still higher. These intelligent and civilized people treated cats with great distinction. It was a crime to kill them, and when they died they received a public burial, at which the people mourned, having first shaved off their eyebrows as a token of sorrow. The most prominent cats were upon death embalmers in drugs and spices, and cat mummies have been found side by side with those of kings. When Cambyses, the Persian, attacked the Egyptian city of Pelusis, he cunningly provided his soldiers with cats instead of shields. When the host advanced, the Egyptians retired in confusion upon discovering that they would be unable to do damage to their enemy. The Persian army, seeing this, without seriously impeding the lives of their own men, cut off the heads of the cats and carried them away. The city was taken easily and without the loss of blood or of a cat. It cannot be disputed that the ancient Egyptian cats must have enjoyed life very much.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Yankee Doodle."

The tune of "Yankee Doodle" has had seven or eight treatises written upon it in the last 20 years, ascribing it to various dates and authors, even back to the Northmen and the days of Cromwell and the Charleses. Dr. George Grove of London, author of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," has investigated thoroughly the various musical libraries and the British museum in England, and has come to the conclusion that the tune is of 17th century date, and is a soft and glowing strain, as it stimulates healthful circulation. Sun and air baths are necessary to the proper nutritive functions of the skin, and daily attention to the promptings of nature is imperative to save it from becoming a veritable cesspool of disease. Care will do much to put off the evil day of wrinkles and decay.—Exchange.

They Make Auroras at Order. Artificial miniature auroras of the borealis variety have been produced by both Dr. de la Rive, the French savant, and Leutstrom, the Swedish astronomer. In Professor Leutstrom's experiments, which were made in Finland, the peak of a high mountain was surrounded with a coil of wire, pointed at intervals with thin ribs. The wire was then charged with electricity, whereupon a brilliant aurora appeared above the mountain, in which spectroscopic analysis revealed the greenish yellow rays so characteristic in nature's display of "northern lights."—St. Louis Republic.

Worse Than Wicked. If more people understood that any appearance of haste or carelessness was out of place in formal correspondence, they would not use such expressions as "many thanks" any more than the hardly less objectionable phrase, "thanks," in conversation. Such courtesies are like the old story, "Worse than wicked, it's vulgar."—Philadelphia Press.

A Test of Sobriety. Gentlemen who have put an enemy into their mouths are recommended to try a very simple test for the purpose of finding out whether their brains have been stolen. They must stand erect with their eyes closed, and if they can perform this feat for a brief period they may come to the conclusion that they are all right. Two individuals who were accused of drunkenness at Pontefract proved that they had honestly stood the test, and the cases against them were dismissed. The great merit of the plan is that it can be put into operation anywhere and at any time.—London Tit Bits.

An Honest Critic. He had a justly earned reputation as a graceful speaker and asked a friend to give him an opinion as to whether or not the fuzz on the skin is injurious, but the doctors agree that ripe peaches rank with the best of summer foods. Seed fruits, particularly figs, strawberries, blackberries and cranberries, aid digestion. Grapes, grape fruit, limes and oranges are prime aperients. Apples, dates, melons, cherries and plums are nourishing, but peaches are a tonic, an appetizing food and a drink combined, or, to put it briefly, they are meat and medicine.—Chicago Post.

Woman's Way of Flattering Men. It is a customary thing for men to laugh at women because they can't throw a ball, sharpen a pencil or tie a knot that won't slip, but they just let the women alone. They know what they are about. To appear helpless is woman's way of flattering men. It is because she allows man to look down upon her that man looks up to her.—Boston Transcript.

DEGENERATE CAPTIVES.

Where waters tremble into hillside lights From rocky crevices and shaded pools The wild stag pines, watch, fablelike he coils and coils, and falls in the pool. His shapely limbs. His proud head towered the heights. He lifts to look in contemplative mood On his companions feeding freely there From nature's lavish feast, spread every-where the deer express men's hands for paltry gifts.—Clara Dixon Davidson in God's.

A Telegraph Line Bore More's Honor. To the pioneers in the vast field of science! Mr. John Sime has published at the Chiswick Press in pamphlet form a very interesting memoir of Sir Francis Ronalds. Twenty years before Wheatstone and Cooke or Morse had patented their improvements in the telegraph, indeed while the first two were respectively 14 and 12 years of age, Ronalds had sent messages over eight miles of overhead wires of his own construction and had laid and worked a serviceable underground line of telegraph sufficient length to demonstrate the practicability of communication by telegraph between long distances.

Details of his overhead telegraph wires were published by him in 1823. Ronalds' residence at Hammersmith, where these experiments were carried out, is these days now and for long past occupied by Mr. William Morris, the poet, who has caused a tablet to be placed on the wall bearing the inscription, "The first electric telegraph, eight miles long, was constructed here in 1816 by Sir Francis Ronalds, F. R. S., etc." A autotype facsimile of a portrait of this father of electric communication accompanies the publication.—London Telegraph.

Calculating the Distance of a Storm. Although lightning and thunder occur always simultaneously, an interval of shorter or longer duration is usually observed between these two phenomena which is due to the fact that sound travels only at the rate of 1,100 feet per second, while the passage of light is almost instantaneous. Based upon this fact, it is an easy matter to tell, at least approximately, how many miles a thunder-storm is away. A normal pulse will beat about one stroke to the second, by counting the pulse beats during the interval of the lightning and the thunder the lapse of seconds is arrived at and consequently the number of feet, which can be reduced to miles.

For example: If 30 seconds elapse between the flash of the lightning and the crash of thunder, the storm center is at a distance of 33,000 feet, or about 6½ miles. An almost accurate calculation can be made by using a watch with a minute dial.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Use Pure Water Freely. Unhygienic habits report themselves unmistakably in the skin both in color and odor. To health and beauty it is essential that one should use pure water (rain water is best) frequently and freely and follow its use with brisk friction all over the body with a piece of coarse flannel, which is a wonderful aid to a soft and glowing skin, as it stimulates healthful circulation. Sun and air baths are necessary to the proper nutritive functions of the skin, and daily attention to the promptings of nature is imperative to save it from becoming a veritable cesspool of disease. Care will do much to put off the evil day of wrinkles and decay.—Exchange.

Artificial miniature auroras of the borealis variety have been produced by both Dr. de la Rive, the French savant, and Leutstrom, the Swedish astronomer. In Professor Leutstrom's experiments, which were made in Finland, the peak of a high mountain was surrounded with a coil of wire, pointed at intervals with thin ribs. The wire was then charged with electricity, whereupon a brilliant aurora appeared above the mountain, in which spectroscopic analysis revealed the greenish yellow rays so characteristic in nature's display of "northern lights."—St. Louis Republic.

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VOL. VII.

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WHOM THE GODS LOVE.
You say that being so old
"Twas time for him to die"
Rings not your comment eod
And even inhuman? Why
Should tender tears be shed
When death lays young lives low,
Spared years of sorrow and fret,
Spared age's overthrust?
When young, we are called away,
We shrink and regret;
For auster Time will slay
Not merely ourselves, but yet
Brand with authentic sign
His disposition elsewhere—
Drape wisps of silencing hair
Over eyes beloved—show line
And furrow on forehead cheek,
"When the gods love die young."
Ah, me! there wisdom's tongue
With sov'reign accent speaks.
Pity the old who die,
The young behind them leave
Such laments grief whereby
Fate bids they should not grieve,
Heart raced with many a sigh,
Wounded with many a tear.
Pity the old who die,
The young are happier far.
—Edgar Fawcett in Lippincott's.

LOVED AND WAITED.
Mine, Novar, reclined on a lounge in
the magnificent boudoir of her Moscow
home. Between her lips was a small
cigarette, and from the silver by her side
she drew from time to time a tiny cup
of coffee to her mouth.
"Tonight I shall tell him all," she
murmured, throwing one hand beneath
her head and gazing at the wreaths of
smoke as they curled upward. "It is
scarcely fair to deceive the boy longer.
He loves me passionately and I—well,
Martha Novar is also in love." She
kinkled the ash of her cigarette into a
silver tray.
At that moment a man entered the
room. He was clothed in the uniform of
an officer in the imperial guard and was
as handsome as a man well can be.
"Ah, good evening," he said gaily.
"You see I have not kept you waiting to-
night." He threw down his shako on
the table and drew his chair close to the
lounge.
"No, you are very good, Stanislas." Then, after a slight pause: "I have some-
thing of great importance to tell you to-
night—something that my cowardice
has prevented me from telling you long
before this, and for which I have to suf-
fer by narrating the happiness of such a
time."
She threw away her cigarette impetu-
ously, and then continued:
"It is about Ivan Novar."
"Do not talk of him now. He is dead and
should be forgotten. What reason have
you for speaking of him to me? Today
you are his widow; tomorrow you will
be the wife of Stanislas Fevitch."
"You misunderstand me. My hus-
band is dead, but I did not lose him by
death. He married me because I was
wealthy, because I had many servants
and was rich in gold, but three months
after the wedding he went away from me
to live with the woman he loved.
He never loved me, nor did I ever love
him, yet I believed I did at the time. I
should have told you all before it was
too late, but even now there is time to
retract."
The young officer bent closer to her,
pressing her hand with his lips.
"My poor Martha! What misery you
must have suffered, what pain it must
have caused you! Still there is one
woman you can trust, and one whom you
—you love. Is that not so?"
"Yes," she replied simply. "I love
you. But," releasing herself from his
grasp and standing up, "my mind is
made up. You do not know the woman
I am. You do not realize that I am dis-
graced forever. I cannot destroy the
happiness of your life by uniting myself
to one so pure, so innocent of the world.
You are but a boy, I a woman of 28
winters. Such marriages are never,
never happy ones."
He was looking at her in amazement
while she stood before him as pale as
marble, with a slight tinge of red on
either cheek.
"Martha, you say you have no wish to
destroy my happiness. Why, then, do
you do so by casting this terrible misery
in my path? God knows how much I
love you. As for our union being an
unhappy one, it is preposterous." Then,
more calmly: "Do not destroy our plans
for the future in this heartless fashion,
my darling. Your disgrace I have no
thought for. It is in my eyes not a dis-
grace, but a misfortune."
Mine, Novar was happy now. She
felt that her duty had been done, and
now that this passionate boy's love was
not only unrequited, but actually in-
creased, her heart's one desire was fulfilled.
The desertion of his wife by Ivan No-
var 10 years before had formed the topic
of society scandal in Moscow for some
time after the event occurred. But the
woman had not shrank away and hidden
herself from the eyes of the world. She
had fought against all and lived it down
with all the determination of her char-
acter.
No one knew where he had gone but
she. She had never loved him and did
not mourn his loss. It was the dishon-
or, the degradation that would ever be at-
tached to his, to her name when the
truth was known that made her face so
pale and wrinkled her eyes with fur-
rows.
When she met Stanislas Fevitch and
he had first declared his love for her, she
had resisted him, not unkindly, but firmly,
and had rebuffed her lover against
the passion which but for this precaution
would have plunged her into disgrace as
great as that which polluted the name of
her husband.
But one day she received the news of
the death of Ivan Novar. With this in-
telligence the barrier of reserve which
had been thrown up between herself and
her ardent lover was removed, and now
they were to be married.
Stanislas was a comparative stranger to
Moscow and scarcely two and twenty,
so that the history of Mine, Novar was
unknown to him. All he knew was that
she was a widow, but until then he had
never had any idea of the truth.
The next day Mine, Novar drove to a
distant part of the city. Happy in her
own thoughts, her face bright and an-
faced with a deep color as the biting
wind touched her cheeks, she scarcely
noticed the passersby as the sleigh slip-
ped over the snow. When at the corner
of a street the horses slowed down, she
raised her eyes, and they fell upon the
figure of a tall, gaunt man wearing
coarse, ragged clothes, torn and greasy.
Neither the persistent scowl on his face
nor the thick, matted beard which cov-
ered his cheeks could blot out the air of
refinement that pervaded his whole per-
son. In the dragging, slouching walk
there was a similitude of former firm-
ness and elasticity of step that had been
shattered by debauchery and vice, while
the broken hands that swung carelessly
by his side had lost but little of their
delicacy and softness.
The cry that she gave caused him to
raise his head and look directly at her.
He stopped and would have entered the
sleigh, but she hastily thrust a card
into his hands, and murmured hurriedly:
"Call on me at noon today."
He looked her full in the face for a
moment, then turned on his heel and
continued his walk. He was Ivan Novar.
"You have come back, then," said
Mine, Novar in a cold, harsh voice as
her husband entered the room.
"Yes," he answered, folding his arms.
"The rumor you heard of my death was
a false one, set afloat by those whom it
most benefited. I have for a long time
been trying to discover your whereabouts
to let you know the truth. I have come
now to save you from disgrace."
"You have come to save me from dis-
grace," repeated Mine, Novar, dwelling
with bitterness on each word. "You
have come to rob me of the only happi-
ness which my life has ever known."
You have come to poison my love, to
tear me away from the only man for
whom I hold respect! You have drag-
ged your own name into the mire, and
with it mine! You ruined my life and
blighted my hopes, and now you come
to save me from disgrace! I thank
you."
"You are very bitter," he answered.
"I did it for your sake."
"And what are you going to do now?"
she asked, sinking into a lounge.
"I shall go away—forever. I shall not
see you again. I will let you know when I
am—when you are free. That is all I
can do."
There was a few moments' silence.
Then she spoke again:
"And Vassily, where is she?"
"Dead," he answered hoarsely.
"Well, you took your happiness at the
expense of mine, and you have suffered
for it. I no longer have need of you." She
waved her hand in the direction of
the door, and the next moment Mine was
gone.
For a little while Mine, Novar sat, cold,
dumb and passionless, trying to gather
the thoughts which flew madly through
her brain. Then of a sudden she threw
herself on the lounge and burst into a
flood of tears.
Shortly after, Stanislas, unannounced,
entered the room and stood with his
hand upon the door, gazing in astonish-
ment at the sobbing figure. She did not
hear his approach.
"Martha," he said, laying his hand on
her arm. "what does this mean?" He
went down on one knee by the side of
the couch. She raised her head and stag-
gered to her feet.
"It means that we must part," Stan-
islas looked curiously at her, wondering
if intense happiness had affected her
mind. She saw his incredulous expres-
sion and added chokingly:
"My husband is alive. I have seen him
today."
"It is impossible!" he almost shouted.
"You must be mistaken. It is an im-
postor whom you have seen. Your hus-
band is dead, and in a few hours you
will be my wife."
Then she told him everything.
When she had finished, he led her to a
seat and sat by her side.
"There is one remedy—the law. You
have but to release yourself from this
man's clutches, by the law, and you will
be free. I will go at once and arrange
the matter for you. I will see that your
—my—future happiness is not destroyed
by this fellow."
He rose to go, but she detained him.
"No, no. I am as free now as ever. I
can be while he lives. I could not wait
to seek redress from the law. I could
not do it. It could never bring me hap-
piness, and that is all I want. No, no.
You must go away from me—must try
to forget me. You are young and have
all the world before you, while I—I have
seen enough of the world. You must
not ruin your peace of mind by refusing
to see reason through your love-glamored
eyes."
Her voice trembled, for the effort to
speak calmly when her very soul was torn
asunder had caused her cheeks to blanch
and her lips to quiver. For some time
he pleaded with her, implored her to
make the union with him possible and
honorable by the intervention of the
law, or at least to hold out some hope of
all obstacles being eventually removed.
But she told him with firmness that they
must part forever.
"I will go," he said at length, "if you
wish it, but I shall return. I will not
be with you, but I shall watch over you
and guard you until the day comes when
you are free. Then I shall come and
claim you as my own, and nothing shall
mar the happiness of our lives."
"You will never be able to be near me
and yet keep from my side. You must
go away altogether, and when you may
come back I will send you a message.
But it may be years."
"As you wish. We are both young and
can afford to wait. But, oh, my darling,
reconsider your decision once more—the
last time! Think!"
She shook her head sadly.
"Not even the love I bear to you can

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Lock Box 161 Quincy, Mass.

THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY.

As the Church has devoted the month of October to the devotion of the Rosary, it will be suitable to trace out here the origin of this devotion. We are told that it was usual in the East for anyone who entertained for another great sentiments of love or veneration to present to him a crown of roses. The Christians learned this custom from those among whom they lived, and expressed the devotion of their hearts to Our Lady by crowning her altars and statues with these wreaths of sweet-smelling flowers. In the fourth century, St. Gregory Nazianzen conceived the idea of substituting for these material crowns a spiritual one, consisting of beautiful prayers which he composed and circulated among the faithful. But as this species of prayer was confined necessarily to those who knew letters, something else was needed to extend the practice to the faithful at large. The honor of effecting this is due to St. Bridget, that illustrious and holy virgin of the fifteenth century, whom the Irish people styled "the Mary of Ireland." She substituted for the prayers of St. Gregory, the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Creed, which were to be recited while the various incidents in the life of the Blessed Virgin and of Our Lord, were revolving in the mind. To her also, is due the honor of having introduced into the West, the practice of counting these prayers upon beads, or pieces of stone, after the manner of the Solitaries of the deserts. It was not known until the beginning of the thirteenth century, that the Rosary received its present form. St. Dominic was the man ordained by Heaven to establish this beautiful devotion as we have it now. During his life, France was infected by a terrible heresy, called that of the Albigensians. Those who professed this form of error admitted two Gods, attacked the Sacraments, denying the use of baptism, penance and matrimony. Their actions were so vile, their doctrines so horrible, that they had at length to be suppressed by force of arms. It was while laboring for their conversion that St. Dominic introduced the practice of the Rosary and with marvelous results. The hearts of the people were softened; they gave up their heresy and all the abominable practices which it had led them and purged away their guilt by humble penance. Finally to honor the devotion of the Rosary, Pope Sixtus V. ordained that a festival should be celebrated on the first Sunday of October, to commemorate the victory gained by the Christians over the Mahometans at Lepanto, in the year 1571. This victory he attributed to the powerful intervention of Our Lady in behalf of the Christian people, who during the engagement were occupied in reciting the Rosary to obtain a successful issue to the war.

PURGATORY.

November will be devoted to the prayers for the suffering souls in Purgatory. Every day the Angel of Death enters our houses, and summons from us those who are deep rooted in our affections, and for whom our heart throbs beat in love and esteem. Daily must we bow our heads in reverent silence and submission to the decree that snatches from us some loved one. Perhaps it is a wife who mourns the loss of a husband. She finds comfort and companionship in praying for the repose of his soul; in the words of Tertullian: "she prays for his soul, and begs for him in the interim refreshments, and in the first resurrection, companionship, and maketh offerings on the anniversary day of his falling asleep." Perhaps it is a husband whose loving wife is gone to sleep in death. Then will he hold her memory sacred, and offer for her the immense of increasing prayer so that it may be said for him as St. Jerome wrote to Pammachius: "Thou hast rendered what was due to each part; giving tears to the body and aims to the soul. There were thy tears where thou knowest was death; there were thy works where thou knowest was life. Already she is honored with thy merits; already she is fed with thy bread, and abounds with thy riches." Perhaps it is a dear friend around whom our heartstrings were entwined, and whose love for us was more than we were worthy of; whose councils were our guide; whose soul was an open book in which we daily read the lesson of high resolve and sincere purpose; whose virtuous life was a continuous inspiration urging us on to noble deed and noble thought; and yet our friendship may have bound his soul in ties too earthly, and retarded his progress in perfection; in consequence he may still dread the light of God's countenance and may be lingering in this state of purgation. It behooves us in all earnestness and in friendship's sacred claim, to pray unceasingly for that friend, beseeching God to let the dew of Divine mercy fall upon his parching soul, assuage his pain, and take him to Himself to complete his happiness.

So the sacred duty of prayer for the dead runs through all the relations of life. From all comes the cry begging for our prayers. We cannot, in justice, ignore it; we cannot be true to ourselves and to the memory of our suffering brethren. Every reminder that we receive is a voice coming from the grave. Now it is the mention of a name that once brought gladness to our hearts; or we come across a letter written by a hand whose grasp used to thrill our souls; that hand now stiffened and cold in death; or it is the sight of some relic that recalls the dear one passed away, or it is a dream—and to whom has not such a dream occurred—in which we live over again the pleasant past with the

bosom friend of our soul, and he is back once more, in the flesh, re-enacting the scenes of former days, breathing and talking as naturally as though there were no break in his life or ours, and we had never parted. When we awaken from our dream, and the pang of reality, like a keen blade, penetrates our hearts, let us not rest content—let us pray to God to give the dear departed soul eternal rest.

NO CONTRACT LABOR IN CITY AFFAIRS.

The resolutions presented in the Council by Messrs. O'Connell and Lennon, have the right ring to them; inasmuch as they request the various departmental heads not to let out public works to contractors, but to give such work to actual citizens of Quincy so that the taxpayers may be able to get whatever benefit is derived from the money which they pay in taxes for public necessities.

This is all the more appropriate, because business generally is very dull, and all signs point to hard times this winter, for the poor man. We hold that the bounden duty of the municipality is to protect, assist and advance the interests of our own citizens in preference to those of any other man. When these other men are not even citizens of the United States; when their labor is practically bought and sold like that of slaves in public market; when good faithful citizens and taxpayers must be pushed aside to do work at living prices, and even obliged to pay these contract slaves out of their own scanty savings, it is time to call a halt.

Some of the rich men, (who as a class never pay their just proportion of the taxes) contend that labor is a commodity and is worth only what it will bring in open market. They say that public officials take oath to perform their duty to the citizens and it is a part of that duty to have work performed at the lowest possible price. These assertions sound pretty strong, but they are only partly true. Labor is more than a commodity. The purchaser of labor is not dealing with mere goods, mere things which have no other purpose than to be tools. He is dealing with human beings who have obligations to support their family, to pay their taxes, to educate their children and to be self supporting, and not to be a burden upon the community. The obligation of the employer does not cease with labor as a slave. Black slavery with its horrors has gone. White slavery must also go. The law of compensation must be regulated not by the greed of the employer, but by the necessities and by the civil and family obligations of the workman. It must be able to meet these obligations and be only way possible for him to do so, is by his wages, which consequently must be sufficient for this purpose. When the capitalist denies the laborer wages enough to live like a man, the capitalist becomes an oppressor. When a city, town or state goes into this kind of business it ceases to do its duty by its own children. Yes, public officials are elected to do their full duty to the citizens. But they should feel that their duty extends to all classes. They should not listen to the complaints of the rich, nor yet feel that the working men ask for charity. The man who hires a house pays its taxes every time, the landlord simply hands over to the collector the tax money paid by the tenant.

When citizens and taxpayers are able and willing to perform public works in their town it is the duty of public officials to make their own. On the other hand, the master of extra cost of free labor is easily offset by the extra quality of work. The circulation of a large sum of money among our own citizens, benefits the landlords, the storekeepers, and the city itself. On the other hand contract labor scoops in our money, takes it right out of town and is consequently of positive detriment to the city and to its business men. From whatever side it may be viewed, we consider that public officials best perform their sworn duty to the citizens when they employ these in preference to any others. By no means should they encourage any system which imports white slave labor to compete with American free men, citizens and taxpayers.

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THE ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT.

The purchase of the works and charter of the Electric Light Co. is a question that is attracting the attention of the people of Quincy at the present time. It is contended that if the city owned the works, the rate would be less, and the light of better quality. Complaints are being made of the uncertainty of the lamps and that the lamps go out several times at night leaving the people in total darkness for the time being.

It is becoming a general principle that cities and towns should own the street railways, telegraph and telephone wires, and Electric light works. In some English cities this system has been adopted and has given general satisfaction as to the quality of the service rendered, and it is claimed that the cost is much less than the rates charged by private corporations. Our experience of public and private ownership has not been very satisfactory to us in this locality. We bought our Water plant from a private corporation for the round sum of \$200,000. The water—people drink it, but just as soon as money can be borrowed the City Council will be asked for a large appropriation to improve the condition of the plant. In Weymouth, where the pipes had to be sunk for miles through solid rock, the cost was much less. It will be for the interest of our citizens to compare the reports of the town of Weymouth and that of our own city in regard to public works, but the Weymouth town report will be out before town election—Quincy report will be published some time next summer, when all interest in it will be forgotten.

In Braintree, the citizens built their own Electric plant. They claim that the light is much better and cheaper. The cost of light in Braintree is about one-half what it is in Quincy. It may be said that the Braintree people base their claims to superiority on too high an opinion of themselves, but it should be humiliating to our young and flourishing city, if we are surpassed by the "old fogies" in business tact.

The spirit of Progress is abroad, and the time is coming when the people will own every department of the public works. We should profit by our own experience in the water works, and in our future transactions with corporations, not allow ourselves to be handicapped by legislation, nor to be dragged into an extravagant purchase.

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THE CAUCUS.

One of the great bugbears of the dyspeptic politicians is the "Caucus." When the election approaches if everones favorite is not nominated for office, "the caucus is packed," "the ballot box is stuffed," "the ring ran the thing etc." The wonder is, that the great statesmen who spend so much of their eloquence in abusing the caucus, and lamenting the evils it brings upon the nation, have not long ago decided a remedy. The Caucus is the foundation stone of American Liberty; on it is built every right or privilege we enjoy from representative government. The Caucus is the Primary assembly of the people, and every elected officer of the Great Republic must come through the Caucus. To this body every citizen in the nation is eligible before it to propose his claim, or that of his friend, to any office in the gift of the people. It is the proud boast of the American people that we are a representative government, elected by the people. The Caucus is the only way in which the will of the people can be ascertained as to who shall be entrusted with the government of the Nation. It is often said that the action of a Caucus is unjust, but the men taking part in a caucus are American citizens, and have rights which are guaranteed to them by the law. If the people assembled in a caucus or in a convention act foolishly, or corruptly, it is because they are unwise or corrupt themselves; a blow struck at the system is aimed at the heart of representative government. One of the greatest evils of the caucus is that many of our people who consider themselves our best citizens, do not attend caucuses. They will not mingle with the rough crowd and prefer to allow the business to go by default, rather than soil their clothes and lose their tempers by the contact. This is the great mistake of a great many of our good men. The caucus is the place for our greatest men, no one is too high to act his part there. The man who can run a caucus is the greatest man in the body, and it is no matter what a man's opinion of himself may be, the strongest mind will govern.

We hear a great deal about packing caucuses. This is the complaint of weak minds. The essence of a caucus is to ascertain the sentiments of the citizens, and the only way to do this is to canvass the opinion of the voters. If the citizen wants an officer for himself or for his friend, he will naturally ask the voter, and if the voter wishes to support him, he will go to the caucus and vote for him. If many of the citizens feel an interest in the man, or in the principle advocated they will go to the meeting, and the caucus is packed.

The state has wisely made a law defining the rights and duties of citizens in a caucus. These are clearly laid down, and any man can be punished for infringing upon them. Every man who is interested in the preservation of American Liberty, will do his utmost to support the caucus, and make it what it was intended to be—the bulwark of our country's freedom.

Let every man consider it a sacred duty to attend these primary meetings, if this principle obtained we would have the best and most capable men in public office.

CLARE.

COLLECTORS FOR MONITOR.

The following gentlemen have been appointed to collect the money due the Monitor for annual subscriptions. Our readers will kindly pay only to these members, who will call at the houses of those who are in arrears.—For Ward 1, Mr. John Foley of Adams Street; Ward 2, Mr. Timothy Carey; Ward 3, Mr. John Burke and Mr. William Kingstreet; Ward 4, Mr. Richard Cole and Mr. Thomas F. Hogan; Wards 5 and 6, Mr. Henry Cunningham.

These gentlemen have a list of the accounts and will be pleased to receive the money due.

LOCALS.

Miss Julia Morahan is confined to the house by illness.

The Sunday Schools opened Oct. 1st with a large attendance.

On last Sunday the electric cars to Hough's Neck made the last trip of the season.

St. John's C. L. & A. A. are rehearsing "The Flowing Bowl" to be presented this month.

West Quincy's Court of Foresters will hold a social in St. Mary's hall on Friday evening, Oct. 29.

The free evening schools will open in the Adams and Willard School buildings on Monday evening, Oct. 30.

Work is rather dull at Atlantic. The mill factory only runs on half time and the foundry but two days a week.

Mr. Daniel Lyons of Atlantic has been appointed postmaster at that place. He will probably locate the office in Timberlake's store.

The Knights of St. Rose held a Ladies' night in Boston at their hall Monday evening. Several Quincy members and their ladies attended.

It may interest some of our readers to know that after Nov. 1, the hours of the Quincy Savings Bank will be from 8.30 to 12 a. m., and from 2 to 4 p. m.

The Mt. Wollaston Bank will be open from 8.30 to 11.30 a. m., and from 2 to 4 p. m. The hours of the National Bank are from 8.30 a. m. till 3 p. m.

Mrs. E. B. Collins, who has had experience in the millinery business both in Chicago and Boston, announces that she has opened parlors in the new Faxon block. The special opening days were Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 11 and 12.

Now Is The Time

To take **Cod Liver Oil** and build up your system, so you will not be troubled with Coughs and Colds all winter. I have, this week, received a fresh lot of Pure Mumylen Oil, put up in pint bottles at 50 cents a pint.

Remember we are at the service of the public at all hours.

PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY,

CORNER HANCOCK AND SCHOOL STREETS.

FINE TAILORING.
FALL AND WINTER STYLES.

I guarantee that all work done in my establishment cannot be excelled in any respect by any Merchant Tailor within a radius of 50 miles. Should you not believe this assertion give me a trial and you will be convinced.

SUITS TO ORDER FROM \$25 UPWARDS. CLEANSING, PRESSING, REPAIRING AND DYEING.

WILLIAM J. WELSH, Merchant Tailor.

Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block, Hancock St., Quincy.

On Thursday, Sept. 28, Miss Anne Forbes died at her home on Common St., after a short illness. She was a girl of a very beautiful disposition, and had a large circle of friends. She was among those who were confirmed early in the month.

Fr. Butler, who has been associated with the Quincy parish a little more than a year, has been removed to St. Mary's Lynn, to assist Fr. Teeling. During his stay in Quincy, his health has not been very good so it was thought better for him to seek a different atmosphere. He had a large circle of friends.

Since our last issue the community was shocked by the news of the death of Mr. Patrick H. Gavin. For many years a resident, a prominent business man, affiliated with several societies few men were more intimately known or more highly respected. His memory will be long cherished. To his afflicted widow and children the Monitor extends its sincere sympathy.

Sudden deaths in Quincy seem to be the rule for this year, and not the exception. Mrs. Simon Bennett was summoned from earth last Monday almost without warning. In fact most of the deaths in the parish for a long time have been practically instantaneous. How many are living in such a state of sanctity that they could cheerfully and joyously render up their soul to the judgment of God? Who will be the next? Shall I?

A NEW CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.
The Wonderful Escorial Transformed Into a Seat of Learning.

For years the Escorial, this architectural marvel of Spain's medieval Catholicity, was left unattended—in fact, well nigh abandoned. When the pilgrim or tourist from foreign lands came to visit this monumental wonder, its gorgeous architecture at once reminded him of the palaces of the past, military glory and forcibly recalled the history of the seclusion and penances of one of its mighty monarchs, whom his biographers described as the "proudest of kings, the humblest of monks." But in the mountain of granite, shaped into a palace, a church and a convent, the stranger missed in its beautiful cloister the classic capuch of the friar of the middle ages to complete an artistic picture.

Thanks to the generous initiative of the present regent, this link with the past has been supplied. One of the last acts of the youthful life of Alphonso XII was to utilize it for teaching purposes, and with that view he founded a college, to which he gave his name and the frugal aid of his purse again placed it under the guardianship of the sons of St. Augustine.

Today they have elevated it to the position and dignity of a truly Catholic university, under the title of "Maria Christina," in which all the higher studies of the arts and sciences will be taught.

Already appointments to the chairs of philosophy and literature have been nearly completed, while other chairs are about being conferred to the most distinguished scholars of the Catholic church in Spain—men looked up to on account of their attainments in almost every department of sacred science. Similar nominations have been made for classes of military studies in their preparatory stages, as well as for the whole course of sciences, medicine and pharmacy, combining therewith the study of modern languages, music, drawing and equestrianism.

Thus, has been realized the constant aspiration of her majesty the queen regent, who since the premature death of her husband has been unwearied in her efforts to see fulfilled one of his cherished dreams—one of his noble, generous thoughts—in establishing in the royal monastery a center of teaching capable of satisfying all the moral, scientific and literary requirements of the present day.—Catholic Review.

The new Diocese of Idaho, which has seen so many other sees erected within the limits of the vast territory that was confided to the episcopal care of Bishop Penalarbe a century ago the present year, can now add one more to the number of such erections, for Idaho, which the holy see has just elevated from the rank of a vicariate apostolic to that of a bishopric, originally formed a part of the Louisiana territory, and as such was subject to the jurisdiction of the first ordinary of the Crescent City.

The Catholic population of Idaho, which alone considered, has increased notably since Bishop Glorieux was appointed the second vicar apostolic. At the time of his consecration in 1885, the population was under 2,000. In 1887

Bargains in

Ladies' Gents' and Children's

Hosiery and

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Also a large stock of

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BOSTON OFFICE: 28 Pemberton Square, Office Hours: 9.30 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M.

Quincy, Oct. 7, 1892.

It amounted to 2,500; the following year it was 1,000 larger. In 1890 it was about 5,000, and now it is 3,000 in excess of that. This constant and notable increase, together with the fact that Idaho is now a state of the Union, doubtless influenced in no small measure the recent action of the holy see, whereby Dr. Glorieux ceases to be a bishop in partibus and becomes the first ordinary of the new see erected in Idaho.—New World.

Anecdote of Father Mauron.

A pretty anecdote, which illustrates his simplicity and poverty of spirit, is told of the late Father Mauron, superior general of the Redemptorists. A short time after the election of the new general, Father IX entered the church of St. Alphonsus to pray. After satisfying his devotion he visited the convent, and going straight to Father Mauron's room he looked about carefully, opening boxes and drawers, and then, having examined the mattress of the bed, he turned to the astonished priest, saying, "Father Mauron, I have looked into things here partly in jest, partly in earnest, and I find that you live in strict accordance with the example of your holy founder." It was this virtue of self sacrifice that enabled Father Mauron to write so happily the Neapolitan and the non-Neapolitan Redemptorists into one great religious family—one of the most useful and flourishing in the church.—Ave Maria.

Miscreants Brought to Justice.

Honor to the parish priest of Roby, in Belgium, against whom odious scandals had been uttered by three local miscreants. The priest summoned the fellows before the court of Dinant, where they were condemned, but they appealed to a higher court at Liege, which confirmed the sentences, varying from five days to a month's imprisonment and in addition has ordered them to pay a fine of 500 francs to the pastor. The village made festival on this decision being known and lauded the worthy ecclesiastic with congratulations and garlands of flowers.

Catholic Notes.

Catholic congresses are again becoming frequent on the continent. Cardinal Sarto, Mgr. Di Sere, archbishop of Mileto, and many priests and lay Catholics attended one which has just been held at Pavia. The question of the part to be taken by Catholics in municipal elections was fully entered into.

The Corriere Nazionale of Turin has taken the initiative of a national homage to Leo XIII, consisting in addition to the ritual offering of a votive candle, the works of charity founded, the festive and the learned societies, which had reunions in every parish of Italy in honor of the pope's episcopal jubilee.

All Medicines at the Lowest Possible Prices,

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Willard's

DRUG STORE,

27 SCHOOL STREET, - - SOUTH QUINCY.

We know you are in need of

Winter Underwear.

WE HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S, ALL PRICES AND QUALITIES, ALSO

Ladies and Children's Hosiery,

C. S. HUBBARD'S - 158 Hancock St.

Bed Lounges, \$4.75

Mantel Beds \$8.50

Cook Stoves, \$8.00

Sewing Machines, \$10.00

Mark Down Sale of Stuffed Easy Chairs

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Frank F. Crane's

4 CHESTNUT STREET, QUINCY.

Bed Lounges, \$4.75

Mantel Beds \$8.50

Cook Stoves, \$8.00

Sewing Machines, \$10.00

Mark Down Sale of Stuffed Easy Chairs

—AT—

NOTICE.

we have the finest line of Fall and

Winter Goods and samples ever

shown in Quincy, and our workmen

are first class, therefore you are sure of

first class work at reasonable prices.

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D. BAMFORD.

FINE CUSTOM TAILOR.

CALL AT THE J. W. McANARNEY,

Misses Flynn Counsellor at Law,

—FOR— QUINCY, MASS

Gents Laundered and

Unlaundered Shirts.

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A NICE LINE OF FALL

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Children's Hose 18 cts.

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Carriages and Flowers furnished.

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The following magnificent selection from the Monday night speech of John E. Russell, effectively denounces the Republican scarecrow that the Democrats are responsible for the present times in money affairs. This is ought to be in the hands of every man, for it will show him what taken away his work and his head, has resulted in so much damage and how much more dreadful will the be, by a continuance of such policy?

Mr. Russell said:—
Mr. Lodge gives his reasons. He calls a want of confidence in the party of Mr. Cleveland. The Mr. Harrison in a canvass of Quincy and Dudley, with money of interest that were to be McKimley tariff and silver it was a blow under which confidence in our institutions staggered. There is no worse government corrupt public. When the money rich is used to control the suffrage, the fine sweet spirit founded fathers is frightened away. The longer the government of the party it hastens swift decay.

The first want of political confidence was shown in the election of 1890, the party in power met a defeat humiliating than anything in our history. It was an expression of the sense of the people, and it effected a change in the other body of men charged with possibility but those who had elected in the habit of treating with contempt. The next evidence in the financial world securities held abroad began to gold began to flow to Europe.

The passage of the McKimley an avowed attempt to cut off trade, to restrict commerce, and to accomplish this, "An act to reduce," Taxation to reduce revenue, taintly not contemplated in the nation. This was a bill reducing revenue by adding taxes to be collected others. It was intended to restrict progress and cut off foreign trade.

These are strange phrases, months of statements, and show the Republican party have drifted the true path of national prosperity. Legislation with such titles the causes of distrust and genuine Madison, the leader House of Representatives a station bringing in a tax revenue, to restrict trade and commerce.

He and all the other men who had made the country land on the ground of uncertainty, know that the highest power by the people to government, is to tax and that this right is strictly to the needs of the government.

They felt what John Marshall that the power to tax is the power, and that all the taxes that pay the treasury should receive days in the words of Hamilton, money was the darling object, to hamper or cut off of spruce. The McKimley bill was to the wishes of the people. The was of 78 the Republicans in the revision of the tariff. The stood that it was to be a were answered by the McKimley us consider the effect of the mess. While it greatly came on articles not produced, it enormously increased goods entering into commerce own manufacturers. In the before it went into effect, met all their capital and strained the in the importation of stock. It made heavy consequences, so that household necessities were and the money market, average payment of duties. This placed debt and was a new reason for gold. The period of the trusts and combinations were wanted. Wages did not rise and of farm products continued, while the life blood of trading the country in an increasing stream.

THE SAILOR SAINT.

TALE OF AN IRISH DISCOVERER OF THE SIXTH CENTURY.

From Tralee Bay St. Brendan Was Wafted to the Shores of America—The West Indies and the Mississippi Described in the Holy Mariner—A Prophecy Fulfilled.

The voyage of St. Brendan is generally known to Irishmen. The story of his discoveries was recorded circumstantially in its time, and so genuine is it that to this day it bears no evidence of having been made to agree with modern discoveries and science.

The Bollandists relate the voyage of St. Brendan as one that cannot be wholly rejected; Montalembert made it seem possible; Charles Kingsley cannot reject it as entirely fabulous. In this day Charles de Kay has promised some evidence to show that "Celtic mariners of St. Columba's epoch did leave traces on this continent."

St. Brendan was born at Tralee in Kerry. When he was converted and became a monk—synonymous term in those days in Ireland—he had many things to do. He made a pilgrimage to Patrick's purgatory at Lough Derg in Donegal, and he established a monastery at Clonfert (Clon Fert), curiously enough the pagan name of Lough Derg, and another at Ardara, not far from Tralee, his birthplace.

It is said there were 3,000 monks under this Abbe Brendan at Ardara, where there was a famous school. At any rate so many honors accumulated on the head of the father that he often left the monastery and betook himself to secret solitude on Brendan mountain, where he was beaten by every wind that blew upon that wild and rugged coast. Once he brought with him for meditation a tale of one Paritius, a man of the royal race of O'Neill, of a nephew who, fleeing over the ocean to be a solitary on a desert, had found a delightful isle called the Land of Promise of the Saints.

Here the sailor saint remained sleeping in the cave, feeding on seal and birds, with his eyes always outward over the water, seeing only the flight of time, the ceaseless roll of waves, the littleness of human existence.

It was then he got into a little boat and sought St. Enda, on the isle of Arran, and asked a blessing on his mission, for he had determined to go. He returned to Ardara—to the Hill of the Miracles, as the place was called—and selected 14 monks who were considered holy enough to venture on such a journey, for a man not sufficiently tried might bring disasters upon them.

With these chosen companions he set sail from Tralee in a boat made of cow and wattle, over which were stretched skins made waterproof with pitch and tallow. In the middle was a mast and sail and 40 days' provisions, not counting fast days. He commanded his monks to enter the boat in the name of the Holy Trinity. As he stood praying on the shore three others came and begged to be taken also. He gave them leave, but prophesied that two would come to judgment while on the voyage.

So they drifted out to sea and had no need of oars for 12 days, so calm it was. The first day they watched the misty peaks of Kerry—the fading outlines of a land over which St. Patrick had extended his hands and blessed it.

The important point is that St. Brendan gives as true a local color as does Lieut. Ericson. He describes the vegetation of the West Indies, the cypress trees farther north, the grapes of the Norse Vinland and the volcanoes, icebergs, volcanic cliffs and long nights of the arctic. On his return voyage southward he reaps the harvest of fruits and grains of a south Atlantic autumn. He hears a marvelous bird "whose song was sweeter than the thrush's, our own nightingale. And then he finds a river that divides the land into east and west" and is too wide to cross.

How should he conceive the Mississippi but as a dividing line between the things he might know and those he might not? So to him it might be in a vision by day or night to one absorbed in religious contemplation and to whom spiritual things were the only things real—came an angel bidding him return to his own country, that his mission was ended. It was promised that after many centuries other men should discover this promised land of the saints and it should be a land of refuge to exiles from Erin. And in this day, verily, it is fulfilled.

In obedience to the angel St. Brendan returned to his native land and told the tale of his adventures. As an evidence of the truth of his story, the odor of the land of flowers (Florida) lingered in his garments for 40 days. In the fullness of time he died and was buried in the abbey of Ardara, the ruins of which church, many times rebuilt, still remain the most beautiful of Kerry.

It was inevitable that the account of his voyage and discovery should have been carried to far countries, for all through the dark ages Ireland was still the island of the saints. You can see for instruction to Ardara, Clonfert, Clonmacnoise, Cashel and many neighboring monasteries, and Irish monks carried the light of knowledge and piety into the heart of Europe as far as Metz. So their annals became the common property and heritage of men of learning and holiness throughout the continent.

Columbus could thus have heard this story at La Rabida and was undoubtedly familiar with it. Lieut. Ericson could have heard it in Iceland. Many a secular voyage was undertaken in search of St. Brendan's land, and the West Indies were long believed to be his tropic isles of the beautiful birds, and on the mainland beyond his land of flowers, it was believed, was to be found the fountain of youth. Ponce de Leon searched for it. De Soto went on to the river that divided the east from the west, and finding not the warning of St. Brendan's angel found a grave in the stream that separated the known from the unknown—Philadelphia Times.

Catholic Notes.
The residue of the estate of the late Bridget Donnelly of Quincy, after a few minor bequests, has been left to the Home For Destitute Catholic Children, Boston.

The eleventh Italian Catholic congress will be held at Naples on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of October.

The Catholic congress, fixed to open in Theresopolis, Hungary, on Sept. 11, was prohibited by the minister of the interior owing to the prevalence of cholera.

THE GLORY OF MARY.

How the Poet Dante Saw the Splendid Oriflamme of Peace.

The poet theologian, Dante, tells us in his "Paradise" that St. Bernard was sent by Beatrice to manifest to him the glory of the ever blessed Virgin.

"Son of grace," said Bernard to Dante, "the life of the blessed will remain unknown to thee if thou keepest thine eyes continually lowered. Gaze on the most distant sphere until thou seest the throne of the queen to whom this kingdom is subject and devoted."

Dante then raised his eyes, and even as in the morning the eastern horizon sun passes in brightness that where the sun declines, so he beheld on the summit of the loftiest sphere a point that surpassed all others in splendor. There shone the oriflamme of peace, the Most Holy Virgin, and her brilliant quivered the light of other fires or other saints.

Bernard fixed his eyes on the object of his love with an affection so great that the eyes of the poet grew brighter as they contemplated him. The saint explains to the poet the order in which the object of the Old and the New Testament are disposed and bids him observe the immense glory of the Blessed Virgin. Then in an ardent supplication he begs Our Lady to obtain for Dante the grace to raise himself even to the vision of God.

"Virgin mother," he cries, "daughter of thy Son, humble and august beyond all other creatures, fixed term of the eternal will, thou art she who hast so ennobled human nature that its author did not disdain to become man's own work."

"In thy womb was kindled the love whose heart has germinated flowers in eternal peace."

"Here thou art for us a sun of charity in its noontide, and below among mortals a living count of love."

"Woman, thou art so great and hast such power that he who wishes a grace and does not run to thee wishes his desires to fly without wings."

"Thy goodness not only succors him who asks, but frequently anticipates his request."

"In thee is mercy, in thee pity, in thee magnificence, in thee all that is good in creatures."

"Now, he who from the most profound abyss of the universe has thus far seen the existence of spirits one by one begs of thy clemency to accord to him strength sufficient to raise himself higher toward the supreme beatitude."

"And I, who have never enjoyed this vision for myself, most ardently than I do for him—I offer thee all my prayers, and I beg of thee that they may not be vain, so that thou mayest dissipate all the shadows of his mortality, and that this sovereign joy may show itself to him."

"I beseech thee, moreover, O Queen, who canst do what thou wilt, to preserve the love which may procure for him such a vision. Let thy protection triumph over the impulses of his human nature."

During his prayer the eyes that God loves, the eyes of the Virgin, were fixed on Bernard with a tender affection that showed how agreeable to her are the devout petitions of her children.—Ave Maria.

Pope Leo XII and Lord Byron.

The history of Pope Leo XII (not Leo XIII, for he, like his predecessor, Pope IX, has been robbed of all his temporal dominion) furnishes a notable example of how he freed a part of his temporal dominions from the evils of a landism, less outrageous and cruel in some respects than that imposed on Ireland, yet oppressive in its general operation and results.

On the fall of Napoleon a part of the papal temporal dominions was assigned by the allied powers to the support of the Beauharnais family. The rents were collected by agents who were exacting and heartless. Collisions between them and the tenants naturally arose, and riots and murders ensued. Leo XII assisted and encouraged the formation of a company which bought up all these lands and sold them back at fair prices to the occupants who had rented them. The trouble was thus speedily terminated, and peace and prosperity were established where before there had been misery, discontent and disorder.—Exchange.

Guard the Tongue Carefully.

You can never catch a word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your power. Do your best, you can never recall it. Therefore take care what you say, for many sorrows are avoided by guarding the tongue, and many evils are brought about by the too frequent use thereof.

Grosse Isle.

Not less than five thousand of the children of Erin, flying from famine and landlord tyranny and stricken by fever, lie buried in Grosse Isle.

Far from their own beloved land, These Irish exiles sleep, And dream not of their past, Nor care for their future weep.

Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide Sweeps onward wave on wave, They lie—still Ireland's exiles dead— In cross-crook'd lonely grave.

Sleep on, O hearts of Erin, From earthly travail free! Our freighted souls greet you Beyond life's troubled sea.

In every Irish heart and home, Where prayer and love abound, Is built an altar to your faith— A cross above each mound.

No more the patriot's words will cheer Your lonely tomb and grave, No more your Irish hearts will tell The leads of evening prayer.

The mirth that so oft at drear night Lies buried in your grave, Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide Sweeps onward wave on wave,

O tidings in the harvest field Who gather golden grain! O pilgrims by the wayside, And ye who know that liberty Oft winds a shining blade, Pour forth your souls in holy prayer Where Irish hearts are laid!

Far from their own beloved land, These Irish exiles sleep, Where dream not of their past, Nor care for their future weep. But fragrant breath of maple Sweeps on with freedom's tide And consecrates the lonely site Where Irish exiles die!

—Thomas O'Hagan.

The grave is but a little hill, yet from it how small do all great affairs of life look, how great the small!

Catholic Notes.
The pope has raised the vicariate of Idaho to the dignity of a bishopric.

The French government has conferred the cross of the Legion of Honor on Mr. Rudini Tedeschi, who carried the hat to Cardinal Bourret, and Mr. Granito di Belmonte, who discharged the same office for Cardinal Lecot.

GOD DOES EXIST.

Who Says There is No God is Devoid of Common Sense.

The man who says there is no God is obliged in the same breath to say, "All men in all ages and in all countries have been wrong, and I alone am superior in intellect to all of them"—in other words, "I have no common sense, for the common sense is nothing else but the common and universal sentiment of the whole world."

A man who doubts the existence of God is therefore a man who has no common sense.

He is a man utterly void of right understanding. How, for instance, would he solve the plain and simple problem of the watch proposed by Feneion? But it is more the heart than the mind that is sick among irreligious men of this stamp.

They are almost always other men destitute of morality or men, having superficially adopted the spirit of dangerous books, have given up their religious belief, and having accepted the false assumption against the faith imagine that they have strong minds. For such men as these one must have strong pity.

Read, steadfast, unshaken atheism is only to be found among animals. When man desires to live like the animals, he may well ape for a time their absence of religion.

But at the least reverse The mask falls, the man remains. And the least vanities.

How many have been atheists in words and have suddenly changed when they have stood face to face with death!

A devoted anatomist has said: "Give me the tongue of a dead dog, and I will make it howl at atheists." "Give me," one might add, "the tongue of an atheist, and I will prove to its owner, by an analysis of the wonders it presents, that he is himself a living animal."

The surest way to believe in God is so to live that we do not fear his righteous judgments, and to live thus is to practice with care all that religion teaches—to be a good and faithful Catholic.—Catholic Review.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

How Father O'Connor Gave Absolution to Perishing Firemen.

The destruction by fire a few weeks ago of the cold storage building on the World's fair grounds, which 17 brave men amid the flames sacrificed their lives to save, was most touching.

The sad facts are well known, but a touching incident occurred at the time unobserved by most of the bystanders which has been made public for the edification of all.

With the crowd present at that terrible scene stood the Rev. Father O'Connor of San Francisco. While others were rendered frantic through horror at the sight he looked steadily upward. He saw that no earthly help could reach the doomed men, and as they were forced, one after another, to drop down in the fiery furnace, Father O'Connor raised his hand, and pronouncing the formula of conditional absolution gave to each, in so far as he was capable of receiving it, the sacrament of sin.

The thought of this must give much consolation to the families of the departed heroes.

In that supreme moment when eternity opens before the Christian soul before whom it is called, desiring that by his grace and mercy it may be disposed to receive the benefits of the sacrament through which the stains of sin committed after baptism are removed. Thus the act of baptism, in the exercise of his sacred ministry, was in perfect accord with the loving spirit of mother church, whose mission upon earth is to seek after souls and lead them to the feet of their Heavenly Father.—Church News.

The Spirit of Charity.

Alas! what disputes men of faith for the future of our country! Is it to see it possessed of so much strength, so much riches, so much glory, and yet not enough of religion? Is it to see it with all its property with its moral and religious progress is its material prosperity? The greatest danger to which a nation can be exposed is to possess power, wealth, genius, without properly employing them. It is a danger to which every class is exposed. Woe to the workman who at the close of his paid day's labor balances in his hand what he has received and says, "What shall I do with it? Woe to the capitalist who, balancing his profits at the close of the year, says, 'What shall I do with it?'

Neither would hesitate a moment if the voice of charity still held its sway over their souls. The one would employ his gains to the moral, educational, religious advancement of his fellow man, tempered with the spirit of true charity; the other would devote a portion of his profits, samaritanically, to the good of his country, his town, his religion and his needy neighbor. To possess money is not all. To employ it properly is still more important and is the crying need of our day.—Rev. P. A. McKenna.

God's Love is Eternal.

Human love may change. The friendship of last year has grown cold. The gentleness of yesterday has turned to severity. But it is never thus with God's love. It is eternal. Our experience of it may be variable, but there is no variability in the love. Our lives may change, our consciousness of His love may fade out, but the love clings forever.—Selected.

Catholicity to Sweden.

Catholicity seems to progress very slowly in Sweden. There are but four Catholic centers there. The monasteries, which attest to the grandeur and widespread expansion of the faith in other times, are in ruins. The Catholics have a little Gothic church attended by two priests and a school at Gothenburg. At Halmstad toward the south there are 40 Catholics, but neither priest nor house of God. At Malmo, a town with 30,000 population, there is a parish priest at St. Saviour's, and some nursing sisters with 20 children attending a school kept by them.

There are said to be some Catholics at Norrkoping on the Baltic and at the zinc mines of Omberg, but Stockholm is the center of any missionary work which is extended to them. In the capital Mr. Biter, the vicar apostolic, resides, and four or five priests who serve the parish churches of St. Eugene, constructed in 1810, and of St. Erik, erected after the heretic death, even though the only of Bohemia, there is a parish church, a school and a priest in the small town of Gafle.

Water From the River Jordan.

Stored in the cellars of the appraiser's warehouse at Chicago are seven barrels of water taken from the River Jordan in the Holy Land. They were shipped by Dr. S. Merrill, United States consul at Jerusalem, and H. H. Goss, the consignee, will eventually distribute the contents free to all applicants. The water was taken out of the river at the spot where, according to local tradition, Christ was baptized.

Fame and Notoriety.

The paths of fame and notoriety lie perilously near together, sometimes so close that it is difficult to point out the dividing line. But fame is that which exists after the hero's death, even though the hero die unknown while living. Notoriety is like a bubble on the river. And there are degrees of fame, and the price paid is not of gold or silver, but often the joy of life.

To Sip a Felon In the End.

If you have the appearance of a felon coming put some hard wood ashes in an old tin cup, pour over them warm water, immerse the end of the sore finger in the ashes, set the dish on some live coals or on top of the stove, keeping the finger in as long as you can, and seek it several times a day. It taken in time, it generally cures a felon. Lohelia tincture sometimes prevents a felon from coming if the finger is wet with it often.—Housekeeper.

ONLY AN IRISHMAN.

DRIVEN FROM HOME, HE FOUND FAME IN ANOTHER COUNTRY.

Story of John Boyle O'Reilly, the Patriot and Poet, Whose Name Will Always Be Remembered—America to Have a Relic From the Chantry of Death.

For a moment, reader, give free reign to your imagination and picture to yourself a graceful Irish boy, full of life and activity, dreamy, sensitive, all daring, poetical, as all Irish boys are.

Think of that fair youth clearing at a bound the moss covered fence that surrounds his native land, where the dead sleep in peace till the great awaking with a simple covert of greensward over their graves.

The boy casts himself down upon the sod, and pronouncing a simple prayer, so dear to the heart of every schoolboy, roughly carved his initials, "J. B. O'R.", upon one of the stones in the cemetery. His name is John Boyle O'Reilly—a name loved today wherever the English language is spoken.

This, dear reader, happened 30 years ago. That boy developed into glorious manhood. He witnessed the woes, the wrongs, the injustices done his mother-

land, and he developed into a man of letters, a man of action, a man of fame.

He became an object of suspicion to the authorities of his native land. He heard the clanging of the felon's chain. He saw the prison door wide open to receive him—a door through which the noblest and the best, and the purest of the youth of Ireland passed never again to enter into the light of day. They dared to love their country; they strove to redress her maddening wrongs—that was their crime.

Driven from his own land, O'Reilly finds a home in great and prosperous America. His talents, for which he had no outlet at home, are recognized and appreciated in the great republic of the west. His soul is full of music. He sings in words of dazzling splendor, and the world listens and applauds for reason and logic. He pushes his way by the sheer force of intellect to the very forefront of the aristocracy of mind in Boston.

And then, alas! in the meridian splendor of his success the key hand of death is laid upon him, and he passes away "to where beyond those voices there is peace."

He never for a moment forgot his native land. Time after time he told his friends of the day long passed on which he had carried the letters, "J. B. O'R.", on a stone in the lonely, peaceful churchyard of Dowlis.

His widow, whom he loved so tenderly during his brief life, is very anxious to possess that stone. So just a few days since we find Father Anderson, O. S. A., a very dear friend of O'Reilly, going before the Drogheda board of guardians to request that the stone with the simple inscription might be given to Mrs. O'Reilly.

We are glad to be able to say that the good guardians immediately granted Father Anderson's request, and at the same time bestowed the highest praise upon their deceased countryman.

So out of the silent churchyard of Dowlis the stone will be removed and tenderly conveyed, as a precious relic to America, where generations yet unborn will lingeringly gaze upon the handiwork of the Irish schoolboy, who is known to them only by his work.

This dear relic is a story of a man for whom the world still weeps, as it will ever honor. He was only an Irishman. He was driven from his own land and found a home and ultimately fame in another country.

As it was with him, so has it been with thousands of other. What an object lesson for the people of this country! What a pity that English legislators did not recognize its import sooner!—London Universe.

An Atonement on Mount Blanc.
The Rev. John Bonin, the parish priest of St. Didier, last month left Courmayeur, Piedmont, with three companions, two of them priests, and with three guides, to make the ascent of Mont Blanc.

They took with them a stone for an altar which had been consecrated by the archbishop of Turin for the purpose. They started on a Wednesday evening and were overtaken by bad weather, having to pass the night at the last shelter. The following day they reached the summit, where they celebrated mass, and returned to Courmayeur by half past 7 the same evening. Father Bonin is a native of Challand in the valley of Aosta.

An Unusual Event.
A somewhat unusual and happy event occurred recently in St. Michael's church, Baltimore, when three brothers, all priests, were the officers of a solemn high mass. The occasion was the celebration of the first mass of the Rev. Lawrence Jung. The Rev. Frederick Jung, subdeacon and the Rev. Henry Jung, subdeacon. All are members of the Reformationist order.

My Rose.
Drop all the flowers in my garden, All their fair heads hang low, For Rose, their fairest companion, Never again will they know. Bring me no flowers for wearing! Take these strange buds away, For I cannot now live in the sweetest, My Rose that has died today.

What has blighted my blossom, Stricken it down with death, Over the walls of my garden, What save the world's cold breath? Then bring me no flowers for wearing! Take these strange buds away, For I cannot now live in the sweetest, My Rose that has died today.

—Dora Sigerson.

Apparition of a Cross.
The Montserrat de Rome gives an account of the curious apparition of a cross as described by Mr. Vidal of the mission of St. Paul in Suva, and who is procurator of the Lazarist's missions. He writes: "The mission of the Soave, Feejee islands, has witnessed a fact that will deeply impress the faith on those who saw it. It was the apparition of the cross in the sky and seen by the united tribe of the Soave country." He then gives the account of how, before the arrival in those parts of the Catholic missionaries, several Protestant clergymen had been sent there, and their preaching had been listened to by other tribes, but the tribe of the Soave resisted.

The religion which they observed was worshipping idols, but one day one of the chiefs of that religion went to the chief of the tribe to consult him about the missionaries that had come to teach them a new religion, and he said to the chief, "Before leaving our religion of paganism, as the Europeans call it, it would be necessary to consult our gods and know if the religion brought to us by these men is good." The chief then answered that he would assemble all his people. "We will offer the sacrifice to our gods, and we will pray to them to know which is the real religion—that of the ancients or that which is being brought to us by the Papalagi (white men). We will follow the advice that we shall receive."

The tribe then on a given day met at the foot of the Kororua mountain, and the sacrifice was offered. The sky became brilliantly illuminated, while a cross appeared in the light. Mr. Vidal says this cross was perfectly distinct, while two figures were clearly seen, one on each side of it, in the act of contemplating the cross. One of these, he says, was Our Lady.

The impression caused on these people was so great that the chief and the priests of their pagan worship asked for the Catholic missionaries to be sent to teach them the real faith. Mr. Vidal gives in his account the words of the pagan priest, who said to him: "This cross is the sign of a new religion that we do not yet understand. It is the real religion, and it must be ours." This apparition took place on the 20th of January, and the whole of this tribe has since been converted. A large cross has been erected on the top of the mountain to commemorate the miracle. The missionary fathers are also working with great success among the tribes on the islands and are making many conversions.

Pearl Divers Wear the Cross.
In a recent conversation Mr. Hutchinson, O. S. A., vicar apostolic of northern Queensland, described a very edifying custom that prevails among his people. The chief industry of the district is pearl fishing, and the divers are nearly all Catholics. So earnest is their faith that the diver invariably insists on having a crucifix hanging around his neck in the pursuit of his dangerous vocation.

It sometimes happens that a diver forgets his crucifix, but as soon as the omission is discovered he immediately signals his companions to raise him to the surface. Then, having received the cross, he goes down contentedly to resume explorations.

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Saville & Jones, - Adams Building.

DISAPPOINTMENT.
The husbandman of human hearts am I—
Older than all the fillers of the soil,
I've seen the hopes of countless men recoil
And expectation pale as I passed by.
All lands are mine! Of people low and high
I gather tribute. Of his daily toil
Not one refuses when I take the spoil,
Though breaking hearts are vainly wondering why.
Yet when I've plowed about the roofs of pride,
Blown with my cold winds till weak faith was
dried,
Drenched till the heart was mottled through
and through
And all its posers of fruitfulness were tried,
The hearts of men from sighing turn to song,
For life gains meaning that they never knew!
—Christian Register.

THE BOY ORATOR.

"If the weather keeps up, I'm afraid Jack can't get here," said Albert Halstead. He was sitting in the window of his room in "Junior hall" and staring out on the campus, where the rain was pouring on the muddy pools and patches of sodden grass. "The ticket agent says trains can't cross if the Macoupin rises much more."

"Rise or no rise, Jack Dukes'll be here on hand when there's a debate on foot," Dick Arlington spoke from the bed. He was buried in pillows and a dog-eared copy of Horace.

"Hold on through fire, to say nothing of water, to save our noble Philo from defeat at the hands of the base, craven Lincolns! The very mention of the hated name stirs me heart's ber-lood!" and Dick sat up and looked oratorically warlike.

"Well, he'll have plenty of water to come through! Our chances are pretty slim without him. Gardiner can never hold up against Brooks and Guthridge, with all the Lincolns back of them. I don't see why Jack couldn't have put off going to St. Louis till next week."

"My child," said Dick, throwing the much abused Horace on the center table, where it bumped its venerable head against a solid geometry and fell to the floor, "show often must I tell you that business is business? Even a contest debate must stand aside where business—"

"Shut up! The thing is we don't want those fellows crowding over us. They're going to have a great spread if they do win, and Guthridge has promised to ride Gardiner around the campus if they don't, and you know how heavy Gardiner is. I say Brooks—Come in. Hello, Gardiner! what's the news?"

Gardiner stood in the doorway, letting the rain drop from the ferrule of his umbrella in a pool on the carpet. "I've just been down to the station. The Macoupin is over the long bridge and is still rising—no more trains this evening."

"Duce!" Dick was walking up and down, hands in pockets. "That looks bad for us Philo. I suppose there is no news from Jack?"

"Yes—telegram. He says he'll leave St. Louis on the 4 o'clock train."

"Then he's at Macoupin station now," said Albert. "Two miles from school and no way to cross a miserable little brook that is dried up most of the year! Can't postpone the debate, can we?"

"No. Guthridge and Brooks have to leave tomorrow, and the fellows from Springfield are going home tonight."

"Well, perhaps Jack'll come. If he doesn't, we'll all stand by you, Gardiner, and do our best."

It was raining when Jack left St. Louis. East St. Louis looked more forlorn than ever, and the country beyond was fairly drenched. He was deep in his speech for the evening's debate when the train reached Macoupin station. He finished the argument and looked up.

"What are you stopping so long for?" he asked of no one in particular.

"The conductor says the creek is up over the bridge and the train cannot cross. He has wired for orders," answered a man who had just entered the car.

All but the first few words fell on deaf ears, for Jack had dashed from the car, and was holding an excited parley with the conductor on the platform of the station.

"The water's high enough to put out the fires, and the bridge isn't safe," said the blue capped official.

Jack fairly danced with excitement. "But I must cross! Why, I have to—oh, I just must get over to the college even if I have to swim! Can't you try to cross?"

"No. And here's orders to pull back to East St. Louis, and young fellow, take my advice and don't try swimmin when ole Macoupin is a-boomin. All aboard!"

But Jack didn't go aboard. He watched the train out of sight down the long, wet perspective of the rails. Then he went into the station.

"Say," he said to the man in charge, "can I get a hand car or a boat or something here? I have to get across to Carlinville tonight."

"The station agent looked at him meditatively.

"Hand car?" he queried. "There's nary hand car on the place, an ole man Dorsey, he's got the only boat on the river."

"Where can I find him?" asked Jack.

"Who? 'Lize Dorsey? Waal, now; kain't say. Like's not in bed. Broke his leg last week."

"Where is the boat?" Jack was growing impatient. The man was so provokingly deliberate.

"Dead! Waal, now, you've got me. Last I hear tell of it, a man five miles up this here creek bed it, else Dorsey swapped it to a man over in Jersey county, an I don't jist remember which."

"Can't you suggest something?" asked Jack.

"Oh, yes! I reckon the best thing you kin do's to wait till tomorrow. Ef it don't rain no more, the creek's mighty likely to go down so's you kin cross on the train."

"I suppose I couldn't walk across?"

"Waal? Waal, not unless you've got a power of spunk an muscle. I wouldn't go a-tryin' it, 'less I wanted to git myself drowned."

Jack walked up and down for a moment in silence. Suddenly he paused.

"See here," he said, "I'm going to try it. There's my card and"—

"Waal? Waal, now?"

But Jack was gone.

The rain had slackened to a cold steady drizzle, and as he walked down the track Jack could hear the creek rushing and roaring along far beyond its banks, booming and eddying nearly a mile wide. The water near the edge was comparatively calm, but out in the channel the current, marked by driftwood, was dashing and foaming furiously.

The trestle work of the bridge was out of sight.

Jack stopped. It was growing dark. Through a rift in the clouds the sun had set red, and the reflection made the creek more horrible. Here and there a tall sycamore trembled in the water, white in the rapidly deepening dusk.

Of course to attempt to cross was folly. Suppose the Philo did lose—what then? What did it really matter? Then he seemed to hear the shouts of the victorious Lincolns—Guthridge's triumphant cheer—and to see his own society sitting crushed and silent.

He would try it.

He looked back for a moment at the station and the light dying in the west behind it. Then he tightened his grasp on his cane, the pride of his junior's heart, and stepping upon the stringers at the side of the track he began.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' JUBILEE.

Imposing Procession of Church Dignitaries in Gorgeous Robes of Office.
The grandest ceremonial of the Catholic church that prelates, priests and laymen have ever engaged in or witnessed in this country took place in and about the cathedral at Baltimore on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the elevation to the episcopate of his eminence James Cardinal Gibbons.

It was nearly or quite 11 o'clock when the orchestra performed a florid and lively prelude by Cherubini, and presently there was a little hush and stir and a shuffling of feet, and the cross bearer, in white surplice and with his cross elevated high, appeared, marking the head of the procession at the lower end of the church.

The orchestra burst into a grand march by Hamerick, and up through the aisles came the long line—priests and brothers and seminarians in surplices, some of simple linen and others of lace; young priests and old, walking erectly and steadily, or with white hair and lowered heads, slowly and with tottering steps, and behind them came the monsignors in the purple rochets and mazzettes, some 10 of this order of ecclesiastics; and then the bishops, here and there a face easily recognized, such as Keane, with his meditative, intellectual features; Foley of Detroit, tall and handsome, and Watter-son of Columbus, and the alert and youthful McDonnell of Brooklyn.

And now came the archbishops, all in their magnificent attire of office: Redd-wood of faraway New Zealand, with his noticeable beard; Chappelle, with his strong French features; Kain, handsome and imposing; Ireland, with his brawny, tall and muscular figure; Ryan, also a giant physically as well as intellectually, and the pale, collected, studious Corrigan of New York. Together they marched—the hierarchy of the American church.

Then alone came another figure—a slender, dark man, with black eyes and hair and high cheek bones. He looked down as he walked, probably conscious of the many eyes upon him. This was the most reverend apostolic delegate, Francis Satolli, in cassock of purple, with cincture of silk, and over his shoulders the mazzetta of silk.

Then, last of all, was a form well known, slender and upright, in the rich dress of a cardinal, the features pallid and ascetic and the eyes downcast. Train bearers supported the casso. The organ swelled out sonorously and triumphantly, saluting the prince of the church, in whose honor all these grand ceremonies were being held. Acolytes in cassocks of red and surplices of white were scattered all through the procession, bearing the trains of the prelates, and beside whom were their chaplains, and there were seminarians who bore the book, the mitre, the crozier, the apron and other ecclesiastical properties. Now as the procession filed in the sanctuary the master of ceremonies seated the various exalted functionaries in their proper places.

Solemn and impressive was the spectacle at this moment—the dignitaries in their gorgeous dresses, the colors meeting into one another, the multitude of light, the intoxicating perfume of the flowers and the clouds of incense. The scenic possibilities of the grand Roman ritual were employed to the utmost.—Chicago Herald.

Freemasons in the Palazzo Borghese.
The taking possession of the Palazzo Borghese by the Freemasons has caused a very sad impression at Rome, even in circles that are far from being "clerical." The princely residence which has always been considered as almost a possession of the church itself is now becoming the Masonic lodge at Rome. O tempora! O mores! The inauguration was held with all due solemnity on Sept. 20, and from the balconies the Italian and anticlerical flags floated proudly all that day. A grand banquet was given in the evening, during which the facade of the palace was brilliantly illuminated.

We are accustomed to see strange contrasts at Rome; it is true, but this recent Freemasonic manifestation seems to beat all records. His Eminence Cardinal Raffaele Scilla, who is related to Donna Lodovica Borghese's husband, the Duke d'Aratalla, rents the second floor of the Palazzo Borghese and must mount the same staircase with the Freemasons, who rent the first floor. As the cardinal has a contract to remain a certain period, unless he chooses to pay for two residences at Rome, he must endure this far from desirable vicinity for some time yet.—Exchange.

Praying by Machinery.
Praying by machinery is usual among the inhabitants of central Asia. A large, hollow, cylinder-like drum is erected, and within it are inclosed the prayers that any one may wish to offer, written out neatly. The cylinder is then made to revolve by wind or water power, and every time that it goes round the devotee imagines to be equivalent to a verbal repetition of all the prayers it contains.—Asiatic Quarterly.

A Expensive Skin Manipulator.
During the recent trial of a skin manipulator in Great Britain, expert evidence proved that the active ingredient in a popular lotion is a corrosive sublimate, and that the cost of the preparation, which is sold for \$2.50 a bottle, was exactly 1 cent.—Joe Howard.

Cardinal Klementz and the Emperor.
The German emperor saw the Cardinal Klementz at a banquet at Cologne during her recent visit and had a long conversation with the eminent prelate. Her imperial majesty also went over the cathedral and several churches, and inspected hospitals and orphanages directed by religious.

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Remember our Special Sale every Wednesday.
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New Canned Goods 1893 Packing
Are in, and our stock and assortment is immense. Prices are somewhat higher than last year owing to the short crop of vegetables and fruits but we quote at following Low Prices:

Tomatoes, 11c. a can \$1.25 a doz	California Peaches, 20c. a can \$2.25 a doz
Extra Solid Packed, 14c. " 1.50 "	Salmon, " 12c. " 1.40 "
Maine Corn, " 13c. " 1.50 "	Loobster, " 20c. " 2.25 "
Fancy Corn, " 14c. " 1.60 "	Blueberries, " 12c. " 1.40 "
Narrow Fat Peas, 12c. " 1.35 "	Crabapples, " 8c. a qt 4 qts 25c.
Early June Peas, 14c. " 1.50 "	New French Prunes, 10 to 15c a lb
Baltimore Peaches, 18c. " 1.50 "	California Evaporated Apples, 15, 20c lb

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In trading at my store you have access to the largest and freshest stock of Drugs and Medicines to be found in Norfolk County. This is quite an item for you to consider when sickness enters your household.
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How our School Shoes have sold in the past week. People know how to appreciate good things when they see them. If you are buying School Shoes then this is the place to get them.
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THE LEAGUE INTENTION.

His Holiness, Leo XIII, has designated and recommended with his special blessing to the associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, as the intention for the November prayer, the Catholic missions in the Far East. Certainly if prayer is of any efficacy in gaining souls to Christ, there is ample need of its exercise in favor of this cause. China has a population of over 400,000,000 souls and yet, out of these, not 1,000,000 have received the light of faith. In Japan only one in seven hundred is Catholic. In India, out of a population of about 250,000,000, not more than 1,500,000 can be called Catholic. Thus, in this portion of the globe one-fourth of the whole human race sits in the darkness and confusion of Buddhism, Confucianism and ancestor worship. No doubt the East will in its turn become Catholic, but when shall that time arrive? Oh, let our morning intention be fervent this month in begging of the Sacred Heart that that happy consummation be hastened.

NOVEMBER.

November is come, and the pleasant verdure that the groves and woods offered to our view in the joyous spring is fast losing its cheerful hue, while its withered remains lie trembling and scattered beneath our feet. In many places the grave and plaintive voice of the consecrated bell sends forth its funeral notes, and recalling the dead to our pensive souls, implores for them the pity of the living. Oh! let us hearken to its thrilling call; and may the sanctuary gather us together within its darkened walls, there to invoke our Eternal Father, and breathe forth cherished names in the voice of prayer! When the solemn hour of the last farewell was come for those we loved, and their weakened sight was extinguished forever, it seemed as if our hearts' memory would never be forgotten. But time has flown by, their memory has grown dim, and other thoughts reign paramount in our forgetful hearts, which barely give them from time to time a pious recollection. Nevertheless, they loved us, perhaps too well, lavish of a love that Heaven demanded. How devoted was their affection; and shall we now requite it by a cruel forgetfulness? If they suffer still on our account; if, because of their weakness, they still feel the weight of God's justice, shall we not pray, when their voices implore our help, when their tears ascend to us? Alas! in this life what defilement clings to the steps of irrevocable mortals! Who has not wavered in the darksome paths into which the straight road so often deviates? The infinite justice of God still retains them perhaps in suffering. For long and long the Heaven of eternal life may be closed against them! Let us then pray; our voices can open the abode of celestial peace to the imprisoned soul. The God of consolation gave us prayer that love might thus become eternal.

CITY ELECTION PROSPECTS.

The overwhelming democratic defeat in the state carries with it one lesson that ought to be learned by the party in this city. It is conceded that the action of some of the democratic U. S. senators at Washington in impeding the passage of the repeal of the Sherman silver bill, inflicted grave injury upon democratic prospects all over the country. If, in Quincy, the democrats should suffer defeat in the coming city election, they may lay the principal part of the blame upon their so-called representatives in the City Council who played party politics, where they were sent simply and solely to transact public business. The writer is a democrat, but he voices the sentiment of hundreds of other sterling democrats, to demand that the coming caucuses nominate for the Council the very best men. Men who have no petty personal or political spite or revenge to inflict upon other Councilmen; men who will feel that they are not elected to be a tool for designing two-cent politicians; men who will consider that the whole ward and the whole city demand their first attention; who will place city before party, business before politics and who will vote freely and fearlessly with utter disregard of the party whip. Up to Nov. 7th it was commonly felt that the democrats would have a walk over in the city election. But now with about 120 votes of a majority to overcome the outlook is not so rosy. There are, however, many bright business men in their ranks, whose nomination for the Council would inspire confidence and help the party. Will the democrats be wise enough to select them? Or will they perpetuate the rule of the party bosses, caucus packers, narrow minded, short-sighted custodian oracles? The party standard must be elevated; the best men must come to the front and must be kept there, otherwise the party will be sent hopelessly to the rear.

Extend Whitwell Street to Granite Street.

This is a pressing public necessity. There ought to be some short quick way to the Hospital from South Quincy. Most of the stone sheds, much of the railroad tracks, and a large proportion of citizens are in the southwest part of the city, and in case of accident would necessarily be obliged to go far out of the way to reach the Hospital. In case of serious injury, a delay of five minutes might cost a life. Besides for public travel we need a shorter road than that around by Hancock Street. Whitwell street ought to be extended to Granite, and Franklin street should cross under the railroad to a place as near as may be to meet Whitwell street.

Result of the Election in Quincy.

GOVERNOR.

WARD	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	12	6	10	15	10	6
2	3	1	8	37	11	2
3	333	203	207	225	203	165
4	1	1	1	0	0	3
5	258	240	247	246	118	129
6	11	9	19	18	4	7

LEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

James B. Carroll of Springfield.....Democratic	207	227	280	201	190	153
Joseph K. Harris of Haverhill.....People's Party	1	4	7	32	11	4
Morris K. Butler of Holyoke.....Socialist Labor	1	1	1	0	0	1
Henry C. Smith of Williamsburg.....Prohibition	9	4	11	11	12	8
John E. Russell of Leicester.....Democratic	256	239	228	213	365	157
Blanks.....Republican	18	15	19	22	8	13

SECRETARY.

James W. McDonald of Marlborough.....Democratic	180	215	298	377	87	101
Frederick A. Nagler of West Springfield.....Socialist Labor	1	3	4	0	0	1
William M. Olin of Boston.....Prohibition	364	243	213	221	205	160
Samuel B. Shapleigh of Boston.....Prohibition	7	4	8	16	15	8
Isaac W. Skinner of Waltham.....People's Party	4	7	7	31	14	3
Blanks.....Republican	26	21	22	34	15	13

TREASURER AND RECEIPTS-GENERAL.

Wilbert D. Farnham, Jr. of Somerville.....Prohibition	7	9	9	10	10	8
Henry M. Fanning of Boston.....Prohibition	243	228	203	215	240	161
Squire E. P. May of Somerville.....Socialist Labor	1	3	4	0	0	9
Eben S. Stevens of Dudley.....Democratic	201	218	270	366	97	14
Thomas A. Watson of Braintree.....People's Party	12	4	11	38	17	2
Blanks.....Republican	31	25	20	40	17	14

AUDITOR.

Alfred H. Evans of Ashburnham.....Prohibition	6	5	13	8	11	9
Bordman Hall of Boston.....Democratic	208	228	276	366	109	126
John W. Kimball of Fitchburg.....Prohibition	147	229	284	271	296	161
Hermaun J. Koppes of Pittsfield.....Socialist Labor	1	1	2	2	0	8
Maurice W. Landers of Pittsfield.....People's Party	5	2	7	41	13	0
Blanks.....Republican	31	25	30	45	15	18

ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Hopps M. Knowlton of New Bedford.....Republican	150	217	307	215	202	162
Charles S. Lilly of Lowell.....Democratic	205	220	271	374	98	101
Daniel Lynch of Boston.....Socialist Labor	1	1	4	2	0	10
Robert F. Raymond of New Bedford.....Prohibition	6	3	8	9	5	10
Conrad Reno of Boston.....People's Party	5	4	5	28	15	3
Blanks.....Republican	31	25	27	41	18	12

COUNCILOR.

William Moore of Walpole.....Democratic	229	246	333	419	110	162
Cyrus Savage of Taunton.....Republican	244	228	284	271	296	161
Blanks.....Democratic	29	24	31	35	22	17

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Watts H. Bowker of Brookline.....Republican	503	228	271	374	98	101
Blanks.....Democratic	218	228	271	374	98	101
Blanks.....Republican	27	24	37	42	29	21

REGISTER OF PROBATE AND INSOLVENCY.

Jonathan Cobb of Dedham.....Republican-Democratic	480	386	493	521	542	259
Blanks.....Democratic	118	154	129	158	95	80

SENATOR.

John F. Merrill of Quincy.....Republican	748	220	290	229	269	166
Frederick W. Whitcomb of Hallowell.....Democratic	230	247	302	422	111	154
Blanks.....Republican	30	25	30	37	26	19

REPRESENTATIVES IN GENERAL COURT.

George A. Beeden of Weymouth.....Prohibition	12	9	11	14	16	11
Herbert M. Federhen, Jr. of Quincy.....Democratic	229	268	289	265	97	136
James H. Flint of Weymouth.....Republican	329	295	272	190	284	171
Timothy F. Ford of Quincy.....Democratic	183	210	275	249	79	144
Charles L. Hammond of Quincy.....Republican	248	211	211	289	302	162
Anson F. G. Hunt of Weymouth.....Prohibition	14	13	12	8	18	10
George L. Wentworth of Weymouth.....Republican	309	173	249	183	292	153
Albert P. Worthen of Weymouth.....Democratic	212	230	262	366	91	149
Blanks.....Republican	187	142	—	246	121	123

ARTICLE OF AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Yes.....	196	144	239	278	141	114
No.....	133	121	161	162	91	75
Blanks.....	209	225	231	239	294	159

LOCALS.

Mr. William Caselman has enjoyed a trip to Chicago.

A slight fire occurred in George Elcock's barn last Monday.

The advanced classes of the Sunday Schools are studying a Bible History this year.

The public schools will close for their Thanksgiving vacation on Wednesday, Nov. 29, at noon.

Take the vote tabulated ward by ward and study it, then study it again. It is quite a curiosity.

Worthen democrat of Weymouth got 48 more votes in Quincy than did Ford democrat of Quincy.

Worthen democrat got 308 more votes than Ford democrat. Federhen democrat got 201 votes more than Ford democrat. Why?

The Quincy Manufacturers' association has been awarded a medal and display for their fine exhibit of granite monuments at the World's Fair.

Mr. Tupper, principal of the High School has returned to this city. It is thought that he will be able to resume teaching by Dec. 1.

The vote of Charles L. Hammond was astonishing. In Ward 1 he ran 35 ahead of Greenhalge; Ward 3, 14 votes; Ward 4 66 votes; Ward 5, 9 votes.

The teachers of the Sacred Heart Sunday School, Atlantic, presented Fr. Butler, when leaving the parish, a complete set of Marion Crawford's works.

Mr. Freeman, late principal of the John Hancock School, has gone to superintend the schools of Sandwich and Mashpee. Mr. Atkins of Mills, will take his place.

Several of the prominent gentlemen of the city, have formed a steamship company. Their object is to run steamers from Quincy to Nantasket, Hough's Neck and Boston.

On Tuesday evening one of West Quincy's old landmarks was destroyed by fire. It was known as the old Saville place on West street and was owned by Mr. Herbert Doble.

Go to see "The Flowing Bowl" which will be presented by members of the St. John C. L. A. A. society at their hall on School street, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Nov. 14, 15 and 16.

The educational people of Philadelphia have organized a "Museum of Pedagogy" and the Supt. of Schools in that city, has written to Mr. Lull for the Quincy school work that was on exhibition at the World's Fair.

Evening schools were opened in the Adams and Willard buildings on Monday evening, Oct. 30. Large numbers are in attendance. The teachers at the Willard school are Mr. Suckling, Miss Elizabeth O'Neil, Miss Ellen Fegan, Miss Mary Conway, Miss Cora Grazz, Miss Annie Kelly and Miss Frances Sullivan.

Now Is The Time

To take **Cod Liver Oil** and build up your system, so you will not be troubled with Coughs and Colds all winter. I have, this week, received a fresh lot of Pure Mummy Oil, put up in pint bottles at 50 cents a pint.

Remember we are at the service of the public at all hours.

PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY,

CORNER HANCOCK AND SCHOOL STREETS.

THE STATE ELECTION.

We had an election on Tuesday. The Democrats were routed, horse, foot, and artillery. What caused the catastrophe? Was it the tariff? Was it the cry of hard times? Everybody in town is asking these questions, and each has answers at hand to suit himself. The truth is, the republicans are better politicians than the democrats, and are less scrupulous. They made the situation and took advantage of it. The Sherman Bill caused the panic, which ruined business, closed factories, locked the money vaults of the banks, and created a feeling of distrust which made every business man distrust his fellow; and then with the utmost effrontery turned round to the democrats and charged them with the mischief. Their party has won this election under false pretences; it will prove a boomerang when the people recover from their fright and come to their senses.

One cause of the disaster was the action of the silver democrats. These gentlemen were a tail to the republican kite, just long enough to do all the harm in their power, and then pulled in their horns when too late. Their constituents will be apt to take their cases in hand in good time.

The worst feature in this election has been the revival of the spirit of Know Nothingism, by the republican party. It was thought that this infamous conspiracy was killed in 1861. We saw its representatives in Quincy sneaking out of their uniforms when the alarm bell was rung, on Sunday morning after the Battle of Bull Run. When "Tom Gargan" appealed to a crowded audience in the most eloquent speech that was ever delivered in Quincy, none were louder in their cheers than the republicans who were in the audience. But the snake was scotched, not killed. The common enemy of the American people, jealous of our liberty and happiness is again introducing the banner of religious intolerance into our body politics. Up to this time it has had no following but the tar-and-bait and bait of Americans; it is left for the republican party to endorse the foul animal, and bring it into public life again. The republican party has accepted Mr. Greenhalge as their standard bearer, and elected him by a majority of 30,000. The circular issued in the last week of the campaign, "Russell's Record," and circulated broadcast over the State, of which any liberal minded man should be ashamed, is one that the republicans must be held accountable for. It will not be as easy to dodge that question, as it was to accept Messrs. Greenhalge and Lodge's explanation of the Silver question. A republican must make wry faces when he solicits the suffrage of a Catholic, with the Russell circular in his hand. Until the republicans are publicly disavowed and repudiate this document, they will not be received as a plank in their party platform. This election has been made a test for its statesmanship and liberal policy, and in both the republican party has been found wanting. It has won a victory, but it is likely to prove a Pyrrhic victory to them.

CLARE.

The Flowing Bowl.

The St. John C. L. A. A. will present this splendid temperance drama at St. John's hall, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14, 15 and 16, of next week. It will be of the usual high order of entertainment. Handbills will be distributed giving synopsis. A large assembly of people should grace the occasion.

Two Colors of Tobacco Smoke.

Smoke consists of minute particles of solid or liquid matter suspended in the air, and its color depends partly upon the chemical constitution of such particles, but also largely upon their size. Exact experiment has shown that as the size of minute particles suspended in air is gradually increased, they give rise to colors varying from sky blue down through the whole range of the spectral scale. This is the cause of sunset and sunrise colors in the sky. Its effects can also be traced in the case of the two kinds of tobacco smoke, modified by the murky tints of the carbonaceous products. The smoke given off from the heated surface of the burning tobacco in the bowl of the pipe consists of matter all of which has been highly heated and very fully oxidized and decomposed. It consists mainly of exceedingly small, solid particles, exhibiting by virtue of their smallness a bluish color. On the other hand, that smoke which has been drawn through the tobacco into the mouth of the smoker carries with it a relatively large quantity of water and hydrocarbon, which are condensed upon the solid particles above mentioned. The relatively large size of such particles explains the well known grayish color of the smoke which issues from the mouth of the smoker.—Tit Bits.

A Strong Lassie.

"When you talk about strong men, I can tell you a story," said a local truckman today. "It was before I was in this job, jollying business that there lived in Lewiston a woman who could beat all the strong men from Samson to Cyr.

Bargains in

Ladies' Gents' and Children's

Hosiery and

Underwear.

Also a large stock of

Fall Millinery.

CLAPP BROTHERS'

Bargain Dry Goods Store.

Agent for Lewandos French

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Herbert M. Federhen, Jr.

ATTORNEY

AND

Counsellor at Law.

QUINCY OFFICE: Court House Building, 164

BOSTON OFFICE: 28 Pemberton Square.

Office Hours: 9:30 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M.

Quincy, Oct. 7, 1895.

"She was in the old grocery store on the corner one day when the proprietor pointed to a couple of flour barrels, saying, 'Marry, if you'll carry them home I'll give them to you.' Sanborn, who was a truckman 30 years and who sold out to James Cole, was there and offered to bet that she couldn't carry one."

"Put them on the counter," she said, "and I'll take them both."

"Four men lifted the barrels up and she went up to them full of confidence, and resting the bottom of one on her right hip, circled the barrel with one of her long arms and then swung around so as to grasp the other in the same way, and as I live she carried them out and along the street to a place 300 yards down the road, where one of them fell and upset her balance. You see, she rested them on her hips and didn't try to lift them by her back. The grocer gave her the flour."—Lewiston Journal.

A Lesson in Grammar.

Fun frequently comes out of the public schools, despite their functions as solid, solemn educators. But this is only natural. There must be fun and smiles where there are bright faces and youth and health. Not long ago a teacher in this city was drilling her pupils in the application of certain words in relation to other words.

She had the youngsters much interested in building sentences around a given expression. One of the words presented was "use." Several children had made a sentence containing the word, when the teacher called upon a particularly bright young rascal to make a response. The youth did not like another member of the class, and it suddenly dawned upon his young brain that it would be a good idea to apply his sentence accordingly. He faced his disliked companion, and pointing his finger at him scornfully said:

"You's is no good."

Of course the teacher laughed. The other children laughed, and the boy laughed, too, but it took two days for him to learn that the slang contraction, "you's," was not the word desired.—St. Louis Republic.

Luxurious Mosquitoes.

It is positively asserted that mosquitoes were unknown in Atlanta before the railroad companies began running sleeping cars from Savannah into that city. They avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them and are most apt to congregate there in September and October, when they come by the thousand.—Yankee Blade.

Uses of Lumber.

For what is the greatest amount of lumber used? Nine people out of 10 will say for houses and buildings. It is doubtful if 35 per cent of the lumber output goes into buildings. The railroads, farmers and miscellaneous purposes take about 40 per cent, and the other 25 per cent goes into boxes.—Southern Lumberman.

Dear Girls.

Esther—Did he kiss you?
Tena—He hadn't the nerve to do that.

Esther—It would require consideration.—New York Herald.

Big Reduction for This Month.

Perfumes 27c. per Ounce,

—AT—

Willard's

DRUG STORE,

27 SCHOOL STREET, - - SOUTH QUINCY.

NOW READY!

—All of our New Goods for—

FALL AND WINTER.

Shirting Flannels in Plaid and Plain,

20, 25, 35, 45 and 50c. per yd.

COTTON FLANNELS IN BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED.

ED. WHITE OUTFIT FLANNELS 7, 8, 10,

12 1-2 cts. 9-4 SHEETS 90 cts.

PER PAIR AT

C. S. HUBBARD'S - 158 Hancock St.

Bed Lounges, \$4.75

Mantel Beds \$8.50

Cook Stoves, \$8.00

Sewing Machines, \$10.00

Mark Down Sale of Stuffed Easy Chairs

—AT—

Frank F. Crane's

4 CHESTNUT STREET, QUINCY.

NOTICE.

we have the finest line of **Fall and****Winter Goods** and samples ever

shown in Quincy, and our workmen

are first class, therefore you are sure of

first class work at reasonable prices.

—WE ALSO DO—

Cleansing and Pressing

THE FLYAWAY HORSE.

Oh, a wonderful horse is the Flyaway Horse—
Perhaps you have seen him before.
Through the moonlight that floats on the
For it's only at night, when the stars twinkle
That the Flyaway Horse, with a neigh
And a pull at his rein and a toss of his mane,
Is up on his legs and away?
The moon in the sky,
As he galloped by,
Cries, "What a marvelous sight!"
And the stars in dismay
Hide their faces away.
In the lap of old Grandmother Night,
It is under, out yonder, the Flyaway Horse
Speeds ever and ever away—
Over meadows and lanes, over mountains and
And over streams that sing at their play,
And over the sea like a ghost sweeping by.
While the ships they go sailing below,
And he speeds so fast that the men at the
must
Judge him some portent of war.
"What is he, there?" they cry,
As he darts by
With a whisk of his beautiful tail,
And as scared as can be,
From the nautilus up to the whale,
And the Flyaway Horse seeks those faraway
lands.
You little folk dream of at night,
Where candy trees grow, and honey brooks
flow.
And overflows with popcorn are white,
And the heads in the wood are ever so good
To children who visit them there.
What great armies of a lion to me,
Or to wrestle around with a bear?
The monkeys, they say,
And they trink in the coconut trees,
While the parrots that cling
To the palm trees sing
Or converse with comparative ease!
Oh! Scamper to bed! You shall ride him to-
morrow!
For as soon as you've fallen asleep,
With a jolt and a bump he shall bear you away
Over forest and hillside and deep!
But tell me, dear, do you see him, you hear
In those beautiful lands over there,
Where the Flyaway Horse swings his faraway
course?
With the one you've assigned to his care,
Then grandma will cry
In amazement, "Oh, my!"
And will that it could never be so,
And only we two
Will know it is true—
You and I, little precious, will know!
—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

Law and Medicine.

We have directed attention to the fact that railroad doctors are the poorest kind of all railroad employees, while railroad lawyers are the best paid. Further, these latter become in a professional way so familiar with changes in railroad affairs that they are able to purchase or sell railroad securities to their own certain profit. In a well known accident insurance company a lawyer receives a salary of \$10,000 a year for about an hour's work daily, while a doctor, better educated and quite as able, who gives more than half his time in serving this same company, gets \$1,000 a year. Comment is unnecessary. Of course the difficulty lies in the fact that the company wants this lawyer above all others and pays him accordingly, while it would take any one of dozens of doctors, should the one holding the place choose to resign it. —American Lancet.

A Graveyard Proposal.

The grave digger of a Scottish parish made up his mind to propose to the minister's servant girl, and he proceeded to do it in the most businesslike manner.

He asked her to take a walk with him, and she consented. Leading her to the scene of his labors, he walked by her side in silence until they reached a particular lot in the burying ground. Then, becoming very much affected, he said:

"Look there, Jennie, that's whaur a' my folk lie, and this whaur I'll be myself if I'm spared. Wad ye like to be there, Jennie?"

She replied that she would, and so the matter was settled. —Youth's Companion.

A Landlord.

"Suicide at the Smallburg House last night."
"Showin'!"
"Noble Gas."
"Landlord hopin' mad, course?"
"Nixy. Happy as a clam."
"Gas doesn't cost him anything then?"
"Regular prices. But he's the corner and ahead \$19.35 on the inequity fees after payin all expenses." —Hotel World.

The Land of Windmills.

Holland is the land of flatness, windmills, dikes, canals and cheese. Of the latter they produce 40,000 tons and more in a year and consume only a fourth part. Alkmaar, one of the most noted and historical towns in the country, is the great cheese market, and in its streets over 12,000,000 pounds are sold annually.

According to the latest available returns, Russia has the largest prison population, 108,840; next comes India with 76,510, Italy with 68,828, Japan with 63,828, France with 60,886, the United States with 39,258 and Great Britain with 30,474.

The north of England miners live on an average three years longer than other Englishmen, taken as a whole. They live eight years longer than the Cornish and nine years longer than the South Wales miners.

It is claimed that an old ship's bell, inscribed "Richard Carew, 1622," was found by workmen while dredging in Portsmouth (England) harbor recently.

A Paris editor writes of Chicago as "that, Gordian city, so excessive, so satanic, whose life is too indolent for the singing, dreamy souls of the Latin races."

RAILROADS IN RUSSIA.

A Third Class Passenger Is Alternately Baked and Frozen.

Mr. Stevens, in his journey through Russia, made up his mind to travel one stage in a third class railway carriage. This plan would give him information that might be useful and would also save him a little money, which he could turn over to Count Tolstoi for the starving peasants. He found the experiment extremely unsatisfactory. He says:

"The third class carriages were so densely packed that there was hardly room for me, but after much scrambling I secured a seat near the door. I shall never forget that journey. It was an awful experience. I felt as if I were being frozen to death and roasted alive alternately. Outside the cars the temperature was 35 degrees below zero. Inside the mercury stood at 77, a difference of 112 degrees F."

"Inside it was so hot that even the muzhiks, who are fond of roasting themselves, gave signs of discomfort. The heat came from a large iron stove, which the attendant kept feeding with birch firewood. As for myself, I melted. The perspiration poured out of every pore of my skin. My unfortunate fellow travelers gave vent to their feelings in groans or ejaculations."

"Now and then the door was opened by a new arrival, and instantly the carriage would be filled with an intensely cold air."

"Hi, you there!" the muzhiks would call out. "Shut the door! You are freezing us to death."

"A curious phenomenon sometimes occurred on such occasions. The cold gusts which forced themselves in when the door was opened immediately condensed and crystallized the vapor, so that we had a miniature shower of snow in the carriage."

"A few of the passengers appeared really to enjoy this alternate freezing and roasting. They were freezing over the stove. One, a tall, sturdy soldier, carrying a sword of tremendous size, crept so close to the stove that the escaping gases made him fall down in an unconscious state, from which he was aroused with difficulty. He was wearing his military overcoat."

"At the first stoppage I bought a new ticket and went into a second class carriage." —London Chronicle.

An Animated Cradle Rocker.

During one of his trips to the Coast Range mountains, Joe Cohen, a peddler, came to a lonely cabin and found the door wide open.

In the center of the floor stood a cradle, in which was an infant fast asleep. The cradle was rocking with surprising regularity, but no sign of what propelled it could be seen.

Joe's curiosity was aroused. He went to the cradle and found a stout cord attached to a nail driven in the side of it. The cord passed through an angle hole in the side of the house. He took up the trail, which soon led him into a ravine where a donkey, or burro, was standing and switching its tail.

The mystery was explained. The other end of the cord was tied to the jack's tail, and the constant switching of its caudal appendage furnished motive power sufficient to rock the cradle. —Newman Banner.

Outwitted by a Moonshiner.

When Jack Roper was called in the United States court, he arose and pleaded guilty to working in illicit distillery.

With a number of others, he was sent to one side to await sentence. Working in an illicit distillery is nothing but a misdemeanor, while operating a distillery is equal to a felony.

Roper knew this and entered his plea to working in the distillery, which was accepted.

"How long did you work?" asked the judge when the man stood up for sentence.

"Oh, 'bout a week, I reckon."

"Whose distillery was it?"

"My own."

The judge looked puzzled, but all he could do was to give him a two months' sentence for working in an illicit distillery. —Atlanta Journal.

Grandiloquent Titles.

Oriental titles during the middle ages were sometimes very grandiloquent. The king of Arrachan was known as "Emperor of Arrachan, Possessor of the White Elephant, Owner of the Two Elephants, Legitimate Heir of Pegu and Bruma, Lord of the Twelve Provinces of Bengal, Master of the Twelve Kings Who Place Their Heads Under His Feet." —Exchange.

True Economy.

"So you have bought your wife another expensive ring. Isn't that a waste of money?"

"On the contrary, it is true economy, for she won't require half so many pairs of gloves as formerly." —Fliegende Blätter.

Some German Houses.

It is a hint that comes from a woman recently returned from a considerable residence in one of the German art cities that the closest inquiries should be made before taking lodgings or apartments into the cleanliness of the beds and furnishings.

"In some of the most attractive appearing and apparently faultless places," she says, "we have been fairly driven out after a short stay, forfeiting the rent rather than undertake to accept the conditions. At last we put the question bluntly every time, expressly stating that if the trial apartment was found to be infested we should claim the right to move at once."

This traveler's experience may have been exceptional. It is at least actual, and as such perhaps is a note of warning. —New York Times.

See Only the Good.

There is an old pagan fable of a man who for some crime of injustice was cursed with the power of seeing other human beings, not in their beauty of flesh and blood, but as skeletons, gaunt and grisly. Too many of us have this miserable faculty, and go about stripping off every worthy charm and beauty with which our friends are clothed to find and expose some ugly trait or passion underneath. —Christian Advocate.

Newspaper Reporters.

I once congratulated an English reporter, who told me he had reported Gladstone's speeches for nearly 20 years, upon knowing that statesman so well.

"God bless you," said he, "I don't know him at all. I was once unable to escape from his car without passing him, when he came in unexpectedly, and a friend introduced me to him. But I never presumed upon you, you know."

THE WORLD'S DEAD.

The Comparatively Small Area Which Would Provide Them a Graveyard.

In that curious article "The Number of People Since Adam," which has found a place in nearly all of the "querer" columns in the United States during the past three or four years, the author asserts, "The whole surface of the globe has been dug over 120 times in order to get room for burial places." Let us see.

In 6,000 years we have 60 centuries and in each century an average of three generations or 180 generations in all, each being a generation of 1,500,000,000. Give to each man, woman and child a grave 5 feet by 2 or 10 square feet. A square-mile contains something less than 28,000,000 square feet. You will have to have a cemetery 55 miles long by 10 wide for each generation. Now multiply this by 180, the whole number of generations "since Adam," and you have a burying ground large enough for every human being that has died in the last 6,000 years.

This vast cemetery, although awful to contemplate, would be but 1,800 miles long by 55 miles wide, or in order to get it in better proportion say 220 miles wide and 150 miles long. In other words, we should have a cemetery 100,000 square miles would be sufficient for the graves of every human being that has ever existed. The area of Missouri and Iowa combined would be amply sufficient for such a cemetery, with 22,425 miles left for walks and driveways.

If the calculation is carried out for 100,000 years instead of 6,000, it will be found that the cemetery need only be a square 1,700 miles in extent each way. On this basis the United States east of the Mississippi river is large enough to furnish a grave for all the human beings that have died during the past 6,000 years and for the 94,000 years to come. —St. Louis Republic.

Through African Spectacles.

Mr. Selous has contributed an important observation upon the feeling of the African tribes toward the European races they come in contact with—the Englishmen and the Portuguese. Probably it would not occur to any one that the energetic, manly, intelligent Briton ranked lower in native estimation than the effeminate, almost effete, Portuguese. Yet this Mr. Selous declares to be the case. The native judges by himself. He knows that if he had the command of men and money, he would cut and drink his full and sleep most of the time that he was not eating.

The Portuguese, who does all this, and is carried about in a litter, appears to the African to be a man who has reached the goal toward which the Englishman is striving painfully and ineffectually. Old Indians have constantly mentioned that rulers like Sir Charles Napier and Sir Charles Trevelyan, who were careless of appearances, forfeited a great deal of the respect that was properly their due. The theory has always been intelligible at least for a country of old civilization like India, but one would not have expected to find it repeated for Mashonaland. Probably we shall continue none the less to consolidate empires and make history in our shirt sleeves. —Westminster Gazette.

A Snake Story.

Said a well known raconteur of snake stories the other day to an editor, by way of a windup to several good ones:

"I can't call any more to mind just at present. My wife knows a lot of snake stories, but I forget 'em. By the way, though, I've got a regular living curiosity down on my place. One day my eldest boy was sitting on the back step looking at his sums, and he couldn't get 'em right. He felt something against his face, and there was a little snake curled up on his shoulder and looking at the slate. In four minutes he had done all those sums. We've tamed him, so he keeps all our accounts, and he is the quickest head at figures you ever saw. He'll run up a column 8 feet long in three seconds. I wouldn't take a prize cow for him."

"What kind of a snake is he?" inquired the editor curiously.

"The neighbors call him an adder."

"Oh, yes, yes!" said the editor, a little disconcerted. "I've heard of the species." —Pall Mall Budget.

Mars.

The results of six months' observations of Mars have led an astronomer at the Lick observatory to the conclusion—contrary to the generally received views—that the dark portions of the disk represent land and the light portions water. This is supported by observations of San Francisco bay from Mount Hamilton, in which the bay appears brighter than the neighboring valley and mountains at the same distance. On this hypothesis the "canals" would correspond to ridges of mountains almost wholly immersed in water, while their doubling may represent parallel ridges of which our own earth furnishes examples. —Science.

An Optical Advantage.

"And so Jimson read his poem to you yesterday? How did you endure it?"

"I just fixed my glass eye on him and went to sleep with the other." —Harlem Life.

A Spider's Web Under Water.

There is a spider that spins a web under water, but this is for a nest and not for a net in which to catch other insects, as are most spiders' webs. The nest is made on the principle of a diving bell, and in order to get air for its home the spider carries down a bubble at a time and sets it free beneath the bell. —St. Nicholas.

Apples as Medicine.

Chemically the apple is composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps for the same reason rudely understood that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which if retained would make the brain heavy and dull or bring jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles.

Some such an experience must have

chief aim and glory of every man who writes on the news pages, but the "beat"—as an exclusive piece of news is called—is growing to be more and more a product of intimate acquaintance with public men, and less and less a result of agility of mind and body.

I remember a delightful half hour when a Tribune man tried to reach a country vine first, in order to get his dispatch started and to shut me out. We had to run three miles over a plain that was one great glare of ice.

He was the faster runner and appeared to have everything his own way, but suddenly he slipped and rolled down the side of a gulley, to bring up at the bottom badly hurt. The tearing of his clothes and peeling of his face did not bother him, but his ankle was sprained, and he could not walk without help.

"I give up," said he. "Will you help me to the village?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Is the wine mine?"

"Of course," said he. "I'm done."

But I gave him his turn at it.—Julian Ralph in Scribner's.

Fox and Cromwell.

One day Fox, riding into town from Kingston, caught sight of Cromwell's coach near Hyde park and pushed toward it.

The guards would have driven him back, but the protector recognized him and shouted to them to let him pass.

The two men talked together earnestly till they reached St. James', when they parted, with a promise from Fox to attend next day at Whitehall. "I can give you good news," laughed the protector to one of his wife's friends who entered the palace.

"Mr. Fox is come to town." When they met next day, the stern old warrior was in one of those playful moods into which, as troubles thickened about him, he less and less frequently lapsed.

Seated carelessly upon the edge of a table, he bantered the Quaker unceasingly and dismissed him with the laughing but extremely true reflection that his self satisfaction was by no means the least part of him.

A year or so later Fox saw him for the last time. He met him riding into Hampton. "Before I came to him," he writes, "as he rode at the head of his life guards, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him." A few nights later, while a terrific storm was raging over London, the strong spirit passed away. Fox had lost a sincere and a powerful friend.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Poodle and Lamb.

Not long ago I was passing a barnyard in this place and stood to look over the gate at a pretty half grown lamb standing alone outside the barn. But the sight of me so enraged a fierce, shaggy gray dog tied up to his kennel between the lamb and me that he barked himself nearly into fits, showing all his teeth and straining so furiously at his chain as to make me quite nervous lest it should give way. In the meantime I struck such terror into the heart of the lamb that it fled across the yard to place itself under the protection of the dog and stood close by his side while he barked and danced with fury.

As I drew a little nearer the lamb backed right into the kennel, and when, after I had made a circuit in order to watch the further movements of this strange pair of friends from behind a tree, I saw their two faces cautiously looking out together, cheek to jaw, while the dog's anger was being reduced to subsiding splutters of resentment. He was not a collie, but a very large sort of poodle.—London Spectator.

Married His Grandmother.

There lived in the village of Arretton, Isle of Wight, many years ago a young man who was betrothed to a young woman. Both were poor and in humble life, but the grandfather of the young man had money, and he fell in love with the young woman and proposed marriage to her. The girl told her lover, "He is displeased, but having pondered over the dilemma saw a way to extricate himself and his sweetheart from the same. 'Marry him,' said he to the girl. 'He is rich. He can not live long. When he dies, you'll have his money, and I'll have you.' She took the advice. By the marriage she became the young man's grandmother. Not long after the old man died, and then she wedded her first betrothed. —Brooklyn Eagle.

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led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear, the plum, when taken ripe without sugar, diminish acidity of the stomach rather than provoke it. The vegetable sauces and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity. —Southern Clinic.

Sleeping Cat Berths.

Five years ago all berths on sleepers were made up with feet to the engine, unless the reverse was ordered. Today nearly all berths are made up the other way on the main lines, and it is the exception that the old position is retained.

No one of our correspondents have given a reason for this, save one that on an elevator no one objects to going up, though a descent is often disagreeable. There is the additional reason that whatever draft is created is more agreeable if it comes from behind the head than if it blows in the face. The change has also come since the porter or the sleeper's attendant, who were less stringent as to closing windows in lower berths, if a window is open an inch or two, the passenger's comfort is greatly increased, and the open window is naturally at the rear end of the berth, and as naturally the berth is made up with the pillow at the head.

Whatever the cause, the curious fact remains that a habit of making up berths with heads to the rear has suddenly been altered by the general consent of travelers, who have all found out what a few discovered 10 years ago, that the way to be comfortable on a sleeper is to take a lower berth, have the head to the engine and wedge up the rear window of the berth an inch or two, so as to let in fresh air. —Railroad Gazette.

Artist and Amateur.

A critic who was recently asked to define the line between artist and amateur stated that an amateur's sketches were labored and finished up to invite favorable criticism, while the artist's sketches were broad and unfinished, suggesting much to himself only. Could not the dividing line be better defined? The amount of time spent on a sketch often depends upon opportunity. When the time is not needed elsewhere, one quite able to sketch in the boldest, most rapid style may prefer to go on and produce a picture, trusting to the inspiration of the present rather than that of the future and to vision rather than to memory. If something greater is to be subsequently developed from the work, it will be no less suggestive because of its finished character.

It may not be easy to define the dividing line between artists and amateurs, but it is easy to point out a well recognized one that is identical with the one that is drawn between poets and mere writers of verse. —The Nation.

THE FORT SILL COUNTRY.

Three Million Acres of Rich Farming Lands For Future Boomers.

People generally got the idea that the Cherokee strip afforded the last of the big openings of Indian Territory reservations. This is a mistake. The Fort Sill country is yet to be divided. It is a richer prize for the homeseeker by all accounts than the strip in round number of acres the Cherokee strip looks imposing. But the western third contains wastes of sand hills. The western half of the strip is fit for little else than grazing. With the Fort Sill country the case is different. The proportion of fine farming land is much greater. Prospectors who have roamed over the Fort Sill country since the Comanches became quiet enough not to be troublesome say it is a region that surpasses Oklahoma and the best of the strip. The Fort Sill country lies in the southern part of the Indian Territory. It borders on the Texas cities of Wichita Falls, Iowa Park, Vernon and Quanah. The famous Panhandle wheat belt of Texas is along the Fort Sill reservation. The latter possesses the qualities of soil and climate which have made the former famous. In addition it has more timber and water. There are about 3,000,000 acres of Fort Sill country.

Those qualified to speak say that there is more first class farming land in this reservation than in the strip. In one valley, the Cacicito, is rich land for 20,000 farms. After the Comanches and Apaches are removed with their allotments 100,000 white people can find homes in the reservation. The Fort Sill country is in abundance what is so often lacking in the southwest, and that is plenty of timber of good quality and springs and beautiful running streams. It has mountains and minerals, a diversity of country and rooms which the northern part of the Indian Territory does not possess. Adjoining the reservation of the Comanches and Apaches, with whom the commissioners have already entered into an agreement for the purchase of the surplus lands, are about 1,000,000 acres occupied by 1,000 Wichitas and Caddos.

This minor reservation is nearly ready for opening. In fact there are those in Oklahoma who hold that no legal reasons stand in the way of settlers moving right into the Wichita country. When the Wichitas and Fort Sill reservations are opened, there will be continuous white settlements from the Kansas line to the Red river. The same pressure which forced the opening of Oklahoma and later of the Cherokee strip has begun to operate against the Wichita tract and the Fort Sill country. The longing eyes of the boomer are already upon these two fair regions of the whole Indian Territory. Organizations of intending settlers have been formed all along the north line of Texas. Around Wichita Falls, Iowa Park, Vernon and Quanah is a country which receives millions of bushels of wheat and which is occupied, there will be continuous white settlements from the Kansas line to the Red river. 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GOD'S WONDROUS WAY

AUTHENTIC STORY OF A CONVERSION
IN VIRGINIA.A Wealthy and Charitable Farmer Having
Refused to Call a Priest to a Dying
Catholic Is Beset by Invisible Forces.
Strange Visit from an Unknown Visitor.

How different are the outward or apparent causes leading to conversions to the faith! Shifting our researches now to Virginia we will relate a mysterious conversion. Were the facts not vouched for on unquestionable evidence, they would be incredible. But there is also a significant lesson in this instance, a warning that no one in the case of a dying human being should deny the services of a minister of religion to any one asking for them in extremis, whatever may be the relations of the survivors to the departing one.

About the year 1790 a well-to-do and intelligent farmer, Adam Livingston, moved with his entire family from Pennsylvania and settled near Middletown, in Jefferson county, Va. He belonged to the old Dutch stock of Pennsylvania and was a Lutheran in faith. In Virginia, by dint of industry, honesty and thrift he acquired a valuable estate, and he and all his family were worthy people, being honest, kind, hospitable and moral. It happened that on one occasion a poor Irish Catholic was taken ill near Mr. Livingston's house while traveling through the country and was most generously taken into his residence and there received from him and all his family the most tender care and nursing. Yet, after all, he died in their arms and was reverently buried.

But there was one request made by the dying man which not one of the Livingstons would grant. He asked just before his death that a Catholic priest should be sent for. Passing, as they did, every natural law, the Livingstons thought they were doing a charity to the poor man dying in their home by refusing his request, for the Livingstons were never known to do an unkind or an unjust act. Still their refusal was against natural justice.

But, strange to relate, Mr. Livingston, so far from escaping the machinations of the devil by refusing to send for a priest for the dying Catholic, soon afterward began to experience the most distressing persecutions from countless devils. By some unknown means his barns and granaries were burned to the ground, his horses and cattle died, the family's clothing and beds were burned, or were, by some invisible hand, cut into shreds or into little strips in the shape of crescents. Even the boots, shoes, saddles, harness, were burned or cut into pieces. The burning logs of wood, the flames from the fireplace across the floor of their own motion; noises the most appalling resounded in their ears; their furniture and crockery held high carnival in dancing, jumping and crashing together and breaking to pieces. Sleep became impossible, the food was dashed away from their mouths at table, and every torture was inflicted upon them. The whole family were reduced to the stage of extreme nervous and physical illness. The neighborhood was horrified, and no amount of sympathy could relieve their sufferings.

Mr. Livingston sent for ministers of different Christian sects, and failing of relief he even sent for conjurers, but their presence only provoked greater outrages from the satanic powers in possession, and the ministers were driven by invisible forces from the house. Visitors from near and far went from sympathy or curiosity to visit the Livingstons' house, and all returned with their clothing clipped to pieces.

Finally Mr. Livingston, who had never seen a Catholic priest, saw in a dream a beautiful church, and on entering it saw a venerable man dressed in vestments such as he had never seen, and he heard a voice saying, "This is the man who will bring you relief." After relating his dream to his family and many of his neighbors, he finally met a person who, to his amazement, informed him that the dress he saw in his dream was such as was worn by Catholic priests in church.

The exhortations of his family and neighbors to send for a Catholic priest were strenuously resisted by him. Finally, finding his miseries increase, he yielded and traveled some distance to the nearest church, and on the following Sunday attended mass. As soon as the priest appeared in the sanctuary robed for the service, he exclaimed aloud in the hearing of the congregation, "This is the man I saw in my dream!"

After mass, accompanied by Mr. Richard McSherry and Mr. Minghetti, members of the congregation, he besought Father Cahill with tears to go to his house, and after much entreaty the incredulous priest reluctantly went with him to the infernal house. As soon as Father Cahill entered the Livingston house, he saw and heard the proofs of Livingston's story, which he had disbelieved, and immediately sprinkled the house with holy water, knowing Satan's dislike for it, whereupon the disturbances ceased for a time, as he left the house a purse of money long missing was mysteriously laid at his feet for the family.

In the summer of 1797 Father Gallitzin was relieved of his laborious mission that he might visit the Livingston house, and he went there perfectly incognito. He remained from September until Christmas, making a thorough investigation, and he, too, recorded his conviction of the reality of these diabolical proceedings.

The troubles of the Livingstons having commenced again, Father Gallitzin determined to resort to the exorcism of the church, but such were the noises he heard, as of rolling wagons, that he could not be heard, and he was overcome with nervous exhaustion from the struggle. But when he called in the stronger man—Father Cahill—the religious exercises were resumed by the two priests, and mass was said in the house. Now, in obedience to the voice of the church, the demons departed, the Livingstons had no more trouble, and in their stead a sweet and gentle voice was heard to instruct and console them, and it remained with them for many years. Father Gallitzin also received from a gentle and unknown voice a remarkable and prophetic account of his future life,

which he lived to verify.

The Livingstons received a visit from an unknown youth, who fully instructed them in the Catholic religion, and who said, "I come from my Father, and I go to my Father." Bishop Carroll, Father Gallitzin, Father Cahill, Father Brosius, Father Pallantz and other clergymen visited and examined Mr. Livingston and were convinced that he had been instructed supernaturally in Catholic dogmas. It is needless to say that Mr. Livingston and his family became devout members of the church. The Rev. William McSherry, S. J., who was president of the Georgetown college from 1837 to 1840, repeatedly related the above facts, as he had received them from his father—Richard McSherry—who was an eyewitness of them.—Richard H. Clarke in American Catholic Quarterly Review.

Archbishop Kenrick's Wealth to Trust.
Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick is trustee of all property in St. Louis occupied by Catholic churches, parochial residences, asylums or convents, the whole aggregating nearly \$4,000,000. Included in this is the archiepiscopal residence on Lindell boulevard. The property—120 feet front—is assessed at \$90 per foot, and the residence at \$25,000—a total of \$358,000. Although a gift to the archbishop personally—his to do as he pleases with at his death and recorded in his name—it is under the law exempt from taxation as property used as a parsonage. The archbishop's books, however, show 30 pieces of unimproved property, valued at \$13,480, and 12 pieces of improved property, valued at \$49,500, upon which he pays taxes.

In addition to that, nine pieces of unimproved property valued at \$9,000 were sold by the archbishop since the last assessment. The archbishop has made no return of a personal estate for several years. The money and securities held by him in trust reach a very large amount, as there is paid in to him 25 per cent of the regular Sunday church collections. One of the dreams of the venerable archbishop's life has been to erect a cathedral in keeping with the wealth and ecclesiastical importance of the archdiocese, and a gentleman holding a high public office and quite prominent in the temporal affairs of the church stated yesterday that the site of the structure was chosen on Taylor avenue two years ago, and the archbishop has \$900,000 set aside toward the building fund.

The archbishop is absolute master of all funds in his possession. The houses, the expenses and the cost of educating young priests without means are items. These moneys are frequently loaned to new parishes to assist in the completion of churches, but there is a strict accountability demanded of the loan. Many years ago Archbishop Kenrick showed his faith in the future of St. Louis by lending the municipality, through W. H. Stone, then chairman of the ways and means committee of the council, over \$300,000 at a time when the banks and capitalists of the country declined the accommodation.—St. Louis Republic.

The Tendency Toward Catholicism.
Cardinal Gibbons was recently asked if there were many conversions to the Catholic faith. "Great numbers," he said. "There is no parade made over those who come in, because in the first place, we recognize that it is the work of God and that our priests are but the instruments, and then it is distasteful to most of those who enter the church to have the matter talked about. We therefore discourage any mention of particular converts. There are everywhere signs of a return to the old church, not only in the extraordinary growth of ritualism, but in the proceedings of sects formerly bitterly antagonistic to our institutions and practices."

"Thus, for instance, there has been lately established in the Methodist church the Order of Deaconesses. What is this but a copy of our once reviled sisterhoods? And not only have the Methodists now their sisterhoods, but the Presbyterians are also discussing the establishment of similar orders, and their formation is only a question of time. The general tendency is toward Catholicism, slowly, but steadily and unmistakably. We should have many more conversions among Protestant ministers who would like to become priests but for one thing—the celibacy of our clergy. There are men longing to enter the fold of Christ, but they have wives and children to care for, a living to make and friends to love. In their hearts they are true Catholics."

Sacrilege in a Catholic Church.
A most sacrilegious outrage was perpetrated at the Brixton (England) Catholic church on a recent Sunday. It is the custom of Father Van Doon, the head of the mission, to leave the church doors open throughout Sunday for the worshippers. Some time in the afternoon the tabernacle over the main altar was forced open and the gold monstrance and chalice were taken out. The sacred host was thrown about the altar, and the sacred vessels mentioned were cast behind a curtain. Nothing was stolen, and neither the collection boxes nor the ornaments in the church were tampered with. It is therefore thought that the outrage must have been the preconcerted work of religious fanatics.

A House Built on Sand.
The projected grand Protestant cathedral in New York city will be built on sand if it is erected on the site first chosen for it. Even if its location be changed, however, and a bedrock foundation be found for it, it will still be built on sand, lacking as it does infallible certitude on all the doctrines of its faith.—Catholic Review.

Bohemia.
Oh, land where all is love and truth,
My own, my fair Bohemia!
Where ever flows the stream of youth,
My land of fair Bohemia.
Thy hills and vales are rich and green,
My poet's home, Bohemia!
Thy waters cool, thy winds serene,
My land of song, Bohemia.
I love to sail away to thee
And dream, my fair Bohemia!
Among thy lakes in fairy's sea,
My summer's land, Bohemia.
I have a love in thy fair land,
A maid of fair Bohemia,
With silken hair and tender hand,
My love of fair Bohemia.
She weeps with me when I am sad,
My maid of fair Bohemia!
She laughs with me when I am glad,
My love of fair Bohemia.
We wander 'mongst the scented pines
In thy green groves, Bohemia!
We talk of love and kiss oft times
In thy sweet vales, Bohemia.
I fain would ever dwell in thee,
My land of dreams, Bohemia.
Thy charms are life and all to me,
My land of love, Bohemia.
—Boston Pilot.

THE VATICAN'S DOOM.

LATEST MASONIC IDEAL OF THE COMING TIME.

In the Event of War Between France and Italy, the First Reversal of Italian Arms Would Result in the Demolition of the Papal Palace.

Among the sinister possibilities arising from the Italian occupation of Rome to which Italian Catholics deliberately blind themselves is the position in which it would place the Vatican in case of a war in which Italy figured as a belligerent. The Catholic press has indeed unremittently pointed out the unseemly and hazardous complications created by the exposure of the supreme sanctuary of religion to all the vicissitudes of internal disorder or foreign invasion to the existence of the secular state, which claims its guardianship while usurping its inheritance.

In our pages, as in those of our contemporaries, the danger has repeatedly been set forth of the pope, held, as it were, as a hostage by Italy in its own capital, falling the first victim to the rage and fury of the unruly populace of Rome in case of a reverse to the Italian arms in the field. The Italian government, impatient to put down the most paltry riot in the streets during profound peace, would be absolutely incapable of protecting its venerable prisoner from such an outburst of frenzy as would then be unchained against one habitually held up to obloquy as a public enemy.

In such a war the future of the papacy would undoubtedly be the stake of battle, and the fact that the Italian defeat was to its profit would be sufficient to involve it, though bound and helpless, in the obloquy of the hostile triumph. Yet these considerations when urged on Catholics have been treated as bores of clerical journalism or hallucinations of the devout imagination. Perhaps they will be received with more attention when enunciated by one of the organs of Italian Freemasonry, untrammelled by any suspicion of sympathy for the august victim of the catastrophe it predicts.

The *Callaro* of Genoa, in its supplement to its number of Sept. 25, deals with this very question in a suggestive article, throwing a lurid light on the aims and views of the sect it represents. After pointing out the "great and almost inevitable probability of a collision between France and Italy, immediate or remote," it discusses the position and action of the pope in such an event. The possibility of his leaving Rome is first considered, with regard to which the writer candidly acknowledges the choice would not remain with him, but with his captors. "It is easily comprehensible," he declares, "that the abandonment of Rome would depend not alone on his own will, but on the assent or dissent of the government, which, having the power to sanction or forbid it, would undoubtedly act in the manner it deemed most conformable to its interests and to the general policy of the country."

Re-enforcing its argument from history, it adds the unquestionable truth that many popes in the long story of the papacy have been "either actual prisoners, kept in strict custody, or held as hostages." We commend to the study of our readers the Masonic Journal's analysis of the papal position in the paragraph that follows: "Leo XIII. then remains, we will suppose, in the Vatican, while the armies meet in battle. The fate of war has always and will always be an uncertainty, and he who should refuse to admit the possibility of a reverse on our side would suitly be regarded as a madman. Now when the news reached Rome of I will not say the loss of a pitched battle, but of the first check to our forces, what would follow? Plainly this—that of the Vatican there would not be left a stone upon a stone, nor would any official force exist to guarantee the lives of its inmates."

Here we have the latest Masonic ideal of the coming time, the pope no longer a guest, but a martyr, while we need hardly point out how fully the Catholic contention that he is the virtual prisoner of the Italian government, even civilly, on enforcement the little liberty conceded to him, is accepted by the mouthpiece of his enemies. The party of the revolution, foiled in its impious project of accomplishing the annihilation of religion by the overthrow of the temporal power, is filled with increasing hatred of the institution which it regards as the obstacle in its path. Their designs are mocked and frustrated by the survival of unimpaired force and splendor of the spiritual authority which they fondly imagined was bound up with the principality of Rome and of the states of the church.

Hence the possibility of a catastrophe which would make their country infamous to all time is now foreshadowed by them with a certain satanic satisfaction as the occasion for wreaking their malice on the representative of forces they had proved their impotence to subvert. The person of the pope is at least in their keeping, if his authority eludes destruction, and the palace and the temple, which are the tangible symbols of his invincible empire, can suffer the demolition which that empire escapes. This new attitude of the enemies of the church has been foreshadowed in some of their earlier utterances, and a recent number of *The Unita Cattolica* gives an appropriate quotation from *The Riforma* of Oct. 30, 1886, which is not without significance the light it throws on the present situation:

"The pacific conquest of Rome has been powerless to effect what the daring revolution had dreamed of in anticipation. In 1849 the profound idea had taken root in the minds of two or three individuals while walking the streets of Rome that, when a religion has ceased to be anything more than a rite, if you destroy its altar the religion will fall. An idea this, without doubt, which our posterity will entertain again and which our progenitors have luminously professed."

"When the Roman conquerors wished to insure the subjugation of a conquered people, they razed its cities to the earth, and rebuilt them on the same site in their own fashion. We moderns, on the other hand, not only protect the temples and altars of a vanishing religion which persist in swearing implacable hatred to us, but build it new cities. Can you not imagine how the problem of the reconstruction of Rome would have been simplified if the idea of two of the triumvirs of the last Roman republic, of 'blowing up the mosques,' before surrendering the city to the advancing 'red

lers,' had been carried into execution?

And how much would not the Vatican question, properly so called, have been facilitated had not Alberto Mario, on the announcement that one of the four great arches of St. Peter's had been mined, opposed the intended attack with a shudder at the colossal sacrilege?"

That Rome cannot be permanently held by Italy without a war for from 1870 and 1871 Italian Liberals, and their declarations to that effect have been repeatedly quoted in these pages. The resentment of France for the advantage taken by Italy of her misfortunes has smoldered for 23 years without being any nearer to extinction than when the deed that excited it was recent history, and the *Falco*, writing on the day after its latest anniversary, acknowledges this fact in the following terms:

"The hatred and contempt in which we are held by the French, whether Imperialists, Orleanists or Republicans, date from the day when the Italian flag was raised in the wall of Porta Pia, exactly on the spot where the breach was opened and Italy passed through."

Since the recovery of France from her disasters the political action of Italy has been inspired by a single motive, fear of the loss of her Italian empire. The New Testament of Vienna, writes in the same strain, declaring that only by fresh taxation can she be rescued from the abyss on the edge of which she is suspended. The acceptance of this drastic remedy is said to be the condition on which the financiers of Berlin will consent to subscribe a new loan of 600,000,000 francs required to stave off the catastrophe. Her financial condition is beset by many well-informed persons on the continent to be an element of danger for the peace of Europe, rendering it itself a most formidable obstacle to the present strain on her resources.

An "eminent foreigner," interviewed by the correspondent of *The Gazette* of Torino, has expressed himself in this sense, declaring that Italy has entered on a period of moral and material decadence, which will render her position at the end of some years still more equivocal than at present. Her German allies, he goes on to assert, are fully aware of her critical state and may be driven by this knowledge to hasten on a catastrophe which they regard as the inevitable prelude to "a new national and stable reorganization of Europe." The tightening of the bonds between Russia and France and the increasing ill will between the latter country and Italy, signified among other indications by the presence of the Prince of Naples at the German maneuvers in Lorraine and the proposed assignment of an Italian port for the refitting of German vessels, are incidents which may point to the same conclusion.

Thus the event which the enemies of the pope have declared would render his position one of the most extreme and imminent danger is no remote or impossible contingency, such as may be left to the consideration of the future. The position of Italy is in many cases too unstable and insecure, both as regards her foreign and domestic relations, to make her a safe guardian either for the venerable person of the pope or for those monuments which are the sacred heritage of the Catholic world.—London Tablet.

Mr. Murphy Could Feed the Multitude.
In a certain church in Ireland a young priest was detailed to preach. This occasion was his first appearance, and he took for his text, "The Feeding of the Multitude."

He said, "And they fed five people with 5,000 loaves of bread and 2,000 fishes."

An old Irishman said: "That's no miracle, begorra! I could do that myself," which the priest overheard.

The next Sunday the priest announced the same text, but he had it right this time. He said, the supper fed 5,000 people on five loaves of bread and two fishes.

He waited a second, and then leaned over the pulpit and said, "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"

Murphy replied, "And sure, your reverence, I could."

"And how could you do it?" said the priest.

"And sure, your reverence, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday"—London Tit-Bits.

Religious Orders in Brazil.
The holy father has sent the great Benedictine, Don Gerard von Calvin, to Brazil to re-establish in that country the order of St. Benedict, which, in common with other religious orders, suffered much under the government of the late Emperor Dom Pedro. It is said to be established, however, that the sufferings of the religious orders during the latter years of the reign of Dom Pedro were not due to those who controlled his later ministries and legislators, in spite of him.—Exchange.

Theodosian Sisters to Return to Germany.
The German papers state that the Theodosian Sisters or Sisters of the Cross who were expelled from Wurtemburg in 1876 have now been authorized to return.

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MISSIONS IN MASHONALAND.

Jesuits Struggling Amid Hardship and Poverty to Save the Savage.

A Jesuit missionary, writing from Victoria, in Mashonaland, Africa, says: "I have been about the country on horseback, the horse being loaned by kind friends, in carts obtained the same way and on foot, trying to organize mission stations at Makore, 40 miles north, where there are some six or seven Kaffir kraals. I have also been at Smith's kraal, 15 miles north. This last chief is a powerful old fellow, having sway over almost all the kraals near Victoria. They are all very suspicious and cannot understand why the white man—the missionary—wants to come among them instead of living at home. It will take a great time before we can do much. The language especially is in the way—a dreadful language, without any fixed vocabulary, and, think of it, changing every 10 miles."

"Our people here—Mashonas and Makolakas—are in the lowest grades of savagery. They are thieves, loungers, cowards, etc. They live miserably under petty chiefs, who are as miserable as their poorest subject. They hide in the mountains and in holes in the rocks for fear of the Matabelas. These are a fine people compared with the Mashonas. Physically they are not of the negro type. Some of course are remarkably ugly—thick lips, flat nose, etc.—but many are to be found with European features, sometimes almost perfect—aquiline nose, fine forehead, decent moustaches and beard growing with hoariness in the fashion, have certainly some Arabian blood in their veins."

"A nice little party of five lions are stalking about within a few miles' distance. I will give them your kindest regards should they call on me. Goodbye. Memento mori coram Domino."

Meager Diet of the Trappists.

We reached the Trappist refectory. A great, cold room, with whitewashed walls and five long, narrow tables with benches on each side, stretching from end to end, was the place where the monks took their very frugal meals. The tables were laid for the first meal. There were no cloths, and it is almost needless to add that there were no napkins, although these are considered so essential in France that even in the most wretched inns one is usually laid before the guest. Trappists, however, have little need of them.

At each place were a wooden spoon and fork, a plate, a jug of water, and another jug—a smaller one—of beer, and a porringer for soup, which is the chief article of the Trappists' diet. Very thin soup it is, the ingredients being water, chopped vegetables, bread and a little oil or butter.

Until a few years ago no oily matter, whether vegetable or animal, was allowed in the soup, nor was it permissible, except in case of sickness, to have more than one meal a day, but the necessity of relaxing the rule a little was realized. Now, during the six summer months of the year there are two meals a day, namely, at 11 and 6, but in winter there is still only one that is called a meal, and this is at 4. There is, however, a gouter just something to keep the stomach from collapsing—at 10 in the morning. No fish, nor flesh, nor animal product, except cheese and butter, is eaten by these Trappists unless they fall ill, and then they may need to make them well. There is, however, very little sickness among them.—Temple Bar.

The Church a Great Leveler.

In feudal times there were nobles, free men and villeins. But the Catholic church put down the proud and uplifted the humble when they gave themselves to its service. Noble and villain became free men in the monastery. All were on a democratic level here—men, equal in their rights as children of God and brothers of Christ, equal in their duties to observe the rule of religion, equal in their destiny as heirs of heaven.—Selected.

The Standard of Life.

Before the dawn of Christianity utility was the standard of life and action. But a standard higher than utility—the standard of an immortal soul—was elevated by the Christian religion. You see Christianity lifting the poor and outcast up, and you behold in this nineteenth century the self sacrifice and devotion of the first century. The real criterion of civilization is not in the splendor of the arts and the progress in manufactures; it is not in the glories of the White City, but in the practice of Christian precepts and principles, judged by the sacrifices which the Catholic church makes for the sacrifice of men, is it not apparent that the vitality of that criterion is as strong now as it was in the first century? Greece and Rome had the arts, and were cultured to a high degree; but because they had not this Christianity, they were rotten and finally perished. China has the arts and has education, but because China has not Christianity it is an uncivilized country. In proportion as we lose the sense of Christianity, we shall lose the civilization that we prize.—Archbishop Ryan.

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Teas, Coffees, Flour, etc.

OF SUPPLYING THE PUBLIC WITH A CHOICE LINE OF
Pure Confectionery,
Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts, Raisin's, etc.
Our sales of Confectionery last Christmas were about 3000 lbs, this year we expect to do even better than that, notwithstanding the hard times. Our goods are always pure and reliable, hence our large sales.
We invite the public to inspect our store and prices.
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Durgin & Merrill's Block.

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For Chapped and Cracked Hands.
A SAMPLE BOTTLE GIVEN AWAY FREE AT
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Men's Heavy Jersey Working Shirts
ALL Sizes from 14 1-2 to 17, which we are going to sell for the fearfully
PANIC price of
50 cts. EACH.
This is a Wonderful Bargain and they won't last. Come AT ONCE!
This Shirt was made to sell for 75 c. and \$1.00; but our price is
50 cts. 50 cts. 50 cts.
There is no need to say much about it.
SEE OUR WINDOW.
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To fit all feet can be found in our stock. We have low Shoes, high Shoes, warm Shoes and Stylish Shoes.
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OLD CHRISTMAS SONGS.
Familiar but Reverent Treatment of the Sacred - Story of a Simple Folk.
For the most part the old songs speak with the voice of poverty appealing to wealth, and so it is not strange that Christ's humble birth should be dwelt upon. On that ground at least the supplicants seem to feel their nearness to the Man of Sorrows who had nowhere to lay his head. The ever recurring plea to the rich to give alms of their goods - "Gifts of the day's gladness" - is a reminder of the one who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The familiarity with which sacred things are touched is not irreverence, but rather the innocent freedom of the child to whom God seems a kind father and Jesus a gentle elder brother.
The holy names are almost always coupled with some adjective expressive of affection - "sweet Jesus," "Mary mild" - and the pretty Cornish Carol tells how the Virgin was called Moirya Marya, "our dear Aunt Mary," by the people on the Tamar side. The honest Christian must often feel inclined to avert his face from the asperities, controversies and persecutions of warring creeds, but in these strains that survive from an age that is past we find only the loving and tender side of religion - the words of a simple folk who were not afraid to creep close to the Father's knee and lay hold upon his robe.
In many of these old songs the good cheer peculiar to the day is dwelt upon, with a frank delight which reminds one of the child's "innocent joy of anything sweet in the month." Thus runs one exultant strain:
O you merry, merry souls,
Christmas is a-coming.
We shall have flowing bowls,
Dancing, piping, mummings.
The materialistic bard waxed enthusiastic over
The larders full of beef and pork,
The garners filled with corn,
and each stanza of one of the carols winds up with the appetizing "bolee"

"Plum pudding, goose, capon, mince pie and roast beef." Father Christmas was esteemed as "a merry like a man," when "armed with spit and dripping pan." After a year of hard work and hard living the poor folk looked forward to a lavish feast, and it is small wonder that their minds dwelt chiefly upon such dainties as
Delicate minced pies
To feed every virgin;
Capon and goose, likewise
Brawn and a dish of sturgeon.
From Sedding's "Ancient Christmas Carols" is taken "Masters, In This Hall" - one of the quaintest and most pleasing of the lays that were sung by the Yuletide minstrels in the days of old:
To Bethlehem did they go, the shepherds three,
To Bethlehem did they go, to see who'r it were
so or no,
Whether Christ was born or no,
To set men free.
Masters, in this hall,
Hear ye news today
Brought over sea,
And ever I you pray,
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell!
Sing we clear:
Holpen are all folk on earth
By God's Son so dear.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Death of a Pontifical Zouave.
Sergeant Roncault, an old Pontifical zouave, has just passed away to his reward in France. For a time he was preparing for a religious life, but volunteered for the service of the church under arms when the pope called for volunteers. In succession he was an artilleryman and a dragoon and afterward joined the regiment of De Charette. At Mentana he distinguished himself. He was a dead shot and had 14 Garibaldians low before the combat was brought to a termination. For six hours he discharged his rifle or that of others and never received a scratch. He served the king of Naples in skirmishes against brigands in the Abruzzi. In 1870-1 he made the campaign against the Germans and the commune.

SNAKES PLAY DEAD.
A TRICK PRACTICED BY THE "BLOWING VIPERS."

When Brought to Bay, They Make a Pretense of Killing Themselves—Conclusions of a Scientific Gentleman Who Has Made a Study of Snakeology.

For a long time I have desired information from others about a common trick of the ordinary "blowing viper," or spreadhead snake (heterodon, in several species). I have observed that such animals when much worried or slightly hurt will frequently feign death. This habit has doubtless been often reported before, but I do not recall having seen definite mention of it in print but, once. Several months ago some one, writing about snakes in a daily newspaper alluded to this matter, and gave as an explanation the offhand statement that the snake became frightened and "fainted from fear." That this is not the explanation with I think, appears from what I have noted about several cases that came under my own observation.

The first time I ever noticed this behavior on the part of a snake was when I was a child. At that time I was one day crossing a field, accompanied by an old negro man and a small dog. The dog found a common black spreadhead and without actually taking hold of it began to worry it by running around it, snapping at it and barking. Anxious to save my friend—the dog—from what I supposed was deadly peril, I struck the snake with the only weapon quickly available, a small whip I carried in my hand. The snake immediately ejected a toad it had recently swallowed, then appeared to bite itself in the side, and promptly turned on its back and stiffened, but did not become stretched straight out, and lay perfectly still. There was not even a wriggle in its tail when pinched. Believing, as I then did, that all snakes were venomous, I supposed this one had killed himself, and remarking that he "seemed dead enough," I was on the point of leaving him. But the old negro said: "Oh, no! If you leave them when they bite themselves, then their mates come along and lick the bite, and they come to."

So I smashed the snake's head in a way that no amount of licking would ever heal. The old man evidently knew by some means that snakes which appeared thus to commit suicide would recover, and knowing no real explanation of why they should be invented one. Therein he followed the example of more eminent men than himself. Before I again noticed such action by a snake I had studied zoology a little, and had learned that the spreadhead was said to be nonvenomous. Consequently when I next met one and began to cultivate a closer acquaintance with him, and he seemed after a time to kill himself, I was much surprised, and began to investigate his mouth to see if he did not have poison fangs after all. He, as they all do, had turned himself on his back and was lying rigid in that position. In the course of my investigations I turned him over, "right side up," again. He was playing dead, so earnestly that he could not lie in so lifelike a position, but immediately turned himself on his back again.

Then of course I knew that a snake which was too dead to stay in the position in which I placed him was too alive to be very badly hurt. I determined to watch him. Accordingly I removed him to a smooth, clear place and then withdrew to a little distance to quietly watch developments. In about 15 minutes the snake cautiously raised his head and two or three inches of his body and looked around. If he saw me, he failed to recognize me, and in a few seconds had turned himself over and was making off. When I advanced quickly toward him, he redoubled his efforts to escape, but was easily captured. He did not, at that time, again "play possum."

Often since then I have watched them go through this pretended suicide. Usually when becoming active again, they behave like the one just described, but occasionally when they find themselves overtaken as they are making off, they will again at once feign death. Sometimes while playing dead, if one is sharply pricked with a needle or otherwise acutely stimulated, he will promptly resume his interest in surrounding things and either show fight or try to escape.

Occasionally when I have spoken to friends about this matter they have shown a disposition to regard my statements as snake stories, in the popular sense of that expression. I have been fortunate enough to get hold of a spreadhead and show them what I had before described to them.

It is usually easy to provoke a Heterodon niger, H. platyrhinus, or H. sinuatus into feigning death by striking him with small twigs or a good bunch of broom straw, or by a little brisk handling. I wish some one else would examine these snakes with reference to this habit and report his conclusions. I think "fainting from fear" is shown to be wrong by the snake's refusing to stay in any other position than flat "on his back."

Recently while conversing with a friend about this matter he suggested that perhaps the rattlesnakes, which are so often provoked into biting themselves and then seeming to die, were also acting a deceptive part in order to escape. This seems more probable, as one noted experimenter, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, says that the injection of rattlesnake's venom into the snake's own circulation does not appear to cause any special inconvenience to the snake. —Science.

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-BY-

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IMPORTANT.

The members of the St. John's C. L. & A. are notified to receive Holy Communion in a body at St. John's church, Sunday, Jan. 8th, at 8 o'clock Mass. The importance of this event is special. It should be the occasion of much gratitude and congratulation to reflect that on Jan. 14 the society will have numbered ten years of life. Ten years, more than a thousand years past and present, with all the blessings to themselves, to the community and to religion which accompany the work of a good Catholic association for young men. Its benefits are inestimable. They cannot be measured except by Almighty God. The one great intention the members should have when they approach the altar, ought to be gratitude for the past, and invocation of God's blessing on themselves and on the society for the perpetration of its good work.

CHRISTMAS.

Again the season of rejoicing comes round and amid the sounds of innocent revelry, the jingling of sleigh-bells, the clanging of church bells, the peal of organs and the glamour of ceremony, the remembrance of the great Birth is again brought to mind. The snows that cover roof, tree and ground are chilling in fact, but full of warmth for the merry hearts that gaze out upon them from the windows at early dawn. The genial old saint of the children has perhaps done his duty and left in little repositories by the fire-side the pledge of his existence and good faith.

What thoughts are new on Christmas! The old ones are always the best, and the old, old picture of Bethlehem will be vivid and soul inspiring long after Christmas poetry and Christmas oratory have been forgotten. There have been many wonderful pictures on this earth. The sorrows and joys of men have brought about many pathetic occurrences while their virtues and their vices have led to many catastrophes of the most thrilling dramatic interest. Indeed, the constantly intersecting fortunes of men are daily acting tragedies in real life, which the too faithful sunset of the painter would seem in fiction to be unreal and exaggerated. There have been many mysteries, too, on earth, in which man was comparatively passive, and God acted by himself; times when the Creator himself has been pleased to fill the whole theatre of his own creation; times also, as in the cool evenings of Eden or at the door of Abraham's tent, when he has mingled with man, with marvelous condescension among his creatures. But earth has seldom witnessed such a scene as Mary and Joseph, and the Eternal Word in the streets of Bethlehem at nightfall.

To all but its Creator, the World makes no difficulty of at least a two-fold hospitality—to be born, and to die, to come into the world and to go out of it. Yet he was beguiled by a birthplace; he was scarcely allowed room to die. These are vanishing to the communion-rail. He felt very lonely. But the die was cast. Then and there he resolved that he would be ready to receive holy communion on the following Sunday, and the resolution made him calmer.

Mass was over. The congregation dispersed, save those remaining for their thanksgiving after communion; and still he was on his knees, his lips saying nothing, but his heart a great deal. At length he arose. As he passed out, he saw a poor woman kneeling near the door, an infant in her arms, and shivering with the cold that crept through her scanty clothing. He thought of the Mother and Child shivering in the stable. He slipped a dollar into her hand. "Here, buy something for your Christmas dinner," and left her wondering at the unusually large alms. The outside air felt bracing. Passing his hand across his forehead two or three times, he set his hat firmly on his head, and started homeward.

Things were on a new face that day. Somehow or other, the noisy merriment on the streets did not annoy him as it used to; the young folks at home remarked how much more pleasant than usual pa was; Mrs. Moreton wondered what good news he could have heard upon the street; he went with them all to High Mass and Vespers; at the dinner table he was the life of the party; and when he lay down that night, with the events of the morning still fresh in his mind, he felt that he had at last learned how to have a happy Christmas.

He kept his resolution. The following Sunday he received holy communion. The two friends met frequently, feeling more friends than ever, and often reverting with grateful pleasure to "that Christmas morning walk." Twelve months passed, and Mr. Moreton received his Christmas communion kneeling at friend Mac's side. He never let the ice grow over his heart again.

Kind reader, do you see the same man that good Mr. Mac did to make Christmas happy? If not, the lesson conveyed by his simple words is as needful for you as it was for his old friend. Learn the lesson as well as Mr. Moreton did, and you will have learned sufficiently how to have a happy Christmas.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

When we reflect upon the relationship which the incarnation of our divine Lord established between the Blessed Virgin and the Almighty—namely, that she should be the mother of God—that He, taking his humanity from her, should be united to her so as to be flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone—and in this new relation of his humanity He was not to

suffer the slightest diminution of his own infinite sanctity which belonged to Him as God,—when we reflect upon this, and see the awful proximity in which a creature is brought to Almighty God, in this mystery of man's redemption, the very first thought that strikes the mind is, I know God must have forfeited some of his holiness, or else the creature which he selected for his mother must have been all pure, all holy, and so fit to be the Mother of God. If God took his human nature from one who bore in her own blood the taint of universal sin, we must conclude that God thereby compromised His own infinite holiness,—nay, that He did more than this, that He contradicted His own word; for the word of God is that nothing defiled, nothing tainted shall come near to Almighty God. But no, the mystery which brought so much suffering, so much humiliation to the Son of God, brought Him no compromise with sin, did not in the least lower Him from that standard of holiness which is His essence and nature as God. And therefore it was necessary that, coming to redeem a sinful race, the individual of that race from whom He took His humanity should be perfectly pure and immaculate.

CHRISTMAS TREE.

The children of the Sunday schools are eagerly awaiting the time and season they have always regarded as their own, longed for, and their green branches in expectation are loaded with gifts. Entertainments in the past, have afforded much joy, but this year the program at St. Mary's hall Tuesday afternoon and evening, Dec. 26, will easily surpass anything ever given in Quincy. Magnificent views of the most glorious event of the year, and a splendid lecture will be given of the Wondrous World's Fair just closed in Chicago. Those who have not personally visited the Great White City, can gain some idea of its marvelous proportions and of its almost superhuman beauty, by availing themselves of the opportunity afforded by this splendid panorama. Much has been done for the education and advancement of the children, but never anything that exceeds this. The program will be identical afternoon and evening. At 2:30 P. M. the lecture will be given to the children exclusively, because there will be no room for others. At 8 P. M. the lecture will be repeated for those who are not members of the Sunday School. Every one should be present to witness the magnificent result of America's noblest creation.

Pave Granite and Copeland Streets.
When considering where money may be spent judiciously as well as beneficially for the city and for the unemployed, it at once occurs to the reflecting, that much profit would result from paving Granite street from Hancock street to Brewer's corner; Copeland street should also be paved its entire length. It is folly and waste of public money to continually repair these streets with ordinary material, when the demands upon them are extraordinary. Hancock street is good evidence of the truth of this assertion. Its condition before it was paved, was simply dreadful, and much money was expended or rather annually thrown away in the fruitless attempt to make it fairly passable. Some years have elapsed since it was paved, and all complaints have ceased and the expense of repairs has been almost nothing. So would it be with Granite and Copeland streets—each street from its junction with School street to Brewer's corner; Copeland street should be enlarged from Centre street to the West Quincy railroad station. These works would give employment to the stone cutters and to laborers, while at the same time, necessary and permanent improvements would be made. Speed the good work.

Widen School Street.
At this time when work is sought and the Mayor and City Council have so nobly and generously opened the purse of the city to help the unemployed, it seems opportune to present the claims of School street in regard to street widening. From its junction with Grand street to where it meets Franklin street, it is very inadequate to provide for the immense traffic which daily passes over it. Vast quantities of stone are shipped by railroad from Quincy Adams and almost all of the paving and monuments from Quincy hill and vicinity are hauled over School street and narrow Marsh street. School street could be easily and inexpensively widened on the southwesterly side and could be made a fine and convenient thoroughfare. It ought to be done and no time is more fitting than the present. It will furnish work to the unemployed and result in a great and permanent benefit. Should it be done it is hoped that a generous width may be granted, one of which the whole city may be proud. No main thoroughfare should be less than sixty feet wide and as much wider as finances will permit.

Mayor Hodge's Opportunity.
The election of Mr. Hodge gives him an opportunity to elevate the tone of Quincy politics by a practical recognition of the principles of Civil Service reform. If merit, capability and efficiency are the reasons for appointment to office in local affairs Mayor Hodge will make few changes in public officials. The fire department (as well as the police) has been threatened by irresponsible politicians, with wholesale discharge of competent subordinates. True politics and shrewdness would endeavor to make friends rather than enemies. Republican mayors have certainly been generous toward men who are known to be sterling democrats, and Mayors Porter and Fairbanks recognized merit in their political opponents by appointing democrats to many of their most important offices. It would make Mayor Hodge very close and enduring friends if he follow the same generous method in filling the positions at his disposal.

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

The entertainment to be given by St. John's Sunday School on the afternoon and evening of New Year's day, will certainly equal anything of the kind ever given in this city. The afternoon performance will be strictly for Sunday School children only; others should attend in the evening.

The effort to combine pleasure with instruction has led the directors of the Sunday school entertainments to choose for their midwinter festivities such scenes from the Bible history as might conveniently be presented upon the stage with all the accompaniments of musical and dramatic arts. It is safe to say that those who attended the presentation of Queen Esther, a year ago, were quite well satisfied with the efforts of those participating. But in Esther, although it abounded in spectacular effects, and gave some opportunities for the display of the power of motion, there was yet wanting a fullness of story. The plot was not as clear as might be. The opera chosen for this winter's entertainment is not merely a spectacular and musical effect, but it has a plot of such interest as to hold the attention from beginning to end. Who has not read the story of Joseph in Egypt, that glowing tale of one who from the persecution of men was raised by God to honors even on earth?

The following is a synopsis of the three acts in the proposed scenes:
Act I.—In the land of Chanaan.
Scene 1.—The brothers of Joseph vent their hatred and jealousy upon him—Jacob consoles the boy—Joseph declares he will yet be their master and that they shall all bow before him.

Scene 2.—An ambush laid for Joseph in the woods—the brothers determine to kill him—they conceal themselves as Joseph arrives—Joseph's dream—"Oh, spare me!"—"Let us sell him to the Egyptians."

Scene 3.—The brothers present Joseph's coat to his father and say that wild beasts have slain him.

Act II.—Ten years later.
Scene 1.—Joseph in prison.
Scene 2.—Joseph interprets Pharaoh's dream and is made governor of Egypt.

Act III.—
Scene 1.—Starvation in the house of Jacob—"Go ye to Egypt and purchase corn."
Scene 2.—Joseph meets his brothers—"Ye spies get ye back to your land and bring your brother Benjamin."

Scene 3.—Parting of Jacob and little Benjamin.
Scene 4.—Jacob makes himself known to his brothers.
Scene 5.—The glorious news is brought back to the aged Jacob.

Scene 6.—Meeting of Joseph and Jacob and the exaltation of the latter.
The programme of the opera will contain all the words of the different scenes and choruses in order to give complete satisfaction.

LOCALS.

St. John's juvenile choir are rehearsing an operetta for Christmas.

Miss McIntire of Provincetown, is the new teacher at the Willard school.

At the West Quincy Christmas festival, beautiful views of the World's Fair will be presented.

Mr. William Warner has made application for night work at the Boston Custom House. The Monitor wishes him success.

Mr. James Doyle and daughter of West street, sailed for Ireland recently. Word has reached here that they arrived safely.

The public schools will close for their Christmas vacation Friday, Dec. 22, at noon. They will reopen Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1894.

Over 700 granite workers of this city have signed the petition to Congress to retain the present tariff of 40 per cent. on dressed granite.

Mayor Fairbanks plan to have the City Council appropriate \$10,000 to give work to the idle men of Quincy for the winter is an admirable one.

Mayor Fairbanks threw out the first shovel of soil on the site of the new High school. The shovel was presented to him by the class of '94.

The children of the Adams school realized \$50 from their recent entertainment. The money will be used to beautify the interior of their building.

Last Sunday evening there was solemn Vespers at St. John's church at which there was a reception of the Sodality. Fr. O'Callahan of So. Boston preached the sermon.

St. Mary's choir are rehearsing a pretty Mass for Christmas, composed by Prof. J. A. O'Shea, and dedicated to Fr. McGuinness of Jamaica Plain. They will sing Mercantile's Vespers.

The Quincy St. Railway Co. would do well to adopt the rule of the West End Co., on the Water street crossing viz.: see that the power is on before attempting to cross the tracks.

Miss Eva Hall and Mrs. Wing of the Willard school, Miss Abbe and Mr. Patterson of the High, and Miss Susie McKenna of the Wollaston, have received appointments in the Boston schools.

The pupils of the High school are preparing an entertainment to be given in Hancock hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 21. The proceeds will be used to beautify the assembly hall of the new High.

Mr. Charles Grignon, formerly of this city, but for some time past a resident of Lynn, was recently married to a young lady of that city. He, in company with his wife, paid a Thanksgiving visit to his parents.

Special Notice to Readers of Monitor.
We call your attention to the advertisement of Hood Bros., Jewelers, Faxon block, Quincy. They have a full line of Christmas goods in the jewelry line and something new in novelty goods, which have not been seen in Quincy before. Give them a call and see for yourself.

Q. M. B.

Pierce's Cough Balsam, .25
Pierce's Cod Liver Oil, .40
Pierce's Porous Plasters, .15
Pierce's Sarsaparilla, .60
Pierce's S. Elm Troches, .25
Pierce's worm Lozenges, .20

Floral Cream, removes all roughness of the Skin, 25 cts.

PIERCE'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY,

CORNER HANCOCK AND SCHOOL STREETS.

CITY ELECTION.

FOR MAYOR.
*William A. Hodge, Ward 1. D. 314 294 338 463 132 206-1747
James Thompson, Ward 3. R. 283 180 295 218 269 141-1386
Blanks. 8 8 13 15 11 7-62

COUNCILMEN AT LARGE.
*Charles F. Adams, Ward 1. D. 318 270 336 419 124 179-1646
*Charles T. Baker, Ward 5. D. 259 235 301 396 159 172-1522
Albion L. Dixon, Ward 3. D. 220 219 337 398 91 169-1431
*John O. Holden, Ward 1. R. 226 211 302 217 282 147-1485
William H. Owen, Ward 6. D. 311 208 279 389 95 184-1366
Henry W. Reed, Ward 6. R. 300 196 282 214 270 159-1421
*Jonas Shackley, Ward 4. R. 311 200 315 238 265 136-1485
Horace O. Souther, Ward 2. R. 289 213 295 202 262 142-1403
*Israel Waterhouse, Ward 5. R. 318 206 286 209 308 154-1481
Marshall P. Wright, Ward 3. D. 252 242 306 398 15 165-1458
Blanks. 24 210 191 380 119 166-1090

SCHOOL COMMITTEE AT LARGE, 3 YRS.
Paul R. Blackburn, Ward 1. D. 217 226 263 360 70 147-1283
*George B. Rice, Ward 5. R. 345 202 311 237 330 152-1577
Blanks. 43 54 72 99 29 55-352

LICENSE VOTE.
No. 357 274 346 367 351 191-1886
Yes. 265 176 251 265 34 129-1060
Blanks. 43 32 49 64 27 34-249

WATER ACT.
Yes. 329 264 362 414 243 180-1792
No. 85 74 95 101 47 48-650
Blanks. 191 144 189 181 122 126-953

COUNCILMEN—Ward 1.
*Luther S. Anderson. R. 358
*Walter T. Babcock. R. 343
*E. W. Henry Bass. R. 360
Walter R. Fagan. D. 201
Elisha Packard. D. 278
Blanks. 127

COUNCILMEN—Ward 2.
Albert G. Coffin. I. 90
*Herbert M. Federhen, Jr. D. 254
*Charles H. Johnson. R. 210
Hiram W. Phillips. R. 204
*William H. Sullivan. D. 206
James H. Webb. R. 154
Robert J. Williams. D. 201
Blanks. 127

COUNCILMEN—Ward 3.
*John P. Bigelow. R. 329
*Alexander Clark. R. 214
*Charles H. Grindell. R. 200
Edward J. Lennon. D. 344
*Edward C. Smith. D. 296
Edward T. White. D. 274
Blanks. 101

COUNCILMEN—Ward 4.
Patrick F. Danahy. P's. P. 73
Bernard Donahy. P's. P. 81
Daniel Handon. P's. P. 144
*Thomas J. Lamb. D. 246
*John M. O'Brien. D. 332
*John H. Rowson. D. 320
*Thomas L. Williams. R. 360
Blanks. 492

COUNCILMEN—Ward 5.
Watson H. Brazee. D. 134
George W. Brown. D. 104
*Frank J. Lavery. D. 80
*Frederick E. Littlefield. R. 295
*Edward L. Robbins. R. 299
*Ephraim A. Snow. R. 44
Blanks. 44

COUNCILMEN—Ward 6.
John J. Cumfitt. D. 162
*Horatio N. Holbrook. D. 178
*Thomas H. Kingston. R. 139
*Edward J. McKeon. D. 166
*Stephen O. Moxon. R. 177
Louis Rinn. R. 164
Blanks. 76

SCHOOL COMMITTEE (Ward 4) 3 YEARS.
*William D. Burns. D. 339
John C. Kapples. R. 305
Blanks. 52

SCHOOL COMMITTEE (Ward 6) 3 YEARS.
James H. Cunningham. D. 130
Thomas Garney. R. 195
Blanks. 29

Residents of Hancock street, Atlantic, are complaining of the high rate of tax charged them for street sprinkling during the summer. They do not understand why they are charged so much more than residents of the other wards of the city.

Spoolmaking.
Here, for instance, are huge stacks of timber, and our ears are greeted with the hum and buzz so certainly associated with a sawmill. This long range of buildings is entirely devoted to the making of spools. The machines employed are various. Here, the wood is being cut into short lengths; there a hole is being punched through the small round pieces, while yonder a machine shapes the rough wood into a smooth spool in one swift stroke.

It is by means of the wood required to make these spools that we get some conception of the enormous output of this factory. Each day there is as much thread finished here as would wind round the world several times, and in order to produce spools for the thread it is calculated that an extent of forest planted with birch trees covering 550 acres has to be cut down every year, while on an average 12 ships of large carrying capacity are employed each season in bringing the wood across to this country from America and Canada.—Good Words.

Pictures of Life in Old Egypt.
Among the most interesting of the photographs and drawings of the paintings and sculptures in the rock tombs at El Kal or Nekheh, as it was formerly called, are those which illustrate the daily life of the ancient Egyptians 3000 B. C. and later. There you can see men hunting and fishing, making wine, harvesting corn, plowing and hoeing, cooking and so on. There are representations of funerals and merry makings, with dancing girls and musicians, boating on the Nile, and so forth. At least one picture shows that, contrary to the common belief, the Egyptians had some knowledge of perspective. These illustrations are now on view at the Society of Antiquaries, in London Globe.

The Power of Habit.
Take "habit" to pieces, and you will see how difficult it is to destroy it in name or nature.
Habit, still remains.
Habit, still stays.
Habit, not "it" totally gone.—Ran's Horn.

IF YOU THINK OF MAKING A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

—Look at our Line of—

PERFUMERY.

Prices .25 cts. to \$2.00

—AT—

Willard's DRUG STORE,

27 SCHOOL STREET, - - SOUTH QUINCY

CHRISTMAS GOODS

The Finest Line of APRONS in the City, HANDKERCHIEFS, Ladies' and Gents', Every price.

Baskets all styles and prices.

JACKETS, MITTENS, GAITERS, HOODS, GLOVES, Puppies, Dolls, and Elephants.

A Large Line of Fancy and Useful Articles at

C. S. HUBBARD'S - 158 Hancock St.

Christmas Goods,

Odd & Fancy Articles.

China and Glassware.

Also our Regular Stock of FANCY RATTAN ROCKERS, SLEDS SKATES etc.

—AT—

Frank F. Crane's

4 CHESTNUT STREET, QUINCY.

NOTICE.

we have the finest line of **Fall and Winter Goods** and samples ever shown in Quincy, and our workmen are first class, therefore you are sure of first class work at reasonable prices.

—WE ALSO DO—

Cleansing and Pressing

Thanking the public for past favors.

D. BAMFORD, FINE CUSTOM TAILOR.

CHRISTMAS

J. W. McANARNEY,

We have just received a full line of Toys, Dolls, Tea-sets, Picture-books, Blocks, Nine-pins, Cards, Drums.

—ALSO—

ALSO A FINE SELECTION OF APRONS, HANDKERCHIEFS, FANCY ARTICLES, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY, FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Give Us A Call.

Misses Flynn

12 Hancock St. QUINCY.

JOHN HALL,

Funeral & Furnishing

UNDERTAKER,

EMBALMER.

51 Hancock Street.

Carriages and Flowers furnished.

Orders promptly attended to.

Telephone No. 9739.

Counsellor at Law

QUINCY, MASS.

Room 1, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Saturdays at the office of J. E. Cutter, 139 Washington St., Boston.

W. E. BROWN,

UNDERTAKER

Cor. Canal and Mechanic Sts., Quincy.

Residence, 3 Faxon Ave.

Connected by Telephone.

Dr. G. R. England

DENTIST.

14 Chestnut Street.

QUINCY.

Connected by Telephone,

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

"Happy Christmas to you, friend Moreton!" cheerily exclaimed Mr. Mac-Worthy, overtaking his friend, and slapping him on the shoulder with the familiarity of old acquaintances.

"Good morning, Mac," replied Mr. Moreton, grasping the proffered hand. "You look as if it was happy Christmas sure enough with you at any rate."

"To be sure it is happy Christmas with me," said he, taking his friend by the arm and hurrying him into a quicker step. "and I'd like to know what else it should be with any man? Isn't it happy Christmas with you, old friend?"

"Well, no, Mac, I can't exactly say so," replied Mr. Moreton. And then, it anxious to evade the subject, "where are you coming from, so early this morning?"

"Why, I've just been to early Mass, received my Christmas communion, and I'm hurrying home to breakfast, where are you going, if it is a fair question?"

"Well, I thought I'd step down to the store a minute. I had to leave rather early, yesterday evening, and I want to see whether anxiety to get to their Christmas jollifications hasn't made my scattered brains neglect a matter of importance that I told them to attend to."

"Going to the store on Christmas morning?" exclaimed Mr. Mac. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Now, look here, my dear Moreton, do let me see the privilege of an old friend, and ask you what you meant when you said just now Christmas wasn't exactly happy Christmas with you?"

"Well, no, Mac," he replied, "it isn't. To tell you the truth, Christmas day always gives me the blues. You may look so astonished—it is a fact; and you may wonder why. Of course, there was a time when I looked on Christmas day as another people seem to do. When I was a little fellow, I suppose I used to dream about it for weeks ahead, with its glorious visions of sweet things, and toys and crackers—the Fourth of July wasn't a circumstance to it. Then, when I grew up, its social gatherings and home enjoyments made it a day of real happiness to me. But, as I became older, the sugar-coating wore off, and now the whole thing seems so empty, and I can feel so little sympathy with all this bustle of enjoyment, that positively it gives me the blues to have to see it. There at home, now, I've just left my family in the height of their Christmas merriment. I didn't wish to tinge cloud over it with my gloomy face, so I told you the truth, that is more than half the reason why I started out this counting-room. May be I've gone cynical, but I can't help it. I've told you."

"And he struck his forehead heavily on the sidewalk four times, as if he would gladly go to death the nightmare that was haunting him."

"Why, my dear Moreton!" exclaimed Mr. Mac, "you do indeed astonish me, and pain me too. This is so unlike what I should expect to hear from my dear friend on Christmas morning! There must be a screw loose somewhere. Surely this sweetest festival of the year ought to be enough to gladden any heart that has a spark of religion in it. Why, now, after just to think that it is our blessed Saviour's birthday—and to hear the big-toured church-bells telling us so—and to look to the organ at early Mass, pealing forth the *Gloria in Excelsis*, which angels sang on Christmas morning, and to hear the priest repeating to us joyous salutations: 'Behold, I bring glad tidings of great joy, which is to all the people, for this day is born a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, ask you, is not this enough to gladden any heart that is not too selfish?'"

"Surely, Mac, it ought to do, and it could thaw mine; but it doesn't."

"Have you ever given it a chance?"

"Well, probably not as fair a one as ought. To be candid with you, Mac, there is the whole trouble; my religion has always been more in my head than in my heart. I have always been ready to defend my faith, but never in practice the religious duties it enjoins, and, of course, not practicing its duties, I have not been animated with its spirit, and so its festivals find my poor heart in no condition to share in their sanctifying and consoling influences. I see it all clear enough; but how can it be otherwise, when all the business worry and fatigue that I have to engross my thoughts, now, while we are on the subject, ask you plainly, Mac, how you manage to keep up the good will?"

"Well, now, friend Moreton, I don't wish to seem as though I were preaching up a sermon, but I've asked a plain question, I'll try to give you a plain answer. I didn't begin life with the principle that my worldly duties necessarily interfere with my religious duties, and I have never found it necessary to adopt it. I started with two resolutions: first, that, as I am a creature, and not my own nor the world's, my duties to God should always go before every other consideration; second, that, as an absolutely necessary means of

THE DEED OF A SAINT.

NOBLE SACRIFICE OF FATHER NONNATUS, THE TRINITARIAN.

Overcome With Pity at the sufferings of an aged captive of the Tunisian Pirates, a Father of Mercy Takes His Place in the Chains of Slavery.

In the thirteenth century Tunis, like many other African cities, was a stronghold of Mohammedan pirates, who made frequent captures of Christians and reduced them to the most oppressive servitude. The captives were continually kept in irons, forced to labor in chain gangs and treated with every species of cruelty until it pleased their masters to kill them outright.

Twice a year, however, a ray of hope shined the Christian slaves. They held a vessel, carrying the red cross flag, bearing down into port. It was the craft of the Trinitarians, or Fathers of Mercy, who came to negotiate for the redemption of the captives. As the vessel lay in sight, hope sprang up in the most dejected hearts, and each poor prisoner said to himself: "Ah, here come the ransoming fathers! Now I shall be liberated. My chains will be broken, and I shall see once more my home and family."

Very often, however, this glint of sunshine served only to intensify the subjugated darkness of their lot, for the resources of the fathers were limited and the exactions of the Moslem dey so exorbitant that only a comparatively small number of the slaves could be redeemed on each of their semiannual visits. To the unfortunate majority whom they had necessarily to leave in their cruel bondage, the Trinitarians could give nothing but hopeful words and compassionate tears.

One day a Father of Mercy, Raymond Nonnatus, then 33 years of age, led out of the Tunisian galleys such of the Christians as all of the galleys which he and his brethren had been able to beg in Europe had enabled him to redeem. Suddenly an old man threw himself at his feet, and grasping the father's robe piteously exclaimed:

"O father, have mercy on me! See my condition! My hair has grown white in misfortune. For 20 years I have been in irons. Forty times have I seen you ransoming vessel come, but I have never been able to get out. I have thought of you, Father, father—pity!"

At these words, eloquent as only genuine sorrow can render language, the Trinitarian felt his very soul thrill with indescribable emotion. He wept as he replied: "My brother, I have nothing left. But take courage. Pray to the Blessed Virgin, our lady of mercy, for yourself and me, and await in peace my return."

As he finished speaking he continued on his way with the captives whom he had liberated. The old man followed them with his eyes for a few moments, then sank back in the most absolute dejection. Raymond, however, had not deceived him with a lying hope, for as soon as the ransomed captives had been placed on board the vessel he betook himself to the dey and asked for the liberation of the old man.

"What does this mean?" said the Moslem. "Have you not taken the number agreed on between us?"

"That is true, but I come to beg that you will add to that number an elderly man who has been in the galleys for 20 years and whose strength is worn out."

"Have you any more money?"

"No, I have given you all I had."

"Then begone and beware of my anger."

Thus rebuffed, the religious raised his eyes to heaven, asked God for the fortitude to make a great sacrifice and then rejoined, still in the tone of an entreaty: "I have no money, but I am young and strong. Accept me in exchange for the feeble old man in whose behalf I plead."

The dey at first appeared astounded. He reflected a moment, then coolly replied:

"True, you are young and strong. I agree."

An hour later the generous Father of Mercy (surely none ever better deserved the name) led to the red cross vessel the old Christian, weeping tears of joy at seeing himself at last free. One tender embrace to the two fathers who had accompanied him to Tunis, and Raymond, returning to the galleys, held out his hands to receive the chains of the hard-earned slavery. It was the path by which God called him to the eminent degree of sanctity which he attained before his death and which merited for him the place he now occupies on our altars.—Ave Maria.

Unconquered Ireland.

In 1893 Ireland, after a struggle more or less severe of more than seven centuries, destitute of flag, fleet, army, scepter, crown, throne, parliament, president or congress, reduced to a papal religion less than that of 1793, free religion, but chained in resources, still maintains the deathless battle against her enemy and enslaver and has forced a large section of the British people to acknowledge her right to a distinct national identity. The star of her hope is a papal religion less than that of 1793, free religion, but chained in resources, still maintains the deathless battle against her enemy and enslaver and has forced a large section of the British people to acknowledge her right to a distinct national identity.

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faith. It happened that she had on several occasions hit upon the most strange and striking truths, and that her predictions were more often than once realized.

The decision of the ecclesiastical court is that such practices were an abuse, and the would be prophet was forbidden to continue them. If, however, any person desires to consult sacred writings at hazard and for the good of their souls, the best method is that followed by St. Ignatius, who used to read extracts from the "Imitation of Christ" twice a day. In the morning he read it by order of the chapters, and in the evening was reduced to the most oppressive servitude. The captives were continually kept in irons, forced to labor in chain gangs and treated with every species of cruelty until it pleased their masters to kill them outright.

One of the most learned editors of the "Imitation" (Genes) once stopped near the town of Viterbo, and charmed with the beauty of the spot decided to reside there for the remainder of his days. Almost immediately after his resolution was taken he opened his favorite books, and the verse that met his eyes was, "Why dost thou stand looking about thee here, since this is not thy resting place?" Struck by this warning, our traveler at the same instant heard the slow and solemn tolling of a church bell. He rose from the place where he was resting, and walking toward the town met a funeral procession bearing a dead body to its last earthly habitation. The Christian wayfarer accompanied his unknown brother to his narrow home and then continued his opened chapter in the "Imitation," which, with marvelous applicability, continued: "Thy dwelling must be in heaven, and all things of the earth are only to be looked upon as passing by. All things pass away and thou along with them."

Not Afraid of Science.

Those people who entertain the opinion that the priests of the Roman Catholic church live only in the past, led out of the Tunisian galleys such of the Christians as all of the galleys which he and his brethren had been able to beg in Europe had enabled him to redeem. Suddenly an old man threw himself at his feet, and grasping the father's robe piteously exclaimed:

"O father, have mercy on me! See my condition! My hair has grown white in misfortune. For 20 years I have been in irons. Forty times have I seen you ransoming vessel come, but I have never been able to get out. I have thought of you, Father, father—pity!"

At these words, eloquent as only genuine sorrow can render language, the Trinitarian felt his very soul thrill with indescribable emotion. He wept as he replied: "My brother, I have nothing left. But take courage. Pray to the Blessed Virgin, our lady of mercy, for yourself and me, and await in peace my return."

As he finished speaking he continued on his way with the captives whom he had liberated. The old man followed them with his eyes for a few moments, then sank back in the most absolute dejection. Raymond, however, had not deceived him with a lying hope, for as soon as the ransomed captives had been placed on board the vessel he betook himself to the dey and asked for the liberation of the old man.

"What does this mean?" said the Moslem. "Have you not taken the number agreed on between us?"

"That is true, but I come to beg that you will add to that number an elderly man who has been in the galleys for 20 years and whose strength is worn out."

"Have you any more money?"

"No, I have given you all I had."

"Then begone and beware of my anger."

Thus rebuffed, the religious raised his eyes to heaven, asked God for the fortitude to make a great sacrifice and then rejoined, still in the tone of an entreaty: "I have no money, but I am young and strong. Accept me in exchange for the feeble old man in whose behalf I plead."

The dey at first appeared astounded. He reflected a moment, then coolly replied:

"True, you are young and strong. I agree."

An hour later the generous Father of Mercy (surely none ever better deserved the name) led to the red cross vessel the old Christian, weeping tears of joy at seeing himself at last free. One tender embrace to the two fathers who had accompanied him to Tunis, and Raymond, returning to the galleys, held out his hands to receive the chains of the hard-earned slavery. It was the path by which God called him to the eminent degree of sanctity which he attained before his death and which merited for him the place he now occupies on our altars.—Ave Maria.

Unconquered Ireland.

In 1893 Ireland, after a struggle more or less severe of more than seven centuries, destitute of flag, fleet, army, scepter, crown, throne, parliament, president or congress, reduced to a papal religion less than that of 1793, free religion, but chained in resources, still maintains the deathless battle against her enemy and enslaver and has forced a large section of the British people to acknowledge her right to a distinct national identity.

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locality look quite gay and festive with their pretty colored flags flying.

The house where the saint lived is quite close to the church, and stations of the cross have been erected in the garden. The country around is particularly pretty at this season, the meadows are all aglow with their golden corn, and the gardens filled with flowers. The river Nave running through the village adds another attraction to this picturesque district.

The novena is conducted by the Marist fathers, and each day of the one just celebrated pilgrimages arrived, so that the church was always thronged, as the pilgrims naturally loved to pray where St. Benedict so often knelt, as well as to view the font where he was baptized and many other pious souvenirs of this devout servant of God. A relic of the saint was also exposed on the altar. St. Benedict's house was visited by many of the visitors, who loved to view the rooms where he dwelt, the walls of which are covered over with inscriptions recalling words of advice given either by the saint or by his holy mother—Univ.

Cardinal Ledochowski.

Cardinal Ledochowski, who, Benedict, married in the fortress of Ostrovo and then exiled from Germany 17 years ago as the chief victim of the Kulturkampf, is now to return on a visit to Prussia and Poland as the guest of the German emperor. His preparations are being made for popular demonstrations at Posen and throughout his former diocese. He is to celebrate mass at the shrine of St. Adalbert in the ancient cathedral at Gnesen amid such a gathering of Poles as has not been seen anywhere since 1863.

Officials in Russian Poland are vigilantly blacklisting the Polish noblemen and leaders suspected of an intention of crossing the frontier to participate in these festivities, and ever since the visit was announced Warsaw has been under an even more terrible burden of despotic martial law than before.

Ledochowski was a strong, handsome, middle aged man when banished as a traitor from Germany. He returned now as the fetid imperial guard, a white haired septuagenarian prefect, of the propaganda and the most powerful of the pope's servants at the Vatican. His visit deserves to be noted among the most momentous events of the year.—Exchange.

Confidence in God.

A simple, pious Irishman, being somewhat discouraged by his trials and his poverty, said to himself one day: "Jean Baptiste, thou art very poor. If thou wert to fall sick, thou wouldst be, by thy wife and children, without resources." And the rest of the day he was anxious and cast down.

But in the evening, in the angels, having lifted up his heart to God, he became encouraged and said to himself: "Jean Baptiste, behold the 30 years that thou hast been upon this earth; thou hast never possessed anything and nevertheless thou dost live. Thou hast found each day nourishment and each night repose. In point of trouble, God has never sent thee more than thy measure. In point of sorrow, what was necessary thou hast never wanted. Who has given thee all this? Was it not God?"

So, Jean Baptiste, no longer unduly troubled by his anxiety, for what can induce thee to think that when thou art old, when thou hast more wants, the hand from which thou hast received so much will be closed?"

And having prayed with confidence his anxiety was at an end.—New World.

A Song of Blue and Gray.

I sing you a song of summer, Of hearts that are true and gay, Of sky and sea and smiling sands, And nature's blue and gray.

Blue are the sunny heavens, Gray are the cloudlets rare, That blow in quaint, fantastic shapes By the wanton summer air.

Blue is the face of the ocean, Gray are the rocks that stand Where the foaming waters cast their shells On golden, gleaming sand.

Blue are the song birds' feathers, Gray is the mossy nest, Where the tiny dappled eyes lie warm Beneath the mother's breast.

Blue is the gown of the maiden, Gray is the coat of the lad, Whom 'twas the radiant summer's glow, With hearts that are true and gay.

Blue is the stone of betrothal, Gray is the shawl worn, Where he slips on her dainty hand With a proud, triumphant look.

Blue are the eyes, low lighted, Gray are the eyes, and sweet, That drop from the glance of passionate warmth To the pebbles that lie at her feet.

Adown the shining sluice, In a dream of the happy day, And soft and low, like the ocean's hymn, Are the words she hears him say:

"Through the blue of life's sunny morning, Through the gray of life's evening, God grant we may ever be walking, love, As we walk now, side by side."

—Blue and Gray.

WHY PROTESTANTISM FAILS.

The Catholic Church Alone Is Always Open to the People.

The Protestant churches are generally closed to the masses. There is no prohibition against their attendance, but they feel instinctively that they are not welcome. The atmosphere is uncongenial. Why are these temples of worship closed up during the summer season? Because the rich men go out of town. But what of the poor man who must toil and sweat in the heated city? Does he need no consolation, no help from religious instruction and ministrations?

The Catholic church alone of all the others is the church of the people. Within its inclosure rich and poor stand on an equal footing. The same gospel is preached to them; they receive the same sacraments; they sustain an equal responsibility. The Catholic church is always open to the people. It takes no vacation because the necessity for spiritual guidance is constant, and because the powers of darkness are ever conspiring to ruin souls.

The mission committed to the apostles to teach all nations and to preach the gospel to all the people and at all times is literally fulfilled by the one true church, which is the repository of truth. Is it any wonder that this church has survived all the shocks of time? Is it any wonder that it is stronger today than ever, and that the masses of uncongenial men are flocking into its fold?—Boston Herald.

Engulfed and the Giant.

Engulfed was an Irishman and was converted to Christianity by St. Patrick. This overgrown fellow in his youth had

the misfortune to fall into the hands of a giant who forced him to be his servant for seven years, during which period the master spent much of his time in fishing for a salmon that possessed the curious property of giving to the person who ate the first piece of it the gift of prophecy. He sat day by day patiently watching his line, and at length, just as the seven years drew to a close, was rewarded with success. Handling the fish then to his man, the giant bade him swallow it, but threatened him with instant destruction should he allow any accident to happen to the treasure.

Accordingly Engulfed hung the salmon before the fire by the string, but forgetting to turn it presently a large blister appeared upon one side. Frightened at this, the voracious cook attempted to press down the rising with his thumb, thereby burning himself severely. Dancing with pain, he quickly popped the injured member into his mouth, when, lo and behold! a morsel of fish having adhered to his thumb, he suddenly recovered the remarkable knowledge of futurity for which his master had toiled so long in vain.

Knowing his life was not worth a shank's head, he discovered, Engulfed took to his heels and made off. He was soon pursued by the giant, breathing dire vengeance. The chase proved a lengthy one, but whenever the serving man was in danger of being caught by sneaking his thumb he immediately found means of escape and in the end succeeded in killing his enemy after putting out his eyes, while it was not many years before he married a clever wife named Onagh and settled down to enjoy his domestic bliss.—Harpers Young People.

A Perpendicular Joins the Bishop.

The teachers at Swansea were accustomed to hold out the hand sloped, on which the children all bawled out in chorus, not "Slope," but the common everyday word that works folks use, "Oblique." Then the teacher held his hand flat, and the children would yell "Horizontal!" and then he held it upright, and they screamed "Perpendicular!" always using these common home words. Teachers that boarded round in Swansea must have been perfectly happy to hear the whole neighborhood incessantly rattling with these well taught children's homely chat in words of not less than eight syllables.

Well, the bishop was preaching in behalf of the school one day, and all the pupils were stuck up together in front of him. They grew uneasy after awhile, probably because he didn't use words long enough, and shortly he saw several of them quickly whispering together. He held up his hand in a warning manner, and as it happened in an upright position, on which the whole school in the midst of the sermon instantly yelled out "Perpendicular!" Was not that a right up and down funny thing?—Exchange.

Irish Catholics Not Intolerant.

The Irish Catholics are sometimes spoken of as intolerant. Some among them may be, but there are so few that they bring little relief to the general breadth and magnanimity of the feelings of the Catholic population. They are conscientious in their convictions and inflexible in their adherence to their own faith, but they do not seek to trample on that of others. Mary Tudor's reign, the Catholic merchants of Dublin rendered and furnished 74 houses for fugitive Protestants from Bristol. Ireland is the only country where Christianity was introduced without bloodshed and where the Jews were never persecuted.—Catholic American.

Catholic Notes.

The 19th of March, the feast of St. Joseph, will henceforth be officially recognized as a holiday in Portugal.

The pope has issued a special dispensation to the Catholics of Naples from abstinence on Fridays as long as the cholera prevails in that country.

Fathers Postage and Hartman, S. J., who have had long experience among the inhabitants of Mashonaland, have completed a grammar of the Mashona language, and it is now going through the press.

The pope gave audience to Mgr. Bartlett of Baltimore, with whom his holiness conversed for a long time on the extension of the Catholic church in the United States. Mgr. Bartlett presented to the pope a list of American converts.

FAMED HILL OF TARA.

IT WAS HELD SACRED BY IRELAND'S ANCIENT NATIONS.

Here Assembled the Kings, Druids and Bards of Erin—To Draw a Weapon In Anger Was Prohibited by Death—How the King of Tara Came to Be King High.

Standish O'Grady contributes the following interesting article on the famous hill of Tara to the Dublin Express:

In the dim twilight of the beginning of Irish history one of the first things that we clearly see is the great hill of Tara, crowned with many buildings of wicker, work or jointed timber, with brightly painted, gleaming walls under their thatch of straw or rushes, and one of the first things that we understand is the peculiar and great meaning of that classic hill beside the darkly flowing waters of the Boyne. From of old it was a sacred hill endeared to the wild and warlike nations of Ireland by very ancient and sacred associations, the key to which it is now difficult to find. Famous kings and warriors, bards and druids were buried there, although it was not one of the great cemeteries of famous women, too—among them Tara, wife of great Heremon, son